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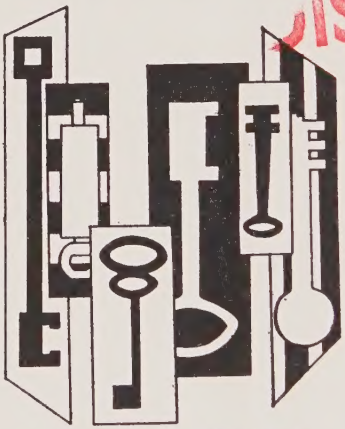
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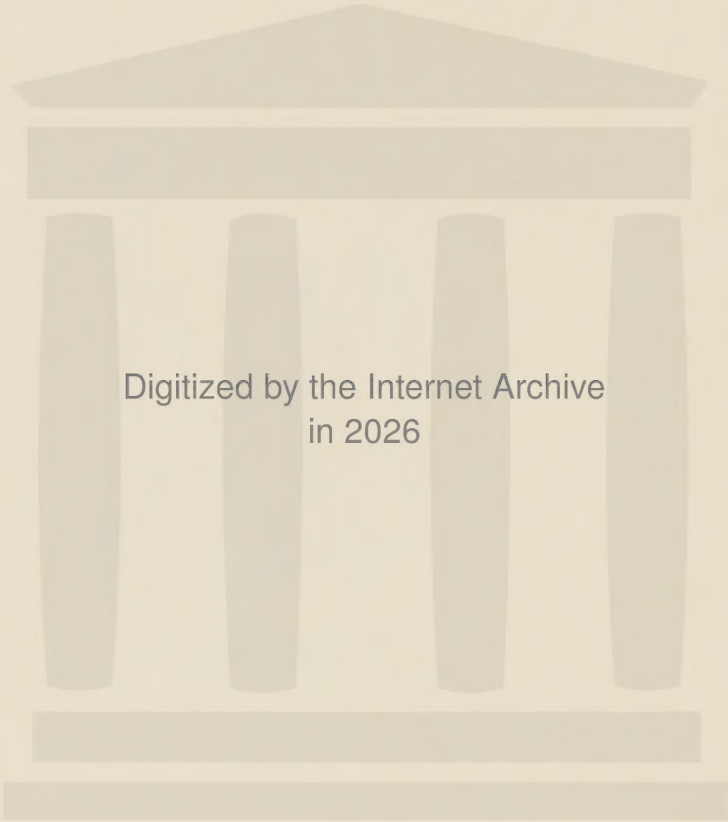
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ROMAN CONVERTS

ROMAN CONVERTS

BY

ARNOLD LUNN

"Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?"
—VIRGIL.

Essay Index Reprint Series

BOOKS FOR LIBRARIES PRESS, INC.
FREEPORT, NEW YORK

First published 1924
Reprinted 1966

TO MY WIFE

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PREFACE

THIS book is written in the hope that the reader may succeed where I have failed, and may find some satisfactory explanation for the fact that a Church, committed to beliefs which seem untenable, still continues to win converts from men not inferior in genius and in acuteness of thought to the heretics who remain outside her fold.

The bluff Englishman of the Kingsley type may dismiss all converts with a shrug of contempt, and explain the problem of their new allegiance by a contemptuous reference to pretty vestments, or by the tacit assumption that every convert must be either a fool or a knave. But surely it is prudent to assume that the more patent objections to the Roman creed have probably not escaped the attention of men who sacrificed a thousand ties of friendship and sentiment to join an alien Church. It is at least conceivable that they found some solution to these difficulties which the man in the street has missed. It is even more dangerous (and less plausible) to follow Kingsley's unhappy example, and to suggest that all Catholics are tainted with conscious or unconscious dishonesty.

Browning, a thinker as subtle as Kingsley was superficial, offers his own solution to the difficulty in a famous poem, but Bishop Blougram's apology, that queer mixture of sentimental cynicism and hesitating

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faith, could only be adopted by converts who had modelled their philosophy on a blend of Pascal and pragmatism. And again Bishop Blougram typifies, not the convert, but the man who has secured an honourable and comfortable position in the Church of his baptism, and who has every inducement to find excuses for remaining where Providence has placed him. The problem of the convert is more thorny, for the convert has much to lose and little to gain by joining an alien Church, and so it is not surprising to find that Bishop Blougram's apology is very different from Newman's *Apologia*, and that the Bishop's voyage in search of faith crosses seas uncharted in Knox's *Spiritual Æneid*.

Of course, the Catholic will claim that the problem exists only for those who are blinded by invincible ignorance, and that what needs explaining is not why men join, but why men still remain outside of the only Church whose doctrine is coherent and logical. Others may refuse to consider the problem at all. Life, they may feel, is too short to examine the case for every religion. Why select the Roman Catholic faith, which is perhaps no more credible than the tenets of the Buddhist or the Moslem? And yet "the spell which bound Europe for many centuries must have an interest if only for the antiquarian." Leisure may be worse spent than in the attempt to understand the Catholic mind, and to unravel the fascination which Catholicism has wielded over men whose intellects we must respect however much we may differ from their conclusions.

I do not pretend to be immune from the ancient spell of Rome, or indifferent to the romance of that great Church which for centuries dominated Europe,

and which still fights its rearguard actions against modern civilization with its old tenacity, its old courage, and its old cruelty. The *Syllabus Errorum*, that magnificent onslaught on liberty of thought, wins reluctant applause even from those who would have been the first to burn had Pius IX been invested with the powers which he claimed.

In an age when Conservatives have a nervous horror of this name, and disguise themselves one day as Liberal Unionists and the next as Liberal Coalitionists, it is pleasant to remember that the Pope at least has not caught the prevailing infection, and seems in no danger of labelling himself as a Liberal Catholic. Such uncompromising conservatism has a charm for all who enjoy sharply defined outlines, and who are perhaps a little weary of our new idol, modern progress.

The man who can appreciate continuity of tradition will be more at his ease in those European countries which have been spared that violent breach with the past, which was a necessary, but none the less a high, price to pay for the Reformation. Ghosts of forgotten faiths still haunt those little lost hill churches in the remoter Alpine valleys, where one poor priest still serves as the only link with the culture which the Latin Church rescued from the shipwreck of Rome, and where the old gods decently disguised as Christian saints listen to the old unchanging prayers that have echoed down all the corridors of human history. The sense of contact with the past is the more vivid for the fact that the ancient rites are untroubled by the introduction of modern standards of taste. The tawdry decorations and cheap tinsel give a feeling of reality

that one misses in the more æsthetic appeal of High Mass at Westminster. "Here is the old business being carried on by the old firm in the old ways; here is continuity that takes one back to the catacombs. . . ." Yes, and further back than the catacombs, back to the hidden roots of humanity and religion. Protestantism with its academic repudiation of the past has robbed us of something older than the Mass, of a communal tradition of religious instincts which goes back—who knows?—to Apollo.

And among the hills it is easy to believe that Apollo has made his submission to the Church, and that the ancient worship still lingers however much its expression may have changed.

I remember shivering on a rocky ledge some seven thousand feet above Zermatt, and watching with passionate impatience the slow procession of tones in the eastern sky, and the first wayward hints of colour creeping back into the rich gloom of the valley. And then, just as the sun leapt above the distant bar of the Oberland, a Church in Randa peeled out the ancient salute to the oldest of all the gods, a joyous carillon which was caught up and re-echoed until the whole long valley from Zermatt to St. Niklaus overflowed with spontaneous melody. No more perfect response could be conceived to our own wordless song of thanksgiving for the warmth which revived our frozen bodies, for the light which revealed the friendly crack that was to prove the clue to our perplexities, and above all for the life which pulsed through our veins and poured in waves of colour into every shadowed recess. The night was forgotten, and the fears begotten of night vanished in the joys born of the

sun. Quickened by the hope of final success we turned with new courage to the still unfinished task.

Protestantism, "which owes no homage to the sun," has no message for moments such as these. It has forgotten how to interpret the elemental moods of man, and the same may be true of official Catholicism, but, among the hills at least, the Catholicism which is older than Christ has survived the definitions of the scholastics, and Apollo has come into his own again.

No man with a soul for romance could welcome the final disappearance of Catholicism from Europe. "*Der Aberglaube*," said Goethe, "*ist die Poesie des Leben.*" Superstition is "the gilt on the gingerbread of life." The day may come when Cologne Cathedral will be transformed into a lecture hall for the enlightened proletariat, when an oleograph of Karl Marx will decorate the wayside shrine, when the Red Flag will be sung where the Litany of Loretto was once intoned. But the devastating dullness of a world governed by the alliance of socialism and rationalism would be a high price to pay for the loss of superstition.

I would, of course, prefer to be ruled by Mr. Sidney Webb rather than by Torquemada. I prefer the tedium of bureaucratic control to the thrills of the stake, and if Rome had the least hope of regaining her old ascendancy, my sentimental affection for Catholicism would soon give place to the liveliest alarm, for Rome has never renounced her policy of causing acute discomfort to the heretic whenever she has the power so to do. But that danger is too remote to influence our views, and this book, at least, is not written in the hope of inducing a single Catholic or potential convert to reconsider the Roman claims. If

I were an active partisan of any other Church I should be tempted to over-emphasize the case against Rome, to belittle any arguments which told in Rome's favour, and to view with nervous alarm any accession to her ranks. The keen controversialist naturally wishes to demolish his opponent, but my object is not controversy but research. I have hunted for some clue to the Catholic mind, and I have been not elated, but depressed by the "invincible ignorance" which has hindered me from discovering a plausible case for Roman doctrines.

The controversialist may be compared to the chess player anxious to mate his opponent, but this book is not an attempt to capture the Roman Bishop, but to solve a difficult problem; and my temptation has been to snatch at any clue which would enable me to feel that I was on the road to a solution. I beg the Catholic reader to believe that I have tried not to misrepresent his faith, and that in summarizing the difficulties which prevent me from adopting it, I am only trying to state the problem fairly, leaving to my Catholic critics the task of proving that I have made much ado about nothing.

One word more by way of preface. The writer who chooses Catholicism for his subject has to solve a thorny point of nomenclature. If he makes a habit of omitting the prefix "Roman," he is, in effect, complimenting away the Anglican case, and implying that Roman Catholics alone are members of the Catholic Church. The compromise I have adopted will probably please nobody. I have used the word "Catholic" where it is obvious from the context which

branch of the Catholic Church is intended, and also where I refer to those doctrines which are common to all forms of Catholicism, such as the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrament, and the Dogma of Apostolic Succession. In all other cases I have added the distinguishing prefix, "Anglo" or "Roman" as the case may be.

None the less I feel bound to enter a mild protest against the confusion caused by this unseemly squabble for the exclusive goodwill of the Catholic name. The object of a name is to define accurately and unambiguously, and a name which does not serve this purpose should be replaced by one that does. The word "Catholic" is, strictly speaking, redundant, for if any man belongs to any part of the Church of Christ, he obviously belongs to the *whole* Church of Christ, that is to the Catholic Church. We do not say that a man is a native of the whole of England, we say that he is a native of England. Similarly it should suffice to describe a Christian as belonging to the Church of Christ, omitting the redundant word "Catholic."

If the Roman Catholics really wish to emphasize their point that they alone belong to the Church of Christ, they might do so with pungent effect by describing themselves quite simply as Christians. The implication that those outside the Church of Christ were not Christians would do much to stimulate the languid note which has crept into religious controversy ever since the stake was abolished.

Again, though it may not be illogical to describe a man as an English European or as a Roman Catholic, it is a waste of words to use two where one will suffice, and so we describe an Englishman as an Englishman,

and should describe a Roman Catholic as a Romanist, just as an Anglo-Catholic is best described as an Anglican.

Unfortunately, Roman Catholics resent being called Romanists almost as much as Anglicans disliked being dubbed Protestants. Protestant, once an honoured name, might now be defined as a term of abuse common among Anglicans, though why a man who protests against the errors of the Bishop of Rome should cease to be a member of the Catholic Church, or resent being described as a Protestant member of that Church, is not obvious to the lay mind.

Meanwhile the existing confusion is the same as would arise if Englishmen and Americans made it a point of honour to describe themselves on their passports as Anglo-Saxons. Somebody tells you that he is a Catholic. If you are innocent, you will assume that he worships at the Brompton Oratory; if you are rather knowing you will ask him if he subscribes to *The Church Times;* but if you are wise, you will refuse to be drawn, and will wait patiently until he tells you whether he is a Roman Catholic or an Anglo-Catholic, whether he attends Benediction at Dr. Orchard's Chapel, whether he has views on the Theosophic significance of Mass as discovered by Mrs. Besant and the Liberal Catholics, or whether he has been ordained by a wandering Nestorian Bishop, and has just transformed his billiard-room into a private chapel.

This is all very tiresome, for it is the essence of a good definition that it should be unambiguous and universally recognized. The only good definition of a Catholic which I have yet discovered is the definition

which we owe to Mr. Studdart Kennedy: "A Catholic is not a man who wears pretty vestments and hates Dissenters, but a man who hates nobody and wears Christ."

I suggest that all Catholics should agree to describe themselves as such in the company of their own co-religionists, and elsewhere to indicate their religion as we indicate our nationality by some term that suggests the Founder, Patriarch or National Limitation of their Church.

It is unfortunate that religious controversies of the past have given the name "Papist" or "Romanist" an offensive imputation, for these names are the most logical terms for Catholics of the Roman obedience, just as Wesleyan is the best name for the Church founded by John Wesley.

The writer, however, who does not wish to give offence, cannot afford to be logical, and this must be my excuse for a compromise which is certainly not logical, and which is not sufficiently discourteous either to Anglo or Roman Catholics to ensure that this book will please the more extreme partisans on either side.

ARNOLD LUNN

Chalet Berna, Grindelwald,
July, 1921—*June*, 1924.

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THE PROBLEM STATED

I

THE PROBLEM STATED

I

THIS chapter is an attempt to define the conditions of our problem, and to summarize some of the more patent objections to the Roman Catholic claims.

It may be as well to begin by explaining the orthodox line of defence adopted by Roman Catholic theologians. Protestants often assume that Rome appeals from reason to faith, and bids us accept dogmas on her unsupported authority. Rome certainly makes many converts from those whose longing for religion is in conflict with a sceptical temperament, and who in despair of finding a rational basis for faith, surrender to Rome their private judgment, and do their best to believe what Rome tells them to believe. Rome, however, has always claimed that her creed is based on rational proofs, and more than one Pope has condemned the heresy that faith and not reason is the foundation of the Church. Reason is necessary to test her claims, and reason alone will prove that her claims are irrefutable.

The official apologetics of Rome are founded on a chain of syllogistic arguments which begin with the axiom that nothing can exist without a sufficient cause, and end with the infallibility of the Pope. First the existence of God is proved by logic, as are also His attributes: Omniscience, Omnipotence, and Goodness.

A great deal more can be discovered about God by the unaided light of reason than the casual reader might suppose.

Father Boedder, for instance, proves conclusively (Thesis VIII) that God's Being is "physically and metaphysically simple," which is reassuring, and he excites our religious fervour to white heat by his lucid demonstration that "though God does not contain contingent perfections formally" he does "contain them eminently," which is much more than to contain them merely formally. After this it is rather discouraging to learn (Thesis IX) that "God cannot be properly said to be courageous," in which, at least, Father Boedder would seem to have the advantage of him.[1] Passing from the fundamental attributes of God to the relation of God to the world, Father Boedder assures us that though this world is not absolutely the best possible world, it is "certainly the relatively best possible world," in fact, a world fit for heroes to live in. Briefly, Father Boedder's book on *Natural Theology* is a convincing proof that Reason, properly guided by Father Boedder, can produce enough information about God to fill 471 pages without once citing corroborative evidence either from the Bible or from personal experience.

Natural theology is, of course, only the basis of Catholicism. Natural theology proves the existence and adduces the characteristics of God by the light of our natural reason unsupported by revelation. Dogmatic theology proves the doctrines of the Catholic Church by the aid of revelation.

It is, of course, obvious that God must wish to reveal himself to his creatures and to provide them with some sure guide to right conduct. Now the Bible can easily be proved to be God's revelation. The Catholic applies to the Bible the same acid test which a historian might apply to Cæsar's works, and proves the Divinity of

[1] I have followed throughout Catholic tradition and the precedent of both the Authorized Version and the Douay Bible as far as capital letters are concerned. The habit of giving personal pronouns a capital letter when they refer to God is a modern innovation.

Christ by arguments similar to those which enable us to assert that Cæsar invaded Gaul. It is child's play to show that Christ intended all his followers should be united in one universal and infallible Church. Clearly, our task will be finished when we have discovered this Church whose existence may be predicated from the Gospel records.

Where is this one true Church? Our search will be easy, for the true Church will be distinguished from false rivals by the possession of certain "notes." These "notes" must lead any reasonable man into the true fold. The true Church will be universal, a fact which clearly rules out the Anglicans from serious consideration. It will claim to be infallible and so we need waste no time discussing the Methodists, Quakers, and their like. Sanctity will be another note of the true Church, and here perhaps we are on delicate ground, for this particular clue might not have led a man to Rome when the Borgias ruled on the throne of Peter. However, where sanctity fails, sinfulness serves the same purpose, for as Father Walker, S.J., assures us in his brilliant book on re-union "the 'sins' of the Catholic Church, real or imaginary, so far from proving that she is not Christ's Church, on the contrary prove a crowning and irrefutable proof that she is." In other words, a Church which could survive the Borgia Popes must possess more supernatural grace than a Church which could merely survive the Hanoverian Bishops.

Very well then, having discovered a Church which possesses all the necessary notes, infallibility, universality, sanctity and sinfulness, our labours are at an end.

Reason has led us to Rome without once invoking authority or faith. She has now served her purpose, and can politely withdraw after introducing us to the infallible authority. The Bible has its value for it provides irrefutable proofs that Rome alone knows how to interpret the Bible, and once we have established Rome's claims from the Bible we shall not be so imprudent as to neglect Rome's assistance in making

clear those difficulties in the Biblical record which so often lead non-Catholics to heresy and infidelity. The argument is a little involved, but strictly logical. A convinced believer in an autocratic and absolute monarchy as the cure for all political ills, might invoke the assistance of history to determine which of two Pretenders to the Throne was legitimate. Once he had decided that the facts of history substantiated the claims of one or other of the claimants, he could logically surrender private judgment, which had served its purpose, and accept the ruling of the legitimate King on the rights which historic precedents gave him.

II

The scholastic arguments which I have tried to summarize make few converts. Men are seldom influenced by a chain of bleak syllogisms and the typical Roman Catholic convert is "a sincere believer in unreasoned reasons and a profound sceptic as to the possibility of demonstration where concrete truth is in question."

"St. Anselm," writes Tyrrell, "perhaps constructs God as inevitably as Euclid constructs his equilateral triangle; but the constructions are equally bloodless. Who cares about his three-cornered equilateral God? These demonstrations make millions of infidels, and never a single believer."

You cannot apply the normal laws of reasoning to the infinite. The mathematician, as he wades through the treatises on Natural Theology, will perhaps be reminded of the classic proof that two equals one, a proof which runs as follows: Let $x = y$. Then $x^2 = xy$. Therefore $x^2 - y^2 = xy - y^2$, i.e. $(x + y)(x - y) = y(x - y)$. Divide both sides of the equation by $(x - y)$ and we get the result $x + y = y$, or $2y = y$, or $2 = 1$.

The fallacy, of course, consists in the fact that we

have divided both sides of the equation by zero subtly disguised as $x-y$. We cannot deduce from the fact that twice zero equals zero, or for that matter that twice infinity equals infinity, the conclusion that two equals one.

Zero and infinity are factors which the mathematician handles with caution; not so the Theologian who deduces with glib assurance a chain of dogmas based on logical deductions from the nature of the infinite.

Father Boedder claims that his conclusions invite judgment "by the light of principles which must be admitted by every honest man," and, further, that he has never made "undue use of authority," and that he has made no attempt to "draw the course of philosophical reasoning away from its natural paths in order to bring the results into fictitious conformity with those of revelation."

But all this specious parade of logical reasoning and scientific impartiality does not prevent Father Boedder from tactfully guiding his syllogisms towards the orthodox conclusions, even where those conclusions are contrary to logic and common sense. Father Boedder, for instance, makes a plucky attempt to reconcile two dogmas both of which are *de fide* but both of which cannot be true; he proves, in short, that complete omniscience extending into the future is consistent with complete free will.

It is clear that if nothing can happen which God has not foreseen, every detail of the future must conform to that accurate map of the future which exists in God's mind. Everything that happens is contingent on its agreeing in every detail with a pre-ordained plan.

Now predestination proved too severe a trial even for mediaeval faith. If God allows the greater portion of creatures to suffer eternal torture, he must be relieved of some responsibility for their fate. Even the most docile of believers needed to be assured that no sinner went to Hell excepting by the exercise of his own free will. The Jansenists who denied free will were more

logical than the Jesuits who affirmed it, but the Jesuits were more human and more worldly wise for they realized that the World would soon force the Catholic Church to abandon her belief in Hell, unless the Catholic Church could be induced to accept a belief in free will. And so Theology was forced to reconcile free will with absolute prescience, a thorny problem, for it is difficult to wax lyrical over the gift of free will, when the will, by hypothesis, is only free to travel along those paths which have been charted out in that plan of all history which has never varied since first conceived in the mind of God. Free will becomes a mere legal fiction, invented in order that God may send us to Hell with a clear conscience for committing those sins which he foresaw that we should commit, and for leaving undone those things which we could only have done if God had foreseen us doing them.

III

But we need not criticize in detail the premises of natural and dogmatic theology, for the scholastic argument is more vulnerable to the inductive than to the deductive method of reasoning. On *a priori* grounds it may be possible to show that an infallible Church is a desirable institution, and that the existence of such a Church may be deduced from certain Scripture texts.

The inductive reasoner will waste no time in disputing the *a priori* possibility of an infallible Church, nor will he display much interest in the various theories that have been advanced from time to time to explain the channels through which this infallibility is guaranteed. He will content himself with examining the actual historical evolution of the Church which makes these awful claims, and he will attempt to decide whether the record of that Church is consistent with the reasonable expectations which such claims will arouse. He will go to history to discover whether the Church which claims

to be the infallible interpreter of the divine message to mankind has steadily risen superior to the passions and the prejudices of the day, and has persistently infused into controversies vitiated by human ignorance, the steady light of divine wisdom. He will perhaps study the history of Papal Elections, which are alleged to be decided by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and he will ask whether the claims of sanctity have invariably prevailed against the cabals of Princes, the intrigues of the worldly, and the influence of dynastic ties, whether, in brief, he must posit a miracle to explain the contrast between the results of elections due to natural causes, and the results of those elections where the casting vote has rested with the Holy Ghost.

Again the inductive reasoner will curiously compare the history of those Councils of the Church whose decisions are determined by the Holy Ghost with the deliberations of less favoured Communions, such as the Pan-Anglican Conference; and he will probably find it difficult to understand the reluctance of the Holy Ghost to invest the meetings over which he presides with a definite character, which should establish once and for all their superiority to the Conferences of putative bishops.

Again a Church with these pretensions, a Church founded to reveal the mind of God, might be expected to proclaim a conception of God, nobler and more spiritual than any taught outside her privileged communion. Her theology should act as a salutary check upon the crude anthropomorphisms of humanity painfully striving for a clearer view of the Divine Being. Slowly the light shed by the lamp of the true Church would penetrate into the darkest corners of the world. Men who had created a God in their own image, a God who faithfully reflected the cruelty and superstition of untutored humanity, would learn from the true Church to reject with disgust their primitive philosophy in favour of her nobler message.

But the historical process has been the exact reverse.

It has been the Church which has taught an obscene conception of God, a conception to which she clung with desperate tenacity until forced to modify her teachings by the indignant protest of an enlightened world.

And until the world revolted, the Church continued to teach that God by the fiat of his unchallenged will had called into being unnumbered millions with the foreknowledge, and, therefore, the intention that they should pass Eternity in excruciating agony. The recourses of Literature and of Art were pressed into the service of this loathsome dogma. The pen of a Dante, the brush of an Orcagna were mobilized to display the horrors of Hell. The devout were edified by the thought of the damned, writhing in flames, thrust back into boiling oil by mocking demons, and filling the sulphurous roof of Hell with vain shrieks for a moment's respite from the tortures inflicted by an all-loving God upon his children. Nor were these agonies reserved only for notorious sinners. All those who had died outside the Church, the noblest of the ancients, the millions who were born and died in happy ignorance of the peculiar good-tidings proclaimed by the Church, and all babes who died unbaptized were doomed to the same fate. The second Ecumenical Council of Lyons (1274) and the Council of Florence (1439) declared that unbaptized infants "go down at once to Hell."

The logical result of the doctrine of exclusive salvation and of the belief in Hell was to disease the whole mind of Europe and in particular to give sanction to the rack and stake. It is not on the persecutors that our blame should fall.

"They were," as Lecky says, "but illustrations of the great truth, that when men have come to regard a certain class of their fellow-creatures as doomed by the Almighty to eternal and excruciating agonies, and when their theology directs their minds with intense and realizing earnestness to the contemplation of such agonies, the result will be an indifference to the suffering of those whom they deem the enemies of their God, as absolute as it is perhaps possible for human nature to attain."

And indeed torture in the Middle Ages reached a refinement of ingenuity and artistic skill unparalleled under Nero. Torture became an exact science, a science to which grave Churchmen devoted learned treatises in which they expounded with loving zeal the most effective methods of giving the obstinate heretic some foretaste of the punishment which awaited him in the world to come.

The history of persecution is, of course, an indictment not only of the Catholic but of all other Churches, for the reformed Churches inherited from Catholicism the mediaeval doctrine of hell, and the mediaeval belief that God was pitiless in his punishment of incorrect belief. But the crimes of other Churches are no excuse for a Church that claims to be infallible, and we have still to explain the fact that this Church should have caused more unmerited suffering than any other institution in the history of the world. Other Churches have repented of their past, and have given to the great battle of toleration prophets like Taylor, Harrington, Milton or Zwingli. The Roman Catholic Church alone still maintains the right to persecute, still asserts her intention to exercise that right should she regain the power of which she has been deprived. She has never repudiated the past, and has never expressed the least contrition for all the agony which was inflicted in her name.

She dare not do so. An infallible Church whose motto is *semper eadem* dare not admit that she has learnt wisdom from the heretic, and humanity from the unbeliever. Her case would indeed be stronger if she still denounced the humaner sentiments whose developments she did her best to strangle. If she still asserted a belief in torture as a valid theological argument, she would not need to pretend that the infallible guardian of a divine revelation merely condescended to employ the barbarous criminal code of the day. A Church which was really inspired by God would have been the first to reform, and the last to adopt the brutal code of

a brutal age. Again, if there were any recognizable resemblance between the God of a modern Catholic work, *God and the Supernatural*, and the God of the mediaeval Church, Rome might still assert that her theology was unmodified by the spirit of the age. There is, of course, much in modern Roman Catholicism which still repels the conscience. The Roman Catholic is still forced to believe that a man who commits a mortal sin, and who dies unabsolved and without making an act of perfect contrition, is condemned to eternal punishment. It is still "theologically rash" to assert that this punishment is not the punishment of a material fire. To translate this theological jargon into a concrete instance, a young man who prefers a week-end of golf to his religious duties (for to neglect Mass is a mortal sin), and who is unlucky enough to be run over by a motor before he has had the chance of making an act of contrition, suffers for all eternity in Hell.

On the other hand the most debauched of sinners if he repents at the age of eighty and obtains absolution is let off with a term of years in Purgatory. Conscience and common sense are revolted by the lack of justice of the Roman Catholic scheme of posthumous punishments.

But the more loathsome forms in which this doctrine was once taught have been virtually abandoned, the old horrors are now confined to literature intended only for the uneducated. The Church with the divine mission to teach has learned some sense from men who never professed to be inspired. And the strongest argument against Rome is the fact that the spirit of toleration and the nobler teaching of a loving God began and continued outside the Catholic Church. The leaders of that movement were burnt and racked, but their spirit goes marching on. Other Churches contributed leaders to the campaign, but its triumph was due less to the small band of professed Christians fighting against the cruel tradition which had captured Christianity, than to the growing spirit of rationalism.

Christians sometimes forget all that the world owes to unbelief, to men like the genial rationalist Montaigne, who was one of the first to disbelieve in witchcraft, and who summed up the common sense case for toleration by the apothegm "it is setting a high value on one's opinions to roast men alive for them"; to the French rationalist Bayle, whose searching criticism of the text "compel them to come in" weakened the favourite argument of the persecutor; to Beccaria, the Italian disciple of Rousseau, whose attack on torture inspired the Empress of Russia and Frederic of Prussia to banish torture from their dominions; and above all to the arch-foe of clerical cruelty, the deist, Voltaire.

Voltaire's own character was not without stain. He lacked the finer heroism, and yet few men have done more to hunt cruelty from the world. With scathing sarcasm and vitriolic invective, he lashed the clerical murderers of Calas, and held up the persecutor wherever he tracked him, to the scorn of Europe. His battle cry, "Ecrasez l'infâme," rang through the world, and under the inspiration of his leadership the doors of the Inquisition were opened, and the ministers of a cruel tradition slunk away discredited into obscurity.

Torture flourished so long as the Catholic doctrine of exclusive salvation held the field. Torture disappeared when the belief in Hell faded. The rack and the stake vanished from a world which had ceased to regard the Catholic Church as infallible, vanished in spite of the obstinate efforts of those who claimed to be acting in the name of one who said: "By this men may know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another."

The infallible Church did not give a single great ecclesiastic to the battle of humanity; the war was waged and the victory was won without her assistance and in spite of her opposition. Even in far later days, Cardinal Manning was forced to bemoan the fact that "all the great works of charity in England had their

beginnings out of the Church," and that no Catholic name was associated with the abolition of slavery, or with the other great works of social reform initiated by Anglicans, Quakers, Dissenters and Free Thinkers.

It is painful to emphasize the failure of the Roman Catholic Church, but that failure cannot be overlooked, for it is an essential feature in the problem which this book presents. If the Roman Catholic Church were more modest in her claims, it would be possible (and far pleasanter) to recall her great services to mankind, her invaluable leadership during the period when Europe was struggling out of the anarchy of the Dark Ages. But the Church which makes her claim cannot be content with a defence which sets her services against her crimes. Such a defence is virtually equivalent to calling evidence of character on behalf of the Holy Ghost. The Anglican who looks back to the Elizabethan persecutions of the Roman Catholics can attribute the crimes of his Church to the spirit of a cruel age, and can give her due credit for such good as she achieved in spite of her limitation by current errors. No such excuse can be offered on behalf of the Church which asserts that she has been guided throughout not by the spirit of the day, but by the Holy Spirit.

The case against Rome on this count is so strong that even a clever controversialist like Father Ronald Knox is forced to evade the issue by the most pitiful of false analogies. In his recent book, *Sanctions*, his Roman Catholic hero, Chase, is asked for his views on the Inquisition and the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He replies,

> "If several centuries ago some Catholics murdered two dozen Protestant gentlemen in the city of Paris, that was their funeral, or their victim's, not mine. And the same with Spain on a bigger scale. If, for other reasons, I wished to become naturalized as a citizen of the United States, I should not worry my head over lynchings. I confess that I prefer a shady past to no past at all."

Well, we are moving if Roman Catholics can be made to confess that their Church has a shady past. But Chase's defence is rather futile, for nobody pretends that the American President is infallible, or that the measures of Congress are inspired by the Holy Ghost. Moreover, lynchings are unofficial and illegal, whereas the Inquisition was the recognized instrument of Church and State. Knox's pitiful excuse is some measure of the difficulty which an able controversialist experiences when he attempts to meet the moral argument against Rome. For the strongest argument is the moral argument, a sword, which enables us to cut through the tangle of scholastic arguments, and to reply to all their pleas by one unanswerable question. Can we believe that the Church which for centuries taught men to worship a devil disguised as God is really the one *infallible* channel through which the Holy Ghost has revealed to mankind the mind of God? That is the problem which we must solve, a problem which is moral rather than intellectual.

IV

Those who consider that the moral argument summarized above is inconclusive, must still find some answer to the difficulty of reconciling Roman claims with science and historical criticism. Here again the inductive method of reasoning enables us to disregard pages of *a priori* reasoning and to test the Catholic premises by examining the conclusions to which they lead. They lead, among other absurdities, to a theory of verbal inspiration which every scholar outside the Roman Catholic Church rejects with incredulous contempt.

Let us begin at the beginning—with Genesis. In 1907 the Pope appointed a Biblical Commission to decide various thorny problems raised by the Higher Criticism. This Commission proceeded on normal

lines. A series of questions were drawn up which were supposed to be framed by a hypothetical exegete anxious to elicit the official ruling on certain difficult points. The Biblical Commission supplied the correct answers, and these were afterwards ratified by the Pope. The historical character of Genesis is vindicated by various rulings, of which the following may be quoted:

"*Question* 3: Can we, in particular, call in question the literal and historical meaning when in these chapters it is question of the narration of facts which touch the foundations of Christian religion; as, for example, the creation of all things by God in the beginning of time; the particular creation of man; the formation of the first woman from the first man; the unity of the human race; the original happiness of our first parents in a state of justice, integrity and immortality; the divine command laid upon man for the proving of his obedience; the transgression of that divine command at the instigation of the devil under the form of a serpent; the fall of our first parents from their primitive state of innocence; and the promise of a future Redeemer?

"*Reply*: In the negative."

The devout geologist will, however, be consoled to learn that it is permissible to interpret the word "Yom" rather loosely, not as a day of twenty-four hours, but as a very long period of time.

Consider what this means. The Roman Catholic is tied down to a doctrine which asserts that man first appeared on the globe not as Pithecanthropus, but "in a state of justice, integrity and immortality." The Catholic must believe that all subsequent history has been profoundly influenced by an incident which took place in the Garden of Eden some six thousand years ago. He must believe in a God who punishes us not for the sins we ourselves have committed, but for the sins of our first ancestors, who condemns men to Hell because Eve ate a certain apple.

The Catholic who can believe all this will no doubt find it easy to accept the Catholic teaching on verbal inspiration. The orthodox view of verbal inspiration

was defined at the Vatican Council, and the definition was quoted with approval by Leo XIII in 1893 (Providentissimus Deus). This Bull defines the relations between the Holy Ghost and the human authors of the Biblical Books.

"By supernatural power He (the Holy Ghost) so moved and impelled them to write—He was so present to them—that the things which He ordered, and those only, they first rightly understood, then willed faithfully to write down, and finally expressed in *apt* words and with infallible truth. Otherwise it could not be said that He was the Author of the entire scripture."

I commend to the reader the study of the Douay Bible that he may learn to treat with respectful sympathy the heroism of the Catholic Commentator who undertakes to harmonize the "apt words" of the Holy Ghost with Catholic Doctrine and with common sense.

Pathos is the prevailing note of these attempts, pathos sometimes varied by unconscious humour as in the note on Noah's lapse, a note which reads:

"Drunk. Noah by the judgment of the fathers was not guilty of sin in being overcome by wine because he knew not the strength of it."

Police Court magistrates are less benign in their judgment than the Early Fathers, but then this particular excuse has lost some of its novelty since the days of Noah.

The notes on Ecclesiastes, that great expression of agnosticism, have their humorous side, but a man must be callous indeed who can see nothing but humour in the pathetic struggles of the exegete anxious to distil some edifying sentiment from passages such as the following:

"I said in my heart concerning the sons of men that God would prove them, and show them to be like beasts. Therefore the death of man and of beasts is one, and the condition of them both is equal. As man dieth so they also die; all things breathe alike, and man hath nothing more than beast; all things are

subject to vanity. Who knoweth if the spirit of the children of Adam ascend upward, and if the spirit of the beasts descend downward?"

"Viz. experimentally," remarks the exegete in a spirit of unconquerable hopefulness, "since no one in this life can see a spirit." After this one learns without surprise that "Be not over just" or, as the Authorized Version reads: "Be not righteous overmuch" clearly signifies "By an excessive rigour in censuring the ways of God in bearing with the wicked."

Remembering always that the Holy Ghost was not content with a general inspiration, but showed a nice taste for "apt words," we return with some interest to the Song of Solomon, and with some anxiety to the notes which enable us to perceive that the apt words:

"Let him kiss me with the kiss of his mouth, for thy breasts are better than wine"

can only refer to the Church as the spouse of Christ, and that "thy two breasts like to young roes" is an obvious way of indicating the love of God and the love of our neighbour.

After this triumph of exegesis, one is quite prepared to admit that the spirited lines:

"I sleep and my heart watcheth: the voice of my beloved knocking. Open to me, my sister, my love. . . . I have put off my garment, how shall I put it on? . . . my beloved put his hand through the key-hole and my bowels were moved at his touch"

though open to an obvious misconstruction are tolerant of an apt and edifying interpretation, to wit, that "the spouse of Christ, His Church, at times as it were penned up by its persecutors and in fears expecting the divine assistance here signified by *his hand*."

One more example, this time from the New Testament. The verse:

"Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his Mother called Mary, and his brethren James and Joseph, and Simon and Jude?"

is a sore trial to Catholic commentators. Of course this verse does not affect the question of the Virgin birth, but it certainly implies that the Virgin gave birth to children subsequent to Jesus, an idea which is intolerable to any Catholic. The Catholic believes in the perpetual virginity of the Virgin Mary, and the Roman Catholic who also accepts the theory of verbal inspiration is therefore faced with an unpleasant dilemma. It is impossible to pretend that "brethren" is an apt word for "half-brothers," and it is impious to assume that the Holy Ghost should have shown so little consideration for the dignity of the Virgin and for Catholic susceptibilities as to use a word tolerant of an offensive misconstruction.

If the Catholic theory of verbal inspiration is correct, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Holy Ghost has been a little hard on his Church. He might have given his Church a Bible so consistent in its teaching, so unambiguous in its doctrine, so patently free from chronological and scientific errors, that only a miracle could explain its unique character.

But instead he has allowed the sacred authors to write exactly as they might have written without his assistance. The Bible, which on the Catholic theory should be one coherent unity, every line of which should bear the impress of supernatural inspiration, reads exactly as if it were the most haphazard collection of ancient writings. It rises to devotional heights unattained in any other book; it expresses in apt words the same philosophy that we find in Omar Khayyám; it condescends to sing the most perfect love song in literature, a song which would have scandalized the Fathers of the Church had they found it in any other setting.

The apt words chosen by the Holy Ghost are so

little apt that they require again and again to be tortured and twisted until they can be adapted to the Catholic mould.

But perhaps there would be no merit in faith if Roman Catholic teaching never ran counter to common sense.

V

If this book falls into the hands of a potential convert he need not be unduly depressed by the intellectual difficulties of the doctrine of verbal inspiration. He can evade the problem by a simple formula which he will not, however, derive from the "Stoneyhurst Series of Catholic Manuals." Here perhaps the poor heretic, who is not fettered by the official interpretation of Catholic doctrine, may prove of some service to the potential convert.

First let us try to discover how far the Catholic is bound to regard the decisions we have just quoted as infallible.

The dogma of Papal infallibility was defined in 1870 as follows:

> "The Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra* (*scil.*, from the chair of Peter, whose place in the Church of God he fills), that is, when fulfilling his office of shepherd and teacher of all Christians, he defines by virtue of his supreme apostolic authority a doctrine concerning faith or morals to be held by the whole Church, is endowed, through the Divine assistance promised to him in blessed Peter, with that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer wished His Church to be furnished, in defining a doctrine concerning faith or morality; and therefore such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves (*ex sese*), not from the consent of the Church."

In other words the Pope is only infallible in his official capacity. He must speak *ex cathedra* as the shepherd of all Christians and define a doctrine to all nations and for all times. His *obiter dicta* as a private

theologian, though deserving of respect, are not necessarily infallible. The opinions which Popes have advanced with considerable freedom on points of history, science, scriptural exegesis or geology must be received with humility by the faithful, but are not necessarily irreversible.

"These four conditions so narrow the extent of the Petrine prerogative that it is difficult to point with certainty to more than one, or at most two, Papal pronouncements and declare them, with the consent of all, to be infallible. . . . In sober fact, the defined dogma has to all intents and purposes been pigeon-holed, so far as it has had any practical effect on the setting forth of the Christian revelation."

I am not quoting from a heretic, or from a Protestant controversialist, but from *Reunion Essays* by the Rev. W. R. Carson, a Roman Catholic priest.

The Anglican who is twitted by a Roman Catholic with the miserable uncertainty of Anglican doctrine might quote this last passage with effect, and retort that Papal infallibility, sometimes proclaimed as a cure for all the evils of doubt, has in the words of a Roman Catholic priest "no practical effect on the setting forth of the Christian revelation."

The apparent unanimity of Roman Catholic theologians is due, not to the fact that they are merely echoing doctrines whose infallibility is guaranteed, but to the superior discipline of the Roman Catholic Church. How then does the Roman Catholic Church enforce her discipline?

The machinery for repressing heresy is entrusted to Sacred Congregations at Rome, committees composed in the main of Cardinals, and presided over in the normal course by the Pope. These committees have various functions, such as the suppression of heretical literature and the defining of the official doctrine on these points. The Biblical Commission whose findings we have quoted above has no more and no less authority than the Congregation of the Index which

condemned Galileo. Pius X defined the authority of the Biblical Commission, whose findings on the subject of Genesis have been quoted, as follows:

> "All are bound in conscience to submit themselves to the Decrees of the Pontifical Council on Biblical matters just in the same way as all are bound to submit themselves to the Decrees of the Sacred Congregations when referring to doctrine and when approved by the Pontiff."

There is no suggestion here that the Biblical Commission is infallible or that its decrees are irreversible. Catholics are bound to submit themselves in conscience to these decrees as a matter of discipline and respect for the teaching authority. But no Catholic pretends that the Sacred Congregations did not err when they condemned Galileo, a condemnation which was heartily endorsed by more than one Pope, and the good Catholic is entitled to hope that the Congregations of the future may reverse the more idiotic decisions of the Congregations of the present, just as Galileo's views have been tacitly accepted by the Catholic Church.

The Pope, they will explain, condemned Galileo not in his *ex cathedra* capacity, but merely as a private doctor. To the uninitiated the doctrine of Papal infallibility would seem to be that the Pope is infallible when he is right and a private doctor when he is wrong, but perhaps, as a Jesuit friend of mine ingeniously suggested: "The Pope was right after all." Whether the sun goes round the earth, or the earth round the sun all depends on your definition of "round," so Einstein's theory of relativity can be pressed into service to show that the sun really does go round the earth. Galileo, it would seem, was condemned therefore not for being ahead of his time, but for being five hundred years behind the times.

I suggest, therefore, to the doubting convert that he should ignore the Biblical Commission and the Bull *Providentissimus Deus* and should look forward hopefully to the day when decisions, which nobody pretends

to be infallible, are reversed by a wiser Church. Let him believe what he likes provided he respects the official teaching in accordance with good manners, for obedience is the first of Catholic virtues.

The convert, who does not wish to be disappointed, must not enter the Church of Rome with any exaggerated hope of finding within the Church an infallible answer to all his difficulties in faith and morals. To the hesitating convert Rome speaks in clarion tones: "Come unto us all who are burdened with doubt, harassed by the uncertain voice with which other sects define their peculiar doctrines. Our doctrine has never changed, our guidance never falters, the voice of Peter never hesitates."

But unfortunately Peter seldom favours the faithful with his *ex cathedra* voice. There is scarcely a doctrine of the Church which has been defined as infallible. The Church claims that she alone can interpret Scripture infallibly. Where is this infallible interpretation? In the notes to the Douay Bible? No theologian would maintain that the comments of the Douay exegetes are irreversible. On questions of divorce and birth control the Church may profess to speak with certitude. All we can say is that the Church is for the moment whole-hearted in her attitude towards these great problems, but we have no guarantee that her decisions of to-day will not be reversed by the Church of the future. There is indeed hardly a Bull or Encyclical which could not be reversed to-morrow without doing violence to the official doctrine of Papal infallibility.

The contrast between Anglicanism and Roman Catholicism is only superficial so far as unanimity of belief is concerned. The Roman Catholic submits as a matter of discipline and good manners to a number of foolish decrees, but the wise Catholic knows that many of these decrees will be reversed when Rome has learned wisdom. There is far less freedom of discussion, but perhaps no less freedom of thought, in the Roman than

in the Anglican Communion. The contrast is a contrast of expression rather than of conviction, of discipline rather than of faith.

VI

The problem which this book attempts to solve would not exist if I could pretend that the five converts whose conversion is the subject of the following chapters had all adopted Catholicism with a mental reservation on the subject of infallibility. The problem of these particular converts admits of no such simple solution, and indeed the formula of escape suggested in the preceding pages is probably used rather by those Catholics who do not wish to leave the Church of their baptism than by the convert who only awakens to the difficulties of his position long after he has been received.

Newman was born in an age when all Churches accepted verbal inspiration and the dogma of hell in its crudest form, and consequently these two doctrines would not have proved a difficulty in the way of his conversion to Roman Catholicism. Manning seldom bothered his head with metaphysical difficulties, and his views on verbal inspiration are marked rather by a breezy contempt for plausibility than by any desire to harmonize the doctrines of his Church with common sense. Tyrrell did attempt to discover a compromising formula with results that are well known. We cannot assume that Chesterton and Knox are looking forward to the day when the Church will modify her teaching, for when that day arrives the cheerful bravado with which they have both championed the incredible will have lost much of its charm.

The formula I have suggested may prove useful to the troubled Catholic, but it supplies no clue to our problem.

I do not pretend in this book to solve the problem,

but believing that the influences of temperament, heredity, environment, and education are more potent than reason in determining a man's religion, I have chosen five converts of very different types and antecedents, and have searched rather for the unavowed influences than for the reasons which they themselves suggest for their change of creed.

I do not mean to imply that reason plays no part in conversion, but its rôle is relatively unimportant. Contrast, for instance, the mental attitude of a Trustee investing money for some charitable institution with the mental processes of a Knox selling out of Anglo-Catholic stock. The Trustee does not start with an emotional bias in favour of any particular investment. He examines the reports presented to the shareholders and is influenced solely by considerations of interest and security. Nothing could be more different from his calm objective inquiry than the subjective and irrational considerations which influence a change of creed.

And indeed no religion succeeds in retaining its hold on the mass of mankind if it attempts to conciliate rationalism by weakening its supernatural claims. Eliminate from Christianity the miraculous, weaken the supernatural element, harmonize your doctrine with modern views, and the purged and rationalized creed which remains may appeal to the cultured, the scholarly, and in general to those whose lives are secure and unharassed, and who do not heed the consolations of a dogmatic and confident faith. Carry this weak mixture into the slums and you will not fill a single pew.

A retired Sergeant-Major was asked by the Vicar of his country Church to smarten up the village choir, whose movements before, during, and after the Creed were distressingly slipshod. The Sergeant-Major promised to do his best, and having assembled the choir he addressed them thus: "Now, boys, at the words 'I believe in God' don't move. Them words is only cautionary.",

Such is the guiding principle of the Broad Church

School. The world has steadily refused to be moved by words that are only cautionary, but has responded with enthusiasm to every prophet who offered mankind a dogmatic revelation of God.

Now clearly all these dogmatic revelations cannot be true, for the prophets agree only in their conviction that all rival prophets are mischievous and mistaken, and in their own certitude of having discovered the truth about God.

The most that we can say is that God may prefer wrong belief to no belief, that he may wish to encourage the heroic attempts of his creatures to solve the insoluble, and to define the indefinable, and that he rewards with indiscriminate benevolence all those who apply themselves to this task with courage and unconquerable hope.

The study of religious history may be made the text for a sermon on the gullibility of mankind. And yet, somehow, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the undoubted access of power which is the distinguishing mark of all great religious leaders cannot be the result of pure illusion and self-hypnotism. Men whose lives are based on recognizable illusions are seldom effective. The man who believes himself to be Napoleon or Julius Cæsar does not matter very much. But the heroes of religion do matter. They have swept across Europe at the head of conquering armies. They have overturned Empires and reshaped society, if only for a day. They have often proved an abominable nuisance, and seldom an undisguised blessing. But they have mattered. They have produced real effects, and real effects seldom follow from mere illusions.

And so when we have convinced ourselves that Roman Catholicism is inconsistent with any rational theory of the universe, that it is irreconcilable with the passionless voice of history, the very fact that men of undisputed intellectual powers have yielded to the spell of Rome would seem to show, not that her creed is after all a true solution to the riddle of the universe, but

that the sincere Catholics, like the sincere believers in most other creeds, have succeeded in tapping a source of psychic energy which is not of this world, however little they may understand the true nature of that source.

The Catholic may have built on experiences shared by the mystics of all religions a philosophy which is provincial and inconsistent; but at least Catholicism is a link in the chain of evidence for the supernatural. Even those who have neither enjoyed nor desired such experiences have every reason to welcome evidence which tends to show that the universe is richer in life and in romance than could possibly be the case if the materialistic hypothesis were correct.

I, at least, feel that the fascination of Rome for men who might on every *a priori* ground be expected to dismiss her claims as absurd can hardly be explained on the assumption that Catholicism is nothing but a lie.

And though I do not claim to have solved the problem to my own or to the reader's satisfaction, I have at least spent some pleasant hours on the road to Rome. The pilgrims who have made that ancient journey have not revealed to me the secret which would have joined me to their company, but when I left them at the gates of the Eternal City I felt that I had learnt from them at least that Roman Catholicism, if it be one man's poison, is another man's meat, that it satisfies supremely the spiritual needs, not of mankind in general, but of a very distinct class of men, and that such men will know neither peace of mind nor quiet days until they have shouldered their pack and set their feet firmly on the road that leads to Rome.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

II

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

I

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born on 21st February, 1801, and died in 1892. His long life was divided into two nearly equal portions, Anglican and Roman. Newman's greatest achievement was the creation of the Oxford Movement. His real influence began and almost ended with his Anglican career, for his life in the Roman Church was one of almost unbroken failure, a failure none the less real for the Cardinal's hat that consoled his declining years. Newmanism has always been justly suspected by the Roman authorities. It is only too easy for modernists to discover a saving formula in that theory of development which is Newman's most important contribution to Catholic controversy.

But Newman's career as a real leader of men began and ended in the Church of England. As an Anglican Newman made history, as a Roman he wrote history, but his real work was done when he seceded; and the merciless satire with which in his later years he criticized the Movement which he created, failed to destroy the greatest revival which the Church of England has ever known.

The Oxford Movement had its own literature. The story has been brilliantly told by Dean Church, and although its history is not so familiar to this as to the last generation it is unnecessary to do more than briefly summarize the leading characteristics of that religious renaissance.

The Oxford Movement was a reaction from the eighteenth century Anglicanism, and a counter-offensive against the political reforms which menaced the Church. During the eighteenth century the Church had become a branch of the Civil Service, and the bishops, as permanent officials of that service, drew princely incomes and neglected their sees. The typical parson was often a valuable element in society, and fulfilled useful functions as magistrate and even as doctor; but the clergy, as a whole, were recruited less from those who experienced a real vocation than from men who did not see why a comfortable living should pass out of the family. The average parson of those days took orders, not "because sacerdos was written on his brow" but because his brothers didn't. He had not been taught to "magnify his sacred office." He drank his bottle of port, rode to hounds, and eschewed enthusiasm. "A love of order, seemliness and good taste," says Dean Inge, "had led the Church of England along a middle path between what a seventeenth century divine calls 'the meretricious gaudiness of the Church of Rome and the squalid sluttery of fanatic conventicles.'"

Seemliness and good taste are admirable qualities, but they do not make for revivals. On the political side the Oxford Movement derived an impetus from the consternation aroused by the French Revolution. Even to-day, a thinker as anti-Roman as the Dean of St. Paul's can find some use for Romanism as the "nucleus of a conservative resistance to a social revolution. The menace of the Red Peril will secure for a long time to come the survival of the Black."

Sentiments which appear paradoxical when voiced in the twentieth century formed the truisms of the Tractarian Movement. The Tractarians were Tories to a man, and their hatred of the French Revolution was such that Newman averted his eyes lest they should rest on the tricolour, symbol of the hated French Revolution, which was flying from a passing ship.

They were convinced that a "clear, strong, positive, religious creed was necessary if civilization was to be saved from ruin."

There were other influences, such as Evangelicalism, which helped to inspire the movement, but the impetus which accelerated its development was due to the politicians. England was passing through one of those phases when reactionaries affect a sneaking interest in reform. Revolution was in the air, and the upper classes displayed that same nervous alarm which Bolshevism has inspired to-day. The mob was exhibiting its periodical activity. Those who to-day have still some property left to plunder may draw comfort from studying the history of the Chartist movement, which proves that the alliance of intelligence, money, and power will always defeat the battalions of the proletariat. The comfortable Whiggery which followed the Chartist upheavals showed the foolishness of the alarm inspired by the extension of the Franchise. The historian of a century hence will doubtless smile when he contemplates the flutter caused in our own times by Bolshevism, and in the early nineteenth century by Chartism.

But the Victorian politicians did not smile. They were seriously alarmed, and it seemed prudent to steal a little democratic thunder. Something had to be reformed, and it was clear that the politicians neither desired, nor, in their own opinion, needed reform. Happy thought—the Church! A Jonah was needed, and a stout and prosperous bishop seemed to be cast for the part. The Prime Minister sternly bade the bishops set their house in order, and the foolish mob took the cue with obliging readiness. They burnt—not Downing Street, but the Bishop of Bristol's Palace. The Prime Minister's scheme for insuring his own house against fire was so successful that a Bill was promptly carried which abolished half the Irish sees, and Dissenters who urged Disestablishment were listened to with respect.

Arnold of Rugby declared pathetically that "the Church, as it is now, no human power can save." There was treason within the Church. Bishops with palaces to burn proposed drastic revisions in the Prayer Book. Arnold further suggested that all sects should be united by Act of Parliament with the Church of England "on the principle," as an indignant Tractarian remarked, "of retaining all their distinctive errors and absurdities."

II

Newman in his *Apologia* gave Pusey the credit for creating the Oxford Movement, but that movement owes far more to Newman than to Pusey or Keble. When Newman seceded, the Pope congratulated "Joannem Henricum Newman Puseistorum factionis ducem," on his emergence from heresy, and the Pope, though often ill-informed on Anglican affairs, was correct in styling Newman the leader of the Puseyite faction.

Newman never sought leadership.

> "For myself," he writes, "I was not the person to take the lead of a party; I never was, from first to last, more than the leading author of a school; nor did I wish ever to be anything else."

But Newman underestimated his own potent influence. "For hundreds of young men," writes J. A. Froude, "Credo in Newmannum was a genuine symbol of faith." Newman himself would never have subscribed to this Credo. Of the great leaders of mankind some have been urged into eminence by their ambitions, others are forced into leadership by their disciples. Pusey, Keble, and Newman were alike in their contempt for honours and preferment, and their authority was due to that reverence which is paid to selfless idealism. Pusey was one of the gentlest of men. He was easier to live with than Newman, easier to work

with, and even more selfless, for Newman, though lacking in ambition, was sometimes trying in his complete autocentricity. He recognized, as he tells us himself, "two and only two absolute and luminously self-evident beings—myself and my Creator," and his friends often realized wistfully that they themselves formed part of an unreal background in an unreal world. "Dieu et moi, moi et Dieu. Tout se passe comme si le reste du monde n'existait pas." Pusey was less inhuman in his preoccupation with the divine.

Pusey's marriage strengthened his friendship for Newman. Mrs. Pusey was a woman of great culture, and though her love for Pusey was never clouded she made no secret of her reverence for Newman, and of her preference for him as a spiritual guide. She writes to her husband to complain that his writings leave her "unsettled and perplexed":

"Mr. Newman's (I beg pardon, John's. I might almost say St. John's) sermons are full of truths of the first sort."

Pusey replied with unruffled humility:

"I see many reasons which you do not why John's (Newman's) statements of truth should be attractive, mine repulsive."

Such excessive humility is perhaps a little absurd, and in any other context the sentence just quoted would read exactly like the indignant irony of a jealous husband. But there was no irony about Pusey.

Newman's influence was at its height after his appointment, at the age of thirty, as Vicar of St. Mary's. Sunday by Sunday the University Church was filled to overflowing.

"The service was very simple," writes Principal Shairp, "no pomp, no ritualism; for it was characteristic of the leading men of the movement that they left these things to the weaker brethren. . . . To call Newman's sermons eloquent would be no word for them; high poems rather they were as of an inspired singer, or the outpourings as of a prophet, rapt

yet self-possessed. And the tone of voice in which they were spoken, once you grew accustomed to it, sounded like a fine strain of unearthly music. Through the silence of that high Gothic building, the words fell on the ear like the measured drippings of water in some vast, dim cave. After hearing these sermons you might come away still not believing the tenets peculiar to the High Church system; but you would be harder than most men if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of coarseness, selfishness, worldliness, if you did not feel the things of the faith brought closer to the soul."

III

Such was the man whose bold leadership gave courage and inspiration to those Churchmen who were not prepared to yield either to the threats of the politicians, or to the Broad Church plea for compromise. It was to combat these disruptive influences that the *Tracts for the Times* were launched. Of the first seventeen tracts, Newman wrote nine. He was the author of the tract which gave the keynote to the movement. Menaced by Disestablishment the Church must learn to base its claim on something more permanent than Erastian support.

"Should the Government and the country so far forget their God as to cast off the Church, to deprive it of its temporal honours and substance, on what will you rest the claim of respect and attention which you make upon your flocks? Hitherto you have been upheld by your birth, your education, your wealth, your connections; should these secular advantages cease, on what must Christ's ministers depend? Is not this a serious practical question? We know how miserable is the state of the religious bodies not supported by the State. Look at the Dissenters on all sides of you, and you will see that their ministers, depending simply on the people, become the creatures of the people."

Newman apparently dared not hope that the Victorian parson, robbed of "the secular advantages, birth, education and wealth," might learn to base his

authority on the respect due to men whose lives are patterned on the Founder of their religion.

"The question recurs," he continues, "on what are we to rest our authority when the State deserts us? . . . I fear we have neglected the real ground on which our authority is built —our Apostolic descent. . . . Exalt our Holy Fathers, the bishops, as the representatives of the Apostles and the Angels of the Churches; and magnify your office."

The tracts, of course, provoked bitter opposition, but the main thesis of the opening tract was not altogether displeasing to the clergy, who were flattered by Newman's lofty conception of the priesthood. Anglo-Catholicism appeals even more to the priesthood than to the laity, for the good reason that Catholicism "magnifies the office" of the priest, and puts the layman in his proper place. The English laity, on the contrary, have done their best to keep priests in their place, and the English attitude towards the clergy is expressed in the genial humour with which Mr. Punch portrays his bishops and curates. Priestcraft has seldom been popular in England, and a movement which aims at investing the parson with the sanctions of the Roman Catholic priest will always find more support among the clergy than the laity.

The bishops received the tract with a certain coldness.

"Black event as it would be for the country," wrote Newman, "yet (as far as they are concerned) we could not wish them (the bishops) a more blessed termination of their course than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom."

"The representatives of the Apostles, and the angels of the Churches," did not echo Newman's fervent good wishes. They were doing their best against great difficulties to keep their goods and to avoid martyrdom, a form of Christian experience more suitable, so they felt, to the Apostolic Age than to Victorian England.

Newman's own attitude towards the claims of Rome, at first, seemed to be satisfactory.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," he wrote in 1840. "... We see Rome's agents, smiling and nodding and ducking to attract our attention, as gipsies make up to truant boys, holding out tales for the nursery and pretty pictures, and gilt gingerbread, and physic concealed in jam, and sugar plums for good children. ... Who can but feel shame when the religion of Ximenes and Pascal is so overlaid. ... We Englishmen like manliness, openness, consistency and truth. Rome will never gain on us till she learns these virtues, and uses them."

They were bold words, but Newman was beginning to feel less and less confidence. Oxford became conscious that an apologetic note was creeping into Newman's allusions to Rome. And as the appeal of Catholic dogmas grew more insinuating, so it became more and more essential for Newman to vindicate a Catholic interpretation of Anglican formularies. The famous Tract 90 was the result. Newman examined the Thirty-nine Articles and tried to prove that they were tolerant of a Catholic interpretation. The articles, he urged, may condemn the "Romish doctrine of Purgatory," but they certainly do not condemn the doctrine of Purgatory. Here again they may condemn the "Sacrifices of the Masses," but they do not necessarily condemn the "sacrifice of the Mass," a distinction not so absurd as the layman might suppose. This reasoning outraged public opinion. The tract was condemned by the Heads of Houses, and Newman found himself forced to resign St. Mary's. His earlier tracts had been mildly censured by his own bishop, and Newman had only consented to retain his position at St. Mary's by the same bishop's friendly pressure. At the beginning of the movement, Newman had hoped that the bishops would place themselves at the head of his campaign. He had adjured the clergy to strengthen the arms of those who were successors of the Apostles. The bishops were embarrassed by Newman's lofty conception of their rôle, and Newman, though he would have remained unmoved by lay displeasure, was seriously unsettled by the dislike which the bishops exhibited for

his arguments. He had a profound respect for bishops, differing in this from the modern High Churchman.

The Neo-Tractarian will show the greatest reverence for a bishop, so long as the bishop behaves, but he is equally ready to disregard the plaintive protests of Protestant bishops, and to explain the anomaly of their existence in a branch of the Catholic Church by quoting Newman's own words on the Arian controversy, words in which Newman contrasts "the body of the faithful" with "the body of the Episcopacy unfaithful to its commission."

But Newman believed in bishops.

"The lightest word of a bishop speaking *ex cathedra* carries enormous weight."

Two years later in his brilliant lectures on Anglican difficulties he explained that the attitude of the Anglican bishops had been one of the deciding influences in his secession.

After the condemnation of Tract 90, Newman retired to Littlemore, where the last two years of his Anglican life were passed in an agony of doubt and hesitation. In the concluding act of this drama, two men played important parts, W. G. Ward and Dr. Wiseman.

IV

W. G. Ward was one of the many undergraduates who had been captured by Newman's spell. He matriculated and entered Balliol at the age of eighteen, and before he had been a term at Oxford, he had made his mark on university life. Ward was passionately devoted to metaphysical arguments and to Opera Bouffe; he imported into solemnity of the Tractarian Movement the hilarious atmosphere of his favourite operas, and his gargantuan laugh dominated any society in which he happened to find himself. He was popular, and though

his polemics were never tempered with discretion, there was no trace of bitterness in his character. He loved controversy for the sake of controversy, and was always grateful to those who disagreed with him, and who provided him with a chance to show his dialectic skill. Even Jowett, who was no friend to the Tractarian, could not resist his robust charm, and compared him to a cheerful Newfoundland dog.

Ward's passion for *a priori* reason would have made him an apt pupil of the scholastics. He could draw with keen logic a succession of conclusions from any premise, but his power to detect fallacies stopped short where the first premise was concerned, and that first premise was Newman's supernatural conception of the universe.

"The thing that was utterly abhorrent to him, was to stop short." And so, once he had accepted Newman as a prophet, the embarrassing enthusiasm with which he extracted the most extreme implications from Newman's views, was a source of acute embarrassment to Newman.

Ward, so Newman once wrote to Ward's son, was never a High Churchman. From the moment he came under Newman's spell, he shed his Anglicanism. He was fond of quoting Hurrell Froude's remark: "The only good thing I know about Cranmer is that he burnt well." In those days an Anglican could still create a mild sensation by expressing his contempt for the Reformers. Indeed the proposal to erect the Martyrs Memorial would probably never have been made had not the anti-Tractarians hoped to embarrass Newman and Pusey with the alternative of subscribing to the memorial or writing themselves down as secret papalists. The belated apology to the Reformers whom Oxford had burnt three hundred years before was mainly useful in order to embarrass Reformers whom she could no longer burn.

During the final phase Ward haunted Newman and exasperated him with a succession of devastating

syllogisms. In the summer of 1844 he published *The Ideal of a Christian Church.* Ward was now a Mathematical Tutor at Balliol, and his official position helped to make his book the scandal of the day. Oxford was shaken to its foundation by passages such as the following:

"We find," exclaimed Ward, "oh most joyful, most wonderful unexpected sight! We find the whole cycle of Roman doctrine gradually possessing numbers of English Churchmen. . . . Three years have passed since I said plainly that in subscribing the article I renounce no Roman doctrine; yet I retain my fellowship which I hold on the tenure of subscription, and have received no ecclesiastical censure in any shape."

An outraged University condemned the book, and deprived Ward of his degree. A few weeks later he was received into the Church of Rome.

Newman was perhaps more irritated than influenced by Ward's shock tactics. It was Dr. Wiseman rather than Ward who was ultimately responsible for his conversion. Nicholas Wiseman was born in 1802 of an Anglo-Irish family which had migrated to Spain. In 1818 Wiseman became a member of the newly opened English college at Rome, of which he has left an interesting description in his book *Four Great Popes.* Wiseman learned things at Rome besides Theology. He studied in the finest of all diplomatic schools, and the lessons he mastered were to prove invaluable when he was persuaded to take in hand the conversion of England. While at Rome, Wiseman received a visit from Newman and Froude, and was much impressed by their Catholic tendencies. This visit gave him an interest in the Oxford Movement, which he never lost. He devoured the Tracts with curiosity and hope.

In 1835 Wiseman took up his residence in England and observed with regret the lassitude of the old Roman Catholic families. Even Catholic Emancipation had not roused them. They had lost their fighting spirit, and only asked to be left alone. They ignored the Oxford

Movement. "Their chains had been removed, but not the cramp and torpor produced by these chains." Wiseman had a flair for public opinion. He scented the growing tendency towards religious tolerance. He saw that a habit of mind was being formed favourable to the reopening of old questions. Men were becoming tired of the trite reiterations of anti-Roman propaganda, and Wiseman realized that the time was ripe for a new appeal. Anglicanism was discredited, men were demanding a less Erastian religion, and a more living creed.

Wiseman decided to give a series of lectures on the Church, lectures which achieved an instantaneous success. He was a great diplomatist, and realized that converts would not be made by a direct attack on Anglicanism. He therefore avoided aggressive tactics, and confined himself to a lucid and business-like summary of Roman Catholic beliefs. He examined the Protestant conception of Catholic doctrines, and exposed the falsity of current prejudices, less by direct criticisms of Protestantism than by proving that the Roman doctrine on such issues as indulgences was very different from that parody of her doctrine which circulated in Protestant circles. His audiences were charmed by his courtesy and candour, and by the contrast of his personality with their preconceived notions of the Roman priesthood.

Wiseman did not count in vain on the inevitable reaction from the exaggerations of Protestant propaganda. His audiences were ready to believe that because Protestants had told lies about Rome, all that Rome said must be true, a natural if illogical deduction.

Browning is supposed to have had Wiseman in his mind as his model for "Bishop Blougram," but Wiseman had neither Blougram's brains nor his cynicism. His lectures never lapsed into eloquence. They are plain matter-of-fact summaries of Roman doctrine and owe their success to the fact that his listeners knew nothing of Roman Catholic doctrine, and were delightfully intrigued by these researches into a forbidden subject.

Wiseman's lectures were so successful that he naïvely

confessed to having wept at the thought that the salvation of his audience was being bought by danger to his own soul through the sin of vainglory. Meanwhile Wiseman was keeping a benevolent eye on the Oxford Movement. When the Tractarians opposed the appointment of Dr. Hampden as Regius Professor of Divinity because of his heretical opinions, Wiseman was among the first to hint a delicate and diplomatic sympathy. He praised Newman's resistance to the appointment of a heretic, and expressed his sympathy with the difficulties of those Anglicans who were trying to achieve an impossible unity of doctrine and discipline in the Anglican Church. Very gently he insinuated the obvious escape from this dilemma.

Newman did not respond to these tentative advances, but an article by Wiseman in *The Dublin Review*, for September, 1839, which Wiseman had just founded, seriously unsettled him. Dr. Wiseman had compared the Donatist heretic with the Anglican.

"I must confess," wrote Newman, "that it has given me a stomach-ache. . . . At this moment we have sprung a leak; and the worst of it is that those sharp fellows, Ward, Stanley and Co., will not let one go to sleep upon it . . . this is a most uncomfortable article on every account."

Newman flung himself in despair into a study of the Early Fathers. The parallel suggested by Wiseman between the earlier heresies and the Anglican formularies seemed more and more obvious.

"My stronghold was antiquity; now here, in the middle of the fifth century, I found, as it seemed to me, Christendom of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries reflected. I saw my face in that mirror, and I was a Monophysite."

Meanwhile Wiseman was getting anxious. Masses were being daily offered for the Event which was to shatter the Oxford Movement. Was the great Conversion never coming? Wiseman could bear the suspense no longer. Among the new converts was an

old friend of Newman's, Father Bernard Smith. Wiseman decided to send him to Littlemore to see how the land lay. Newman received Smith with marked coldness, but Wiseman's agent was not discouraged. He kept his eyes open for the least hint of conversion. And the hint came. Newman dined in grey trousers, "which to Smith, who knew his punctiliousness in matters of dress, was conclusive evidence that he no longer regarded himself as a clergyman."

Smith returned to Wiseman and reported, but the end was not yet.

"There was a pause," says Dean Church. "It was no secret what was coming. But men lingered. It was not till the summer that the first drops of the storm began to fall. Then through the autumn and the next year, friends whose names and forms were familiar in Oxford one by one disappeared, and were lost to it. . . . We sat glumly at our breakfasts every morning, and then someone came in with news of something disagreeable—someone gone, someone sure to go."

The community at Littlemore waited and waited for their leader to move, and at last the end came—came without pomp and melodrama. A Passionist Priest happened to be passing through Oxford, and Newman learned that he was to arrive on the evening of 8th October, 1845. Father Dalgairns went to meet him, and has left us an account of the sequel.

"At that time all of us except St. John, though we did not doubt that Newman would become a Catholic, were anxious and ignorant of his intentions in detail. About three o'clock I went to take my hat and stick and walk across to the fields to the Oxford 'Angel,' where the coach stopped. As I was taking my stick Newman said to me in a very low and quiet tone: 'When you see your friend, will you tell him that I wish him to receive me into the Church of Christ?' I said: 'Yes,' and no more. I told Father Dominic as he was dismounting from the top of the coach. He said: 'God be praised,' and neither of us spoke again till we reached Littlemore."

V

Newman visited Rome in the autumn of 1846, and at first he had no reason to complain of his reception. That wonderful old man, Pius IX, expressed a cordial wish to see him "again and again," but before long the welcome seemed to be wearing very thin.

Newman started badly. He was asked by the Prince of Borghese to preach the funeral sermon on the niece of Lady Shrewsbury, who had died very suddenly. The Prince, like other devout Italians, could just understand a Protestant remaining in heresy until he had visited Rome, but the refusal of those Protestants, fortunate enough to see Catholicism at work in Rome, and yet obstinate enough to continue in their errors, was a sore puzzle to his mind. Like other Romans he was convinced that such Protestants must recognize the patent truth of Catholicism, but under the influence of worldly motives were postponing conversion until old age. Newman was invited to explain the folly of postponing insurance against Hell Fire, a policy which might be frustrated by sudden death. This crude theme did not attract him. He did his best, but the sermon was a failure. The Protestants who heard it were irritated rather than edified, and Rome, ever quick to claim a victory or to disown a defeat, made its displeasure felt. Rome began to realize that Newman had not lost the Protestant vice of private judgment. Later in life Newman realized that Rome was not interested in new ideas.

"This age of the Church is peculiar," he wrote in 1863 to Miss E. Bowles. "In former times there was not the extreme centralization now in use. If a private theologian said anything free, another answered him. If the controversy grew, then it went to a bishop. . . . The Holy See was but the court of ultimate appeal. *Now* if I as a private priest put anything into print, Propaganda answers me at once. How can I fight

with such a chain on my arm? It is like the Persians driven to fight under the lash. There was true private judgment in the primitive and mediaeval schools—there are no schools now, no private judgment (in the religious sense of the phrase), no freedom, that is, of opinion. That is, no exercise of the intellect. No, the system goes on by the tradition of the intellect of former times."

But Newman in 1846 had still much to learn. He began to feel a hostile atmosphere. Criticisms of his orthodoxy reached him, and he wandered helplessly from one ecclesiastic to another. He explained earnestly that his view of probabilism did not differ from that of De Lugo, and that his language about the faith could only be confused by the unthinking with M. Bautain's fideism, so properly condemned. And Perrone really supported his language about probabilism. It was all in vain. The Roman noses sniffed.

"What do you think that Perrone says of me in his new edition?" writes Newman to a friend: "'Newman Romanum Pontificem diabolum vocat.'"

Newman could not cope with such inventions. Wistfully he must have contrasted cardinals with dons, and the atmosphere of Rome with the Oriel Common Room, where metaphysics had roused more interest than intrigue. But Rome was not Oxford, as Newman sadly realized.

"Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem, quo sæpe solemus
Pastores ovium teneros depellere fetus."

He persisted in his desperate attempt to make his meaning clear to the meanest intelligence, only to discover that the Romans had never read Perrone or De Lugo, and had never opened St. Thomas. "With a sinking heart," says Mr. Strachey, "he at least realized the painful truth: it was not the nature of his views, it was having views at all that was objectionable."

Newman abandoned his original scheme for teach-

ing theology, and decided to found an Oratory at Birmingham. The Pope atoned for his coldness by a signal mark of appreciation. He dispensed Newman from the Oratorian rule which prescribes frequent floggings in public.

Newman records with furious gusto a story told of the Patron Saint of his Oratory.

"They have never made much of their learned men. When Baronius brought his first volume to St. Philip, very handsomely bound as a sort of tribute to him as Superior, St. Philip took it up, and—whist! away it went to the other end of the room on the floor, and the only praise he got was: 'Now go down into the Church, and hear three Masses.'"

Philip should clearly be the Patron Saint of reviewers. His method, at least, supplied Rome with a precedent when Newman offered his *Doctrine of Development* as a tribute to his ecclesiastical superiors.

VI

Newman returned to England resigned to a life of obscurity, but creative genius finds expression, thwart it as you will. The revival of the "No Popery" agitation drew Newman from retirement, and proved that his sword had not lost its keenness.

Wiseman, intoxicated by the surrender of the great Oxford leaders, had lost his old prudence and his old tact. He had been created a Cardinal, and he determined to signalize the event by reviving the Roman Catholic hierarchy which had been extinguished under Elizabeth. The older priests opposed the revival, for they were still haunted by the tradition of persecution, and were also alarmed by Wiseman's aggressive policy. But Wiseman's scheme prevailed, and the British public awoke one morning to find Wiseman's pastoral, aggressively dated "from out the Flaminian Gate,"

reposing on their breakfast tables. John Bull picked up his *Times*, rubbed his eyes:

> "Till such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, we shall govern and continue to govern the counties of Middlesex, Hertford and Essex as ordinary therefor with the islands annexed as administrators with ordinary powers."

John Bull snorted. He wrote to *The Times* explaining that he'd see Wiseman damned before Wiseman governed as "ordinary" or as extraordinary a yard of British soil. He did not realize that the pastoral was intended for Roman Catholic ears, and that the Pope having lost the bone, was doing his best to give substance to the shadow.

A violent outburst of "No Popery" followed. Wiseman redeemed the one serious lapse of his life from his usual policy of unfailing tact by the courage of his "Appeal to the English people" which occupied six columns in *The Times* and which calmed, if it did not entirely quell, the storm.

Newman had never approved of Wiseman's new move. He disliked the suggestion of vulgar advertisement and the policy which discounted triumphs that might never mature. "He desired more work and less show." But the revival of anti-Catholic agitation drew him from retirement, and he delivered a brilliant series of lectures published under the title "The Present Position of Catholics in England."

Newman had great irony but little humour. The opening chapter of this book is remarkable among Newman's writings for its unforced wit.

Newman's lectures were appreciated by his fellow Catholics, but the years that followed brought little but rebuffs to his finely tempered soul.

A Roman Catholic University was to be founded in Ireland and Newman was invited to become Rector. He hesitated, for he did not under-estimate the difficulties ahead, but he yielded when he learnt that the Pope had

inspired the scheme. His loyalty to the Pope stifled his doubts and inspired one of the finest passages in all his works:

"St. Peter has spoken; it is he who has enjoined that which seems to us so unpromising. He has spoken and has a claim on us to trust him. He is no recluse, no solitary student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. He for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If ever there was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been facts, and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of the ages, who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ, and the Doctor of His Church.

"These are not words of rhetoric, gentlemen, but of history. All who take part with the Apostles are on the winning side. He has long since given warrant for the confidence which he claims. From the first he has looked through the wide world of which he has the burden; and, according to the need of the day and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself now to one thing, now to another; but to all in season, and to nothing in vain. He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own, and, in spite of the persecutor, fertile in the recourses of his cruelty, he soon gathered out of all classes of society the slave, the soldier, the high-born lady, and the sophist, materials enough to form a people to his Master's honour. The savage hordes came down in torrents from the north, and Peter went out to meet them, and by his very eye he sobered them and backed them in full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him, and to be made ten times more his children even than the older populations which they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession; but he went with them by his missionaries, to China, to Mexico, carried along by zeal and charity, as far as these children of men were led by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition. Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our father's day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates; with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings, that though in another kind of fight

he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the Everlasting Arms?"

"St Peter has spoken and has a claim on us to trust him." The years that followed showed how much or how little St. Peter's successor could be depended on. The Irish scheme was a failure, and its failure was made the excuse for insulting the one man who could have made it a success. Newman had been definitely promised a bishopric in order to smooth his relations with the Irish bishops, who, in Newman's own words, "regarded an intellectual man as being on the road to perdition." Newman was told that the next papal brief was to be accompanied by some "mark of distinction" in his favour. The sequel may be given in Newman's own words:

"Cardinal Wiseman told Dr. Cullen distinctly that this distinction was to be elevation to the Episcopal dignity, and that to this I was to offer no opposition. But now showing me the University Brief, he pointed out the words 'Newman egregiis animi dotibus ornatus,' etc., and said in an awkward and hurried manner, 'You see how the Pope speaks of you . . . here is the distinction.' . . . Miss Giberne, one day when she had an audience with the Pope, said without circumlocution: 'Holy Father, why don't you make Father Newman a bishop?' She reported that he looked much confused and took a great deal of snuff."

As a young priest Newman had prayed that God would spare him place and power, a prayer not intended to produce a good impression on God, nor offered in the secret hope that God would answer it by disregarding it, but the genuine expression of Newman's sentiments. Still it is one thing not to crave preferment, but quite another matter to be humiliated by having the promise of preferment withdrawn.

"New Undertakings" is the title of the chapter in which Wilfrid Ward describes the record of Newman's successive failures.

COLUMBIA, MISSO

Cardinal Wiseman, whose enthusiasm in enlisting Newman's help was only equalled by the composure with which he let him down, induced Newman to undertake the new translation of the Bible. Newman welcomed the proposal.

The history of Roman translations of the Bible is not without interest. Rome resisted all attempts to translate the Vulgate. The Latin language was a token of the Church's servitude to the Bishop of Rome, and the demand for the vernacular Bible was placed in the forefront by the Reformers. When this demand became irresistible within the Roman Communion the Rheims Bible was offered to English readers as a sop. The translators made the best of a bad job, and offered the faithful a version as unintelligible as Jerome's Latin. Archbishop Trench explains that translators always preferred unintelligent Latinism to the vigorous Anglo-Saxon equivalents. "To do good and communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" is rendered: "Beneficence and communications forget not, for with such hosts God is promerited." Words like "Agnition," "coinquinations," "contristate," and "examinate" bedeck the pages of the Rheims Bible. This unfortunate devotion to Latinisms alone prevented, as many beautiful passages prove, the Rheims Bible attaining the unique charm of the Authorized Version.

The Douay Bible was a great improvement, but its style lacked dignity and charm. The old Roman Catholic families were not conscious of their loss, but the Oxford converts realized bitterly the contrast between the Douay and the Authorized Version, none more than Newman, whose "ear, delicately attuned to its harmonies, could not endure a novel rhythm." Newman's own style was founded on the Authorized Version. He was "taught by it the grave severity, the chastened colour, and the passionate yet reserved tone that lends his sermons a more than human power."

Another convert, Father Faber, whose whole-hearted allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church is seldom

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qualified by the faintest touch of respect for his old communion, has at least expressed finely his appreciation of the Authorized Version.

"Who will not say," he writes, "that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country. It lives on one's ear like music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is part of the national mind, the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not his Saxon Bible."

Newman set to work. He enlisted contributors, and threw himself into the project with all his old enthusiasm. But the hidden hand once again touched him. Difficulties began to appear. Booksellers with a large stock of the Douay Bible began to protest. Wiseman, who had allowed Newman to invest his own money in the scheme, tried to climb out at Newman's expense, and Newman had one more failure to add to the record of his attempts to serve the Roman Catholic Church.

But Newman would not admit that he was defeated. He associated himself with *The Rambler*, a plucky journal run by laymen who believed that there was nothing inconsistent in the attempt to provide the laity with a Catholic periodical run by laymen. Acton, the historian, was one of the editors, and Acton believed that the laity should play their part. Unfortunately Rome agreed with De Maistre.

"Il appartient aux prelats d'être les dépositaires et les gardiens des vérités. . . . Les autres n'ont pas le droit de raisonner sur ces sortes de matières. Ils ont les sciences naturelles pour s'amuser. De quoi pourraient-ils se plaindre."

The same views were expressed by Manning's friend, Monsignor Talbot: "What is the province of the laity

—to hunt, to shoot, to entertain? These matters they understand, but to meddle with ecclesiastical matters they have no right at all."

Newman joined *The Rambler* in order to modify and control its tone. He did not share Acton's ultra-liberal views, but his association with the paper had unfortunate results. One of his own articles was delated to Rome for heresy, and there was some talk of summoning Newman himself to Rome.

"Call me to Rome—what does that mean? It means to sever an old man from his home, to subject him to intercourse with persons whose languages are strange to him—to food, and to fashions, which are almost starvation on one hand, and involve restless days and nights on the other—it means to oblige him to dance attendance on Propaganda week after week, and month after month—it means death. This is the prospect which I cannot but feel probable, did I say anything, which one bishop in England chose to speak against and report. Others have been killed before me. Lucas went of his own accord indeed, but when he got there—oh! how much did he, as loyal a son of the Church and Holy See as ever was, what did he suffer because Dr. Cullen was against him? He wandered, as Dr. Cullen *said* in a letter he published in a sort of triumph, he wandered from Church to Church without a friend, and hardly got an audience from the Pope. And I too should go from St. Philip to Our Lady, and to St. Peter and St. Paul, and to St. Laurence and to St. Cecilia, and if it happened to me, as to Lucas, should come back to die."

A friend suggested a new historical review.

"Who would bear it?" wrote Newman. "Unless one doctored all one's facts, one would be thought a bad Catholic."

The five years that followed are considered by Wilfrid Ward to have been the saddest in Newman's life. Newman complained that he was treated

"like some wild beast for Dr. Wiseman to exhibit to strangers as being himself the hunter who captured it."

He determined never to write again, and when a friend remonstrated with him on his silence, he gave seven

reasons for not writing any more. Two may be quoted:

"Because Rigaud's steam-engine which was hard to start was hard to stop. Because Hannibal's elephants never could learn the goose-step."

VII

The beginning of 1864 found Newman in complete retirement, resigned to spending the last years of his life in prayer. Newman was always persuaded that he was within a year of death, which is perhaps why he lived to the respectable age of ninety. However, "Rigaud's steam-engine," though hard to start, was harder still to stop, as Kingsley in an evil moment for himself was to discover.

Kingsley, in a review of Froude which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, was rash enough to remark:

"Truth for its own sake has never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be, and on the whole ought not to be, that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion is doctrinally correct or not, it is, at least, historically so."

Newman protested, and Kingsley replied by referring to Newman's sermon *Wisdom and Innocence*, which was published in 1844.

"It was in consequence of this sermon," he wrote, "that I finally shook off the strong influence which your writings exerted on me, and for much of which I still owe you a deep debt of gratitude. I am most happy to hear from you that I mistook your meaning; and I shall be most happy, on showing me that I have wronged you, to retract any accusation as publicly as I have made it."

In reply to a further letter he remarked that the tone of Newman's letters gave him great pleasure, but the form of apology which he suggested provided

Newman with no opening for returning the compliment. Kingsley, in his proposed apology, expressed his "hearty pleasure" at finding Newman "on the side of truth in this or any other matter." Newman objected to this, and to the no less ambiguous remark that "no man knows the meaning of words better than Dr. Newman." Kingsley declined to do more, and said that he had done as much as one English gentleman could expect from another.

Newman promptly published the correspondence. Kingsley was soon made to realize that Newman was a master of controversial irony.

"Mr. Kingsley," Newman wrote, "begins by exclaiming: 'Oh, the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for evidence of it! There's Father Newman to wit; one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a priest, writing of priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.' I interpose, 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I said this, tell me when and where.' Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, reverend sir, in a sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844, and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.' I make answer: 'Oh . . . *not*, it seems, as a priest speaking of priests; but let us have the passage.' Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice—greatly rejoice—to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.' I rejoin: '*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic!' Mr. Kingsley replies: 'I waive that point.' I object: 'Is it possible? What! Waive the main question? I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me—direct, distinct, public; you are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly, or to own you can't!' 'Well,' says Mr. Kingsley, 'if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it—I really will.' '*My word!*' I am dumb. Somehow, I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a professor of lying that he does not lie! But Mr. Kingsley reassures me. 'We are both gentlemen,' he says. 'I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.' I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said."

Kingsley should have escaped as quickly as possible from an untenable position, for he had misread the passage in question, and he should have realized that Newman was the last man in England to accuse of insincerity. Newman, in his search for truth, had sacrificed a great career in the Anglican Church for obscure exile in a communion which distrusted him. Had he cared to compromise he would certainly have been an Anglican Bishop. Had he humoured the "demand for toadyism," to quote his words, "as a condition of getting the favour of Rome," he might have reigned in Manning's place as titular head of English Roman Catholics. No man was more uncompromising in his loyalty to truth as he conceived it, and no man less deserved Kingsley's cruel and coarse attack.

But Kingsley was as incapable of understanding Newman's subtle and complex mind as a prize fighter of grasping the Einstein theory; and he persisted in his charge. He wrote a pamphlet, *What then does Dr. Newman mean?* which was a rehash of all the familiar anti-Tractarian and anti-Roman prejudices. Newman saw his splendid chance and took it. He wrote the *Apologia* in a series of fortnightly parts and achieved an instant success.

The more bitter and personal parts of the *Apologia* were excised from a later edition, only to be reprinted in Ward's *Life of Newman*, which the reader should consult if he is interested in the art of controversy, an art of which Newman was a supreme master. Hort did not like the *Apologia*, and complained that the true Newman was not revealed in its more acid passages. "Him I almost worship," but the attack on Kingsley was "horribly un-Christian." Dean Inge endorses this criticism, and his endorsement will be read with mixed feelings by some of the Dean's controversial victims.

Newman might have urged in defence that he was completely justified, for it was not only his personal honour but the honour of the priesthood that was assailed. Further, it was necessary to demolish

Kingsley in order to interest the public and to secure a fair hearing for Newman's defence of Roman Catholicism. Kingsley's book, *Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers*, conveys in its title the nature of its own mental processes. He had blurted up an ill-digested mass of raw impressions, and splashed his great opponent in a flood of slander. He deserved all that he got, and he rendered Newman and Rome a priceless service. Had he withdrawn unreservedly the personal attack and concentrated on an impersonal criticism of Newman's mental processes, he might have scored a success.

Kingsley's tactical error gave Newman his opportunity. He appealed to the essential justice of the English mind, and he did not appeal in vain. The Englishman is easily prejudiced, but he has a love of fair play, and the national passion for sport was an asset to Newman. A nation that can applaud with equal heartiness a brilliant stroke by an Australian or a fine catch by an Englishman can appreciate the deft strokes of a Roman Catholic, even if he is playing on the wrong side. No Protestant could have hoped for such a fair audience in a Roman Catholic country. Conceive the position of a seceder from Rome attacked by a prominent Roman Catholic in Italy, Spain, or South Ireland, and you will understand that Newman's triumph was as much a triumph for Protestant justice as for Catholic logic.

As literature, the *Apologia* is uneven. It contains too many passages in bad style and even in indifferent grammar owing to the great pressure under which the *Apologia* was written. The *Apologia* was written under the stress of great emotion and at a furious pace. Newman often worked for twenty hours on end, and was sometimes found weeping like a child. He wept rather easily, and as a Roman Catholic critic remarks rather unkindly, "on voudrait moins de larmes et plus de moderation dans l'attaque." George Moore has poked fun at the *Apologia* and used some of the worst passages

as a peg for his whimsical theory that no Catholic can write good English. George Moore would have more chance of immortality if he had ever written anything so good as the passage of Newman's quoted on a previous page. But I am not concerned to defend Newman as a prose writer, though the contrast between Newman's prose and Moore's prose is instructive.

Newman never wrote for the sake of writing. He wrote for the sake of his message. No man with his genius has ever been more indifferent than was Newman to his literary reputation. He wrote certain things because he believed that the true view of certain matters was of supreme importance to the world in general or his readers in particular. The matter was everything, the manner incidental.

VIII

Newman's triumph inspired him to renew his scheme for founding a Roman Catholic Hall at Oxford. Hitherto Roman Catholics had been discouraged in their attempts to obtain a university education, for the authorities felt that the sceptical atmosphere of Oxford would undermine their faith. Newman's scheme was a compromise, an Oxford Hall where Roman Catholics could enjoy the advantages of an Oxford education under the cautious supervision of Roman priests. Manning had secretly and publicly opposed this plan. A full discussion of his motives must be deferred for the present, but briefly the opposition between Newman and the Archbishop of Westminster was due to the fact that Manning was a whole-hearted supporter of the most extreme Papal claims, whereas Newman was a "minimizer," to quote the slang term invented as a label for those who did not welcome an increase in the number of dogmas necessary for salvation.

Most of the Oxford converts were whole-hearted Papalists, and considered it a point of honour to prove

how much they could swallow. Father Faber, for instance, published an exact description of the geography, constitution, and inhabitants of Purgatory. The modern High Churchman will learn with interest that bishops abound in that unhealthy neighbourhood. The sources from which this scientific study are compiled are the revelations of Holy Nuns, some of whom do not seem to have distinguished clearly between dreaming that they saw God and seeing God in a dream. Faber, however, considered that evidence introduced by such credentials as "Our Lord said to St. Gertrude" justified anything short of an exact map of the infernal regions drawn to scale. While Faber specialized in eschatological research, W. G. Ward was busy supporting the extremist views of Papal authority. He clamoured for a Papal Bull to be delivered with *The Times* every morning, and seemed to look forward with joy to the day when the Pope should not only advise us how to pray, but how to vote, and how to form correct opinions on Literature, Art, and the cut of one's morning coat. Newman's delicate soul shuddered every time the Pope thundered forth a new Encyclical. He devoted much time to explaining that much of this Papal thunder was not to be accepted as dogma *de fide*. The mocking laughter with which the world received these bulls acted as a healthy tonic on Ward's robust constitution, but depressed poor Newman, who was very conscious that these untimely, if plucky, restatements of mediaevalism did not facilitate the conversion of England.

Manning found a useful ally in Monsignor Talbot, the Pope's chamberlain and trusted Councillor. Talbot, the younger son of Lord Talbot of Malahide, had seceded to Rome in 1847, and his influence at the Vatican remained unchanged until the Pope's only Ecclesiastical Superior translated the Monsignor to the private asylum at Passy. Talbot's motto was summed up in the words: "*Sentire cum Petro* is always the safest side." And to do him justice, he

usually contrived to think to-day what Peter was going to think to-morrow.

Talbot had always distrusted Newman, but after the success of the *Apologia* he relented so far that he invited Newman to come to Rome. He remarked that Newman would "derive great benefit from revisiting Rome and showing himself to the Ecclesiastical authorities." He pointed out that as a preacher Newman would enjoy at Rome "a more educated audience of Protestants than could ever be the case in England." Newman replied:

"DEAR MONSIGNOR TALBOT,—I have received your letter inviting me to preach in your church at Rome to an audience of Protestants more educated than could ever be the case in England. However, Birmingham people have souls, and I have neither the taste nor the talent for the sort of work which you cut out for me. And I beg to decline your offer.

"I am, yours truly,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

The Monsignor was cut to the quick.

In 1865 Pusey produced an "Eirenicon" on the possibility of reunion between Rome and Anglicanism. Pusey expressed the hope that Rome might be induced to discard those modern devotions and exaggerated doctrines which rendered hopeless any scheme for Roman-Anglican Reunion. Newman seized the opportunity to make a side attack on Ward and Faber. He proceeded to disclaim these excessive developments of Mariolatry, and to assert that statements such as Pusey had quoted "do but scare and confuse me."

Talbot read Newman's reply to Pusey, and the more he read it, the less he liked it.

"The introduction and some other passages," he wrote to Manning, "are detestable. His sarcastic remarks about you have given pain to many who have written to me about them. . . . I am afraid that the old school of Catholics will rally round Newman in opposition to you and Rome. . . . Every Englishman is naturally anti-Roman. To be Roman is to an Englishman an effort. Newman is more English than the English. His spirit must be crushed."

Manning agreed with Talbot.

"What you write about Newman," he replied, "is true. Whether he knows it or not, he has become the centre of all those who hold low views about the Holy See, are anti-Roman, cold and silent, to say no more, about the Temporal Power, national, English, critical of Catholic devotions, and always on the lower side. . . . I see no danger of a Cisalpine club rising again, but I see much danger of an English Catholicism, of which Newman is the highest type. It is the old Anglican, patristic, literary, Oxford tone transplanted into the Church. It takes the line of deprecating exaggerations, foreign devotions, Ultramontanism, anti-national sympathies—in one word, it is worldly Catholicism, and it will have the worldly on its side and deceive many. . . . Now Ward and Faber may exaggerate, but they are a thousand times nearer the mind and spirit of the Holy See than those who oppose them. . . . I will keep you fully informed and you will take care that things are correctly known and understood where you are."

Talbot scarcely needed this delicate hint.

Meanwhile Newman was allowed to believe that the Oxford scheme was sanctioned. A formal permission for the opening of the Oxford Oratory duly arrived from Propaganda. Newman packed his trunk, and "sunshine on his face, talked of the prospect." But the formal permission for the opening of the Oxford Oratory had been coupled with a secret instruction to Newman's Bishop that, if Newman himself showed any sign of proceeding to Oxford, he was to be "blandly and suavely dissuaded."

Did Talbot succeed? Was Newman's spirit crushed? Mr. Strachey, who leaves Newman weeping at the gates of Littlemore, assumes that Rome did succeed, and this would appear the usual verdict. The Cardinal's hat is regarded as a consolation prize for a life of failure unredeemed. And yet, if Newman had sunned himself in the favour of the Papal Court, he could have achieved little that he did achieve in the shadow of their displeasure. He might have been far less effective as Archbishop of Westminster than as the secluded Oratorian, with ample leisure for that work for which he was fitted. He was certainly not silenced by

Rome, as the long list of his books convincingly proves. Most of these were written as a Roman Catholic, and some of the most important long after Rome had done her best "blandly and suavely" to silence him.

Newman was something more than the poor-spirited victim that some of his friends have painted. He was "more English than the English," not only in his dislike of Roman methods, but also in his power of hitting back. He was very resilient, and seldom silent for long. He gave seven good reasons for not writing any more books, and promptly gave the world his *Apologia*. And, on the balance, he gave as good as he got. Too much sympathy has been wasted on Newman; too little appreciation has been shown for the fact that his constant attacks on the Papalists were barbed with irony, and not free from bitterness. Even his defences of the Faith were insidious, for he ingeniously selected every chance of combining a vindication of the Catholic faith with a vigorous attack on those Roman Catholics with whom he disagreed. Thus, the *Apologia*, which was read as an answer to Kingsley, contained an attack by implication on the Ward faction. His reply to Pusey was marked by a very awkward onslaught on Ward and Faber. Finally, his reply to Gladstone's attack on the Vatican Decrees repeated in unmeasured language all of Newman's previous criticisms on the Papalist party.

Newman was not an easy man to work with. His own sister had said of him that though he could win warm love from his friends, "the essential condition is that you see everything along his lines, and accept him as your leader." He broke, in succession, with W. G. Ward, Faber, Manning, as well as others. He made many disciples, but retained few real friends, and the many bitter conflicts which saddened his life were due not a little to his own peculiar temperament. Newman as a "minimizer" is more sympathetic to Englishmen than Manning, the thorough-going Papalist, but in some ways Manning had the advantage both in consistency and in charity.

The death of Pius, and the advent of a more liberal Pope, gave Newman's friends an opportunity of pressing his claims. He was raised to the Cardinalate, and this honour sweetened the last ten years of his life. He took no further part in controversy, and the twilight of his days was not embittered by any further evidence of distrust in high quarters.

He died on August 11th, 1890, and was buried in the same grave as his beloved friend, Ambrose St. John. His chosen motto, "Cor ad Cor loquitur," was inscribed on his pall. Swinburne's beautiful epitaph suggests itself:

> "Sleep, and if life was bitter to thee, pardon;
> If sweet, give thanks."

These lines, at least, would have been a truer summary of Newman's life as a Roman Catholic than the pious words graven on his tomb, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem," words which are less true of his change of communion than of his final parting from the vain guesses of this life to that other world where Catholics will perhaps find that Truth is even stranger than Papal Bulls.

IX

No contrast could be greater than the contrast between the official Roman Catholicism of the Schools, and the philosophy which led Newman from a belief in God to a belief in the Pope. Scholastic theology is based on reason, whereas with Newman, Faith always came before Reason: his religious history is the record of his unfailing success in finding excellent reasons to justify the conclusions which he had reached by instinct, a process which proved so attractive that he eventually wrote a book to prove that instinct was a safe, and logic an unsafe guide to Truth. Newman was an instinctive Pragmatist, generously dowered with the "Will to

believe." One of the few instances in his life in which faith did not promptly follow desire was his youthful failure to believe that the Arabian Nights was true.

His first conversion, under evangelical influences, resulted in a conviction of "two and only two luminously self-evident Beings, myself and my Creator." He tells us that he found it easier to doubt his own existence than the existence of "Him who lives as an All-seeing, All-judging Being in my conscience." Personal experience and the witness of conscience to God are the foundation of Newman's philosophy.

Now, personal experience is evidence that the supernatural exists, but is no evidence for any particular form of supernatural creed. It is valid for the great fact which is the highest common factor of all religious experience, the fact that God, or gods, exist and that man can enter into communion with higher beings and draw strength from a supernatural world. Dr. Dale declared that even if the four Gospels had never been written, his faith in Christ as

> "the Saviour from sin would still rest on strong and unmovable foundations, for personal experience of his power and love is confirmed by sixty generations of Christian men."

Perhaps; but personal experience unconfirmed by historic proofs such as those which Dr. Dale has given for the accuracy of the Gospel record, would merely prove that the prayers of a Christian like the prayers of a Mohammedan are sometimes answered, not that they are answered by Jesus of Nazareth. "God," "Allah," "Christ," might all be our poor human labels for the great Unknown who hears all our petitions and perhaps smiles at our attempts to define the undefinable.

X

Thought is either static or dynamic. A philosopher may employ his intellect to find good reasons for con-

tinuing to believe in his favourite theories, or he may allow the arguments which he marshals to carry him forward to some new conclusion. Static thought brings a man back to his starting point. Dynamic thought is the only true source of all discoveries in science, art, and religion.

Newman's philosophy is essentially static. He is always engaged in finding the most ingenious reasons for believing something which his temperament had led him to believe. Perhaps the only occasion on which he was really carried away by an argument instead of using arguments to carry him back to his starting point was the historic day when he read Wiseman's articles on the Donatists, the first real shock which he received as an Anglican. His journey from Anglo-Catholicism to Roman Catholicism was certainly marked by genuine thinking, but both before and after that phase he formed his conclusions first and did his thinking afterwards.

He passed from an instinctive belief in God to an almost equally instinctive belief in all that is usually meant by "Catholicism." And the passage from Anglo-Catholicism to Roman Catholicism was all the more inevitable, as Newman, unlike the modern Anglo-Catholic, was not supported by a vigorous and victorious party. Newman's mind was a queer mixture of honesty and unconscious sophistication. He was honest enough to recognize the full force of the objections to many, though not to all, of his favourite doctrines, and his intellectual powers enabled him to state those objections as fully as could be desired. He did not, as many Catholics do, ignore the impossibility of proving his favourite tenets from Scripture.

"Why are not the apostles," he asks, "continually urging their converts to rid themselves of sin after baptism as best they can by penance, confession, absolution, satisfaction?"

Again,

"Why are Christ's ministers nowhere called priests except in one or two obscure passages?"

Newman answers that if we are to rely only on what we can prove from Scripture, we shall be reduced to Latitudinarianism. And there he leaves the matter. His power of presenting an unsympathetic case breaks down.

He makes no attempt to explain why the doctrines which can be proved from Scripture are insufficient for salvation, or to meet the Quaker position, which is, at least, as logical and as fruitful in Christian lives as Roman Catholicism. He found it impossible to conceive that God could have revealed himself fully in the character of Christ, and that Christ's example is sufficient without the elaborate mechanism of a highly organized Church and Hierarchy. We must believe in Apostolic Succession and in Priestcraft, because the Church tells us to believe, and we must believe in the Church because otherwise we shall be reduced to a mere skeleton of religion.

"Apostolic Order," he tells us, "is an ethical principle or it is not worth much."

But if you or I do not find a belief in this dogma essential to ethics, what then? Newman does not answer.

Newman realized that this argument was dangerous, and might lead those who surrendered Church principles, because they were not taught in the Scripture, to give up those other principles which they considered essential to salvation, but which also are not explicitly revealed in the New Testament. Newman, in fact, was a gambler, and his argument was to stake Christianity on the truth of Church teaching. All or nothing. "Those who are to stumble must stumble, rather than that the heirs of grace should not hear." It is reasoning such as this which makes sceptics of those who cannot go the whole way to Rome. J. A. Froude and Mark Pattison, once disciples of Newman's, are the results of Newmanism.

Newman's mind was "great but twisty." He was

candid and yet sophisticated. He could face, without shirking, hostile arguments, and yet adopt a method of retreat which betrayed a certain contempt for truth. Newman, for instance, always professed to believe in Papal Infallibility, though he did not wish the dogma to be defined. A friend sent him a pamphlet dealing with the case of Pope Honorius, who was condemned as a heretic by a subsequent Council, which would seem to show either that the Pope was not infallible or that the Council made a mistake. Either dilemma is awkward for believers in an infallible Church.

"On a question," writes Newman, "which is any way surrounded by difficulties, taking facts as they are, it is the least of difficulties to maintain that if we knew all about Honorius' case something would turn up to make it compatible with that doctrine."

"Something would turn up." Here is the essence of static thought. If a new fact arrives which upsets your favourite theory, dismiss it. Begin with your conclusions and end with them. "Something will turn up," if we only wait long enough, to dodge any unpleasant facts which seem to upset the theory.

Again Newman tells us that

"Scripture says that the sun moves and the earth is stationary; and science that the earth moves and the sun comparatively at rest. How can we determine which of these opposite statements is the very truth until we know what motion is?"

This, as Tyrrell says in another connection, is the "notorious *videbimus postea* of the schools, with its correlative *jam vidimus*, by which a difficulty is tossed from one department to another and never answered." "Gentlemen of the jury," one can imagine a Newmanesque counsel pleading, "witnesses have told you that they saw my client stab his wife. My client asserts that he is innocent of her death. How can we determine which of these opposite statements is true till we know

what life really is? I suggest therefore that this trial be adjourned indefinitely till the Judgment Day."

"There is," says Locke, "one unerring mark by which a man may know whether he is a lover of truth in earnest, namely, the not entertaining any proposition with greater assurance than the proofs it is built on will warrant."

Newman, like the modern pragmatist, rejects this test. He denies that a man is bound to weigh evidences before accepting Christianity, and does not admit the possibility of honest doubt. The precise status of the honest doubter is indicated in one of his sermons:

"Nay, persons who have led really bad lives, been drunkards, profligates or even unbelievers."

In another sermon appropriately called "Religious Privileges Compulsory," Newman declares that those of us who are brought up Christians

"may not and cannot stand aloof and say we will keep our judgment unbiassed and decide for ourselves. We find ourselves Christians, and our duty is not to consider what we should do if we were not Christians, not to go about disputing, sifting the evidence for Christianity, weighing this side or that, but to act upon the rules given us until we have reason to think them wrong, and bring home to ourselves the truth of them, by their fruits on ourselves. Heathens, indeed, are bound to go into the question of evidences, but our duty is to use the talents of which we find ourselves possessed, and to essay their genuineness by deeds and not by arguments."

The whole temper of this passage is a curious anticipation of the pragmatist argument which William James has made familiar in *The Will to Believe*. Thoroughly pragmatist in temper is also Newman's contention that

"Life is not long enough for a religion of inferences; we shall never have done with beginning if we determine to begin with proof. Life is for action. If we insist on proof for everything we shall never come to action; to act you must assume, and that assumption is faith."

Both Newman and William James would therefore

reject the Lockian canon, but whereas James urges that a man *may*, Newman proclaims that man *must* make the venture of faith.

Pragmatism is a good servant, but a bad master. The will to believe must be constantly checked by the will to examine new evidence, otherwise it becomes, as with Newman, a blank cheque on credulity. To assume a creed may be the best, perhaps the only way of proving its truth, but the very common habit of clinging to a belief after new evidence has been produced which proves its falsity, is a satisfactory explanation of the prevalence of error, and not, as Newman seems to argue, a justification for belief not founded on compelling and logical proofs.

Newman's philosophy of belief is by no means absurd in itself, and Wilfrid Ward has no difficulty in showing that Kingsley, and others, did not understand Newman's philosophy of miracles. It is not Newman's central position which is unsound; it is his abuse of a valuable instrument which led him into the grossest superstition, so gross that even his co-religionists protested against his *Lives of the Saints*.

I have called Newman a pragmatist. In justice to pragmatists, who are usually misrepresented as holding that truth is what one would like to be true, Newman's contempt for reason must be set beside the creed of a modern pragmatist.

"What is intellect," says Newman, "but a fruit of the Fall, not found in Paradise or in Heaven, more than in little children, and at the utmost but tolerated by the Church. Reason is God's gift, but so are the passions. Faith does not regard degrees of evidence. Faith and humility consist not in going about to prove, but in the outset confiding in the testimony of others."

Let a modern pragmatist reply to this extravagant abuse of the "will to believe."

"If we look at the magnitude of the issues involved," writes Dr. Schiller, "it surely must be admitted that the worst

of idolatries is that which requires the human mind to sacrifice its faith in the rationality of things, in its own competence to solve the problems of its life in order that it may fall down and worship the contradictions which it has itself set up."

XI

I do not think we can begin to understand Newman until we have braced ourselves to grasp what Newman meant by God. Newman's God created men with the foreknowledge that most of them would spend eternity in frightful torment. The belief in Hell is still nominally professed by Roman Catholics and their Anglican admirers, but the modern Roman Catholic does his best to soften the belief, and to suggest that with reasonable care very few people need fear anything worse than purgatory. Newman's Hell, however, suffers, if anything, from overcrowding. "Peace and Joy Amid Chastisement," is the misleading title of one of the gloomiest sermons ever preached. With dispassionate and merciless logic, Newman disposes of all those reassuring texts which seem to suggest that God is not anxious to send us to Hell. Is sin forgiven when repented of? We cannot be sure. "It will be said he has forgiven it as to its eternal consequences." Where is the proof of this? We must not deceive ourselves into thinking that God has really forgiven us just because he is apparently "granting us his present favour and help." But Scripture declares that all who repent shall be forgiven. "Doubtless, but what is repentance?" We may feel keen distress. This shows that God wishes us to repent, not that he has forgiven us. One imagines a stir of uneasy expostulation in the congregation. Scripture, some nervous wretch timidly urges, declares that "faith will apply to us the merits of Christ, and thus become the instrument for washing away our sins." "I do not know," says Newman, "where Scripture says this."

And so he goes on, methodically closing one loop-

hole after another—Faith, Prayer, Repentance, Sacraments—until he has succeeded in convincing the cheeriest member of the congregation that whatever else may be uncertain, he is tolerably sure of meeting all those present, with the possible exception of the preacher, in the company of the Devil from whose clutches, it would seem, Christ made a heroic but unsuccessful attempt to save us. Newman concludes with the cold comfort of the text, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

There is nobody more merciless than a man who naturally shrinks from cruelty, but whose relentless conscience forces him to obey the biddings of a cruel creed. Newman confesses that a Spanish *Auto da Fé* would have been "the death of him," but this would never have prevented Newman sending a heretic to the flames. We cannot imagine him assisting in those Jewish massacres of women and children which signalized the entry of the chosen people into the Promised Land, but he certainly would not have ordered them to sheathe their swords before the appointed bloodshed was fully accomplished. "Jewish zeal as a Pattern to Christians" is the uncompromising title of a sermon in which he holds up as our example the conduct of the Jews in slaying "men, women, infant and suckling," and the "little ones of every city." He admits a certain relief that God no longer requires us to butcher small children. "Shall we, then, shrink from lighter burdens?" No; our duty is to treat with the greatest sternness heretics and enemies of faith, and to imitate the "mingled austerity and love" of the Jews.

Newman really believed with his heart the doctrines which his intellect accepted. This is notoriously uncommon. Few men act as if their creeds are true, otherwise Calvinists could hardly have wasted so much time attempting to make converts, seeing that, on their theory, God has preordained the exact number of the elect and the number of the damned. But Newman really believed that God and Jehovah were

one and the same, and he yielded assent to the belief in eternal punishment. The supreme need of saving men from Hell was, for Newman, not merely the professed, but the one and only vivid interest of his life. And so it is not surprising that he attached so little importance to politics, for social reform aimed merely at saving the body and increasing comfort, and these were of no significance against a background of eternal torture. He flaunts the backward condition of Catholic countries and boasts of their inferiority in material progress to Protestant lands.

"It would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be."

And precisely because he was so engrossed with spiritual values, he accepted secular values for what they were worth. Socialistic schemes for upsetting existing gradations of rank would not have enlisted his sympathy, partly because any attempt to subvert authority indicated a dangerous temper, which, applied to the Church, spelt disaster, and partly because *de minimis non curat lex.* Nothing mattered but a man's hope of salvation.

"We pay our superiors," he writes, "full reverence, and the more readily we act thus because they are such little things to pay."

Many a priest has professed to respect a godly beggar woman more than an ungodly duke. Newman never professed what he did not mean; his sincerity is the consequence of his profound faith.

And because respect to rank is "such a little thing to pay," Newman never grudged paying it. The insistence in his first tract on the social advantages which Anglican priests enjoy seems a little naïve, but it is perfectly consistent with Newman's belief that these advantages counted for nothing compared with their claim to Apostolic Succession. You find nowhere in

his works that cant praise of poverty so common among the comfortable. Newman believed that poverty is dangerous because extreme poverty tends to make men despair of God, whereas riches are dangerous because they tempt men to ignore God. When some of his Birmingham congregation thought of moving to London, Newman balanced the disadvantage of leaving St. Valentine's relics, the presence of which was a strong point in favour of remaining at Birmingham, with the advantage of "the Metropolis, wealthy friends, and those *gentlemen*, instead of a population of poor Catholics." The italics are Newman's, and the ingenious emphasis on "gentlemen" is rather pleasing than otherwise for its absence of inverted snobbery. In Newman's eyes nothing mattered compared to the duty of saving souls from Hell. Once this is understood we are not surprised that Manning, a much more human character, failed to enlist his sympathies for Temperance Reform. Newman replied: "As for me, I do not know whether we have too many public houses or too few."

Mr. Chesterton somewhere tells us that "the most important and practical thing about a man" is his philosophy. Certainly the most interesting thing about a religious man is his view of God, for this, the basis of religion, is usually instinctive and unreasoned. It was so with Newman. He devotes books to proving that the Roman Church is the true Church, but hardly a line to proving that his view of God is the true view of God. He never realized that even within the limits of Christianity there is room for more than one view of God. It was the degraded conception of God, such as Newman preached, which made the task of the Victorian sceptic so easy. He had only to quote chapter and verse from the Pentateuch to prove that the Christian God approved the slaughter of women and children. The modern Christian holds that the idea of God has evolved slowly, and that "Jehovah" was at least a notable improvement on contemporary deities. At its best the Jewish worship of Jehovah rises—in the

Psalms and in Isaiah—to heights unattained by any religion, excepting only that greater religion which developed from Judaism. "Jehovah" would not emerge with credit from a Bryce report, but then the Bryce report would not have been written had not Christianity civilized war, that obstinate survival from a pre-Christian world.

Newman was often troubled by the thought that his love for God was not sufficiently great. This was hardly surprising, for the God whom he tried to love was not a white man's god, but the shadow of a cruel nightmare cast on a great religion. W. G. Ward once remarked that the proper attitude of the creature towards his Creator should be one of abject submission. "Not abject," retorted a friend, "respectful." Ward thought this very droll, but his friend was right.

> "Love thou the gods and withstand them,
> Lest thy fame should fail at the end,
> And thou be but their thrall and their bondsman,
> Who wast born for their very friend."

Newman remained to the last "the thrall and bondsman" rather than the friend of God. All his subtle and persuasive arguments cannot touch those who disagree with the very foundation-stone of his creed, who reject his first premise, his view of God. "Where shall I be most safe?" was the question that haunted him as he hesitated between his Mother Church and the Church of Rome. Fear, not love, was the basis of his creed. His was a God who encourages us to play for safety and to avoid the adventure of the mind.

But surely God is the God not only of righteousness but of beauty and joy. Surely he "shares the song-time round the fire" no less than the chanting of the Mass. Surely he sympathizes with laughter and youth not less than with the prayers of the melancholy monks —a God from whom cometh "every good and perfect gift," the thrill which a man feels when his horse clears a six-foot fence as well as the ecstasy of the saint. God is not so black as he is sometimes painted, for if he were Atheism and Optimism would be synonymous.

XII

Newman's most famous contribution to Roman Apologetics is, of course, *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, a subtle and all but convincing attempt to prove that the developments which Protestantism rejects as false accretions are natural and inevitable. The Church must obey the laws of growth, which govern the development of every living body. He analyses with great subtlety certain tests for distinguishing between true and false developments, an analysis which would be more convincing if Newman was not working on the same system as a schoolboy who has surreptitiously looked out the answer to a sum. For, of course, Newman's "tests" would never have been employed had they not been guaranteed to prove Protestant developments untrue, and Roman developments true. He shows without difficulty that Romanism was forced to adapt itself to the society in which it grew, and proved its vitality by its power to assimilate foreign matter. But does not this explain rather than justify Roman Catholicism? Are not the advantages of a compact and centralized organization sufficiently obvious to explain why Rome succeeded, and why the scattered schismatical Churches failed? It would be easier to prove by similar methods that the orthodox Mohammedanism is the true faith, for it presents the same contrasts to the Sufi heresy that Rome presents to Anglicanism.

Newman realized that something more was needed to prove his case, and that something more is the verdict of the world. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* Judged by that verdict, Athanasius was a heretic, and the Arian Episcopate of the time were the faithful guardians of Catholic truth. But it was the former Latin phrase rather than *Athanasius contra mundum* which haunted

Newman and caused his conversion. He tells us elsewhere that the superior culture of Western Europe entitled it to be called the *Orbis Terrarum* and that Rome is right because the civilized world gave her verdict in Rome's favour. What, then, if civilization should reject Roman Catholicism, as is, indeed, slowly happening even in her own Latin strongholds? So much the worse, then, for civilization, replies Newman, and he proceeds to pour scorn on all those idols of progress which the modern world worships. Roman Catholicism is true because mediaeval civilization accepted the Roman claims. Modern civilization is false because it rejects those claims. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* must be interpreted not as a mere counting of noses, but as a counting of definitely Roman noses.

Small wonder that Newman felt the need to discredit logic, an ambition which inspired his remarkable *Grammar of Assent*. I can only hope to summarize Newman's main argument. He tells us that a great physician may excel in diagnosis, and yet be unable to analyse his verdict. So too,

> "a peasant who is weather-wise may yet be unable to assign intelligible reasons why he thinks it will be fine to-morrow; and if he attempts to do so he may give reasons wide of the mark; but that will not weaken his own confidence in his prediction. His mind does not proceed step by step, but he feels all at once and together the force of various combined phenomena though he is not conscious of them."

These instinctive inferences Newman ascribes to the "illative sense," and it is to this sense that we owe our certainty "of the great fundamental truths of religion" such as "the divine origin of the Church."

But, surely, although we often reach correct conclusions without being able to analyse our reasons, a conclusion, other things being equal, is less likely to be correct if we can give no reason for our belief. Newman implies the reverse, and his whole argument is intended to glorify beliefs based on the "illative sense" for which we can produce no proofs but personal instinctive

conviction, as against the convictions supported by "an array of invincible arguments." And yet most people would feel more confidence in a doctor who could—in Newman's words—"defend his decision against a brother physician who supported it" than in a doctor whose diagnosis was the result of an unknown mental process. Men often reasoned correctly before the laws of logic were defined, but equally often fell into fallacies which a disciple of Aristotle would have detected.

The weather-wise peasant, as far as my experience goes, is rather a fraud. He harbours strange illusions such as the supposed influence of the moon on the weather. The fact that he cannot "assign intelligible reasons" for his forecast does not, as Newman remarks, "weaken his own confidence in his predictions." I wish it did; it has certainly weakened mine, for I have long noticed that Alpine guides who could give intellectual reasons why they considered that the weather would change, or why they believed a certain snowslope likely to avalanche, were more usually right than those who could volunteer no reasons for their dogmatic utterances. I lived for some years in an Alpine village, and having made a systematic study of mountain weather soon discovered that the wisdom of the "weather-wise prophet" was one of those illusions from which one parts with reluctance, but cannot retain in the face of cumulative evidence. I would rather consult the barometer than the vested "illative sense" of the village, and would back the results of a systematic study against anyone who could not give "intelligible reasons" for a forecast.

You will find that an expert, in this or any other science, though he may form conclusions unconsciously, will always be able to give you a reason for his conclusions. The expert pianist reads the musical score unconsciously, just as the expert meteorologist reads the sky unconsciously, but both could explain the notation which they translate, the first into music, the second into a forecast.

Newman is, of course, anxious to explain that the "illative sense" is very different to the vulgar processes based on logic and argument. The "illative sense" leads to Rome, whereas mere instinct does not usually lead to a monastery. But the "illative sense" is only instinct re-christened and decorated with a philosophic fig-leaf. The rapid divination, for which Newman invented an unnecessary term, differs only from conscious diagnosis in that it has become instinctive through long practice, just as the diagnosis of a musical score becomes instinctive and unconscious in the course of time. As Samuel Butler pointed out, instinct is the unconscious memory of all those lessons which we have learned in our own life-time and in the life-time of our ancestors. But humanity is always learning new lessons, and these lessons can only be learned by ignoring the clamour of the "illative sense." "Eve was tempted to follow the passions and reasons, and she fell." But Eve would not have existed had not some simian ancestor outraged the "illative sense" of his conservative wife by insisting that there was something to be said for the upright position.

I do not wish to belittle instinct, but I object to Newman's attempt to separate from its humbler fellows the instinct which led him to Rome. That seems to me to beg the whole question. Instinct is often our only hope; but instinct checked by science and logic is better than instinct unaided. An Alpine party which has left the compass behind will have to rely on the instinctive sense for direction which good guides possess. This instinct is, as always, merely the unconscious following up of small clues, a fact which guides do not always realize, and a guide who has led a party down the Matterhorn in a storm will sometimes be surprised that he cannot attempt to cross a familiar glacier in a mist without walking round a circle. The unconscious assimilation of those small clues which a rocky slope affords to a practised eye is often mistaken for a mysterious sense of direction, an illusion which

the first level snowfield, where no such clues exist, will soon destroy. Such an experience should teach a guide not to leave his compass behind again—should, but often does not, for a guide's belief in what Newman calls the "illative sense" will withstand many shocks.

Newman reminds me of a guide who despises compass and map. He sets out gaily for the heights, trusting to the "illative sense." The compass of logic and the map of history are left behind in the valley. Newman's own map is more like the map of a mining area prepared with a view to enlisting capital, all the gold seams exaggerated and the obstacles suppressed. His arguments, for all their brilliance, are too often like the tracks of an Alpine party wandering round a mist-covered glacier. Perhaps this does not matter, for all roads lead to Rome, even those which go round in a circle.

Newman always worked a good idea to death. He exploited the "will to believe" until it became the will to be deceived, and he attempted to re-christen instinct, and to replace it on the throne from which he had degraded reason. And yet Newman's works will always fascinate many of those who dislike him and distrust his methods. He used the instrument of language as few can use it, and the long and dry disquisitions on ancient heretics and forgotten fathers are redeemed by passages whose music lingers in one's memory long after their argument is forgotten. Those who enjoy controversy less as a contribution to truth than as an art in itself should study Newman, for he was a master of irony, and his rapier-thrusts pierced all but the most stubborn defence. Had he written a Grammar of Controversy—that is, a Grammar of Dissent—he could have illustrated every point from his own works.

And yet in spite of his controversial skill he failed as a philosopher, as everyone must fail who steadily forms his conclusions first, who steadily discounts reason, and who looks on argument not as an instrument for carrying the mind forward to truth, but as a

fence for restraining the mind within the enclosure of dogmas received by faith. Newman makes this impression, not because he is defending a creed which is not mine. Father Boedder, from whom I have quoted, defends the same creed, but he plays the game. He does not appeal to reason when it serves him and insult reason when reason proves rebellious. His conclusions are not mine, but at least we agree in holding reason to be the noblest work of God.

Newman's real work was done when he left the Oxford Movement. That great revival has not yet reached the stage which all revivals reach, the stage when the inspiration of the founder is stereotyped into mechanical tradition. And when that stage is reached the Eternal purpose will fulfil itself in other ways, perhaps in another Church. Caring nothing for our poor human loyalties to Church or sect, the Spirit behind all living religion uses indifferently a Hildebrand, a St. Francis, a Wesley, and a Newman to rekindle the dying flame. The Oxford Movement is Newman's one great positive contribution to religious history. His ingenious defences of Roman Catholicism have recoiled on the Church he sought to serve. Others who were not of his school have claimed that the "illative sense" leads them to other goals, and that developments of Christian doctrine from which Newman would have shrunk in horror fulfil his tests. It is no accident that Modernists claim Newman as their spiritual father, all the more obstinately, perhaps, because Newman, like other putative fathers, would have hotly resented this unsought, unhonoured paternity.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING

III

HENRY EDWARD MANNING

I

NEWMAN in a bitter moment remarked that historians who did not doctor their facts would be considered "bad Catholics." Purcell, the biographer of Cardinal Manning, did not doctor his facts, which, perhaps, accounts for the resentment which his book produced in Roman Catholic circles. If the Roman Church is God's chosen instrument for the salvation of souls, frankness in a biographer is unimportant compared with discretion, and we need not criticize the Roman Catholics because they did not welcome Purcell's breach with the tradition of ecclesiastical biography. Those of us, however, who do not belong to that Church may be grateful for one of the few ecclesiastical "Lives" which is really readable.

Purcell was a journalist who had conducted an ultramontane campaign for the greater glory of the Pope, Cardinal Manning, and Mr. Purcell. The Pope and Manning seem to have done better out of the campaign than Purcell, whose only recognition was his election to the Roman Academy of Letters, an honour which may carry more weight in Paradise than in Fleet Street.

Shortly before Manning died, Purcell called on the Cardinal and enlarged on the poor reward which he had received for his labours. Manning listened with

sympathy, and suggested that Purcell should write a brief memoir—not the official "Life," as Purcell afterwards claimed. He lent Purcell his private diary, and extracted a promise that nothing should appear which the Cardinal had not revised. Manning does not seem to have felt very certain of Purcell's discretion; he described him to Gladstone as "rather a bolter," and he would certainly have had nothing to do with him had he foreseen the sequel.

Manning sorted out his private correspondence with meticulous care into two large bundles, the first of which he destined for the flames, the second of which he proposed to hand over to Purcell. And then suddenly the great Cardinal died.

Purcell saw his splendid chance. He invaded the house of mourning and flourished the Cardinal's private diary as his passport. Nobody could spare the time to deal with an importunate and plausible journalist; a Cardinal's funeral is a serious undertaking, and those who were busy with the ceremonial details had no leisure to sift Purcell's claims. Purcell was bundled out of the house into the cab which was waiting, but unfortunately Purcell was not alone. He was accompanied by those very letters which the Cardinal had intended to burn. Manning proposes; God disposes.

The "Life" appeared and provoked a storm, but though there is much in the book which would not edify a pious reader, the criticism seems to be rather overdone. I can only record the impression which the "Life" made on me at the time when Manning was nothing to me but a name. I read it with the liveliest interest, and though it did not prejudice me in favour of the Ultramontanes, it left no prejudice in my mind against Manning. If the pages that follow seem biassed in Manning's favour, this bias is due to Purcell. Shane Leslie's most interesting memoir tends, of course, to strengthen a favourable impression, for he publishes evidence which was unknown to Purcell and to Lytton Strachey; but there was enough evidence in Purcell's

"Life" to justify a verdict for the defence. He painted the portrait of a living man, not a tailor's dummy dressed out in Cardinal's robes.

Shane Leslie attacks Purcell rather bitterly, probably because he is unconsciously biassed by the use which Lytton Strachey made of Purcell's material. When Blaine was standing for the American Presidency, the opposition party obtained access to some of his correspondence and published the "Mulligan letters." Shane Leslie applies to Purcell the remark which Blaine made on that occasion.

> "The man did his worst, the very worst he could, out of the most intimate business correspondence of my life. I ask, gentlemen, if any of you can stand a more rigid investigation into your private correspondence."

But this is hardly fair to Purcell, who certainly did not "make the worst" out of the available material. He published *all* the evidence, partly perhaps, as Shane Leslie suggests, to secure literary fame by the unusual achievement of giving to the world the unedited correspondence of an archbishop; but surely—since human motives are always mixed—also because he felt that Manning would emerge from this searching test with credit. It was Lytton Strachey, not Purcell, who "made the worst" out of the evidence, and Shane Leslie might fairly have applied Blaine's remark to Strachey, who selects with consummate art such facts and incidents as make a convincing study of a Machiavellian Papist. The result is very readable fiction founded on fact.

Of course, Mr. Strachey claims to be unbiassed, but the unbiassed historian is a myth. Historians are either readable or unreadable: none are unbiassed, least of all Mr. Strachey, even though he claims for his *Eminent Victorians* the audacious motto, "Je n'impose rien; je ne propose rien: j'expose." A writer's religion, or irreligion, and his politics must colour all he writes. The art of history, like other arts, consists in selection,

in the choice of a few samples from the unassorted bundles which litter the lumber-rooms of the past; and it is in the choice of samples that the historian reveals his philosophy. The contrast between Mr. Strachey and other biographers is a contrast, not of method, but of temperament and technique. Newman and Strachey have both written biographies. Neither wrote impartial biography. Newman began his *Lives of the Saints* with such a bias in favour of the miraculous that even Roman Catholics with a healthy stomach for such fare could not digest the feast of legend which he prepared with such gusto. "They scrupled," so Newman told a friend, "to receive the account of St. Winifred carrying her head." Mr. Strachey's bias would have prevented him wasting a moment on the evidence not merely for Saints who wear their heads in their hands, instead of just above their necks, but for the miraculous in general, which merely proves that his bias differs from Newman's bias. Newman was certainly wrong in believing too much: Mr. Strachey may be wrong in believing too little.

Mr. Strachey is a novelist who has chosen to write history. He is a master of the art of characterization. He creates a character with such genius that you can never forget the humblest actor who crosses his stage. The real Manning is rapidly being forgotten, but Strachey's "Manning" will probably live as long as other great characters in immortal fiction. If all historians wrote like Mr. Strachey, undergraduates would waste no time over novels, and all but the dullest would obtain "firsts" in the History Finals.

We need not grudge this great artist his humorous claim that he writes "dispassionately, impartially, without ulterior intentions." Indeed the claim might almost pass, if Mr. Strachey avoided religion, but where his theme demands some sympathy with religious temperaments, his impartiality is the genial disdain of an anthropologist studying fetish worship. Mr. Strachey is much amused by the superstition which has shown

such vitality since first preached by the Nazarene. All varieties of religious experience are equally quaint to his quizzical gaze. He writes of the Tractarians without malice and without understanding.

> "These men," he tells us, "followed Newman up to the point beyond which his conclusions were logical, and while they intoned, confessed, swung incense, and burnt candles with the exhilaration of converts, they yet managed to do so with a subtle nuance which showed that they had nothing to do with Rome. . . . Keble and Pusey continued for the rest of their lives to dance in an exemplary manner upon the tight-rope of High Anglicanism, in such an exemplary manner, indeed, that the tight-rope has its dancers still."

This is more amusing than profound, for the ritualistic instinct is no monopoly of Roman Catholics. It is a universal instinct of mankind and finds expression not only in religious rites, but in freemasonry, in Court etiquette, and in military pomp. Nor can I understand why a taste for incense must logically involve acquiescence in the Roman Bishop's claim to jurisdiction within the two provinces of Canterbury and York. Mr. Strachey might just as well suggest that because Rome and Tibet both exalt the monastic ideal, only a "subtle nuance" divides a Buddhist from a Benedictine.

We need not quarrel with Mr. Strachey because his colour blindness prevents him from distinguishing between the different shades of religious beliefs. But it would be a mistake to assume that the Voltairian who takes a Cardinal for his subject need be any less biassed than the most obsequious of ecclesiastical biographers. The Voltairian bias is just as pronounced as the Catholic bias; it is, for instance, entertaining to discover that Mr. Strachey, while representing Manning as a scheming Papist, unfettered by any regard for truth, himself garbles evidence and distorts facts, just as if, for all the world, he was a benighted Papist instead of being an enlightened Voltairian. Let me give one glaring example. It suits Mr. Strachey's book to represent

Newman as the crushed and broken victim of ultramontane tyranny. And as an artistic climax to the picture which he paints, he deftly adapts an episode from Wilfrid Ward's Life of Newman.

"At about this time," writes Mr. Strachey, "the Curate of Littlemore had a singular experience. As he was passing by the Church he noticed an old man, very poorly dressed, leaning over the lych-gate in floods of tears. He was apparently in great trouble, and his hat was pulled down over his eyes, as if he wished to hide his features. For a moment, however, he turned towards the curate, who was suddenly struck by something familiar in the face. . . . He looked again, and he could doubt no longer. It was Dr. Newman. He sprang forward with proffers of assistance. Could he be of any use? 'Oh, no, no!' was the reply. But the Curate felt he could not turn away and leave so eminent a character in such distress. 'Was it not Dr. Newman he had the honour of addressing?' he asked, with all the respect and sympathy at his command. 'Was there nothing that could be done?' But the old man hardly seemed to understand what was being said to him. 'Oh, no, no!' he repeated, with the tears streaming down his face. 'Oh, no, no!'"

The reader, of course, who is unfamiliar with the sources from which Strachey extracted this moving episode, will naturally assume that Newman had crept back, like a wounded animal, alone and unrecognized, to the last scenes of his happier Anglican life. He does his best to evade recognition. He is asked whether he is Dr. Newman, and replies: "Oh no, no!"

Now the Curate of Littlemore, who in later life became Canon Irvine, has given us the true story of this Littlemore episode, and it is the true story as given in Wilfrid Ward's Life of Newman, which serves as the basis for Mr. Strachey's ingenious misrepresentation.

Newman visited Littlemore openly and undisguised. He was accompanied by his great Roman Catholic friend, Father St. John, scarcely the companion he would have chosen if his visit to Littlemore bore the significance attached to it by Mr. Strachey. "Oh no, no!" was *not* in answer to the question: "Was it Dr. Newman he had the honour of addressing?" but in

reply to an invitation to visit his old friends in the village. Eventually, Newman was prevailed on to visit Dr. Crawley and "had a long chat with him." After that "he went and saw several people in the village."

And that is all. Newman's tears always flowed too readily, and he was, of course, affected by old memories. There is nothing in the whole episode which justifies the picture which Mr. Strachey presents for our entertainment. We can admire the admirable artistry with which Mr. Strachey has succeeded in transforming the atmosphere of an innocent and insignificant episode.

I shall try to persuade the reader that Mr. Strachey has just as consistently misinterpreted Manning's motives and his career, but I realize that my task is hopeless. The modern generation is more interested in Georgian politicians than in Victorian Cardinals; Manning would be a mere name to most of my contemporaries had not Mr. Strachey rescued him from oblivion.

Thanks to Mr. Strachey, Manning is now established. People who would never glance at a "Life" of a bishop, who have no sort of interest in anything connected with religious history, can place Manning. And neither Mr. Shane Leslie, nor still less the present writer, can hope to modify the unfavourable impression of the Cardinal which Mr. Strachey's numerous readers have acquired.

All one can do is to induce the small minority interested in religious leaders to realize that chance has provided us, in Manning's case, with evidence for a final verdict more complete than exists in the case of any of his contemporaries. That the non-apparent must be considered as non-existent is a good legal maxim, and is responsible for more charitable verdicts than the true facts might warrant. But in Manning's case there was little that did not come to light. Ask yourself how you would figure in a gallery of "Eminent Georgians"

if Lytton Strachey was presented with all those letters which you have been discreet enough to burn, and all those facts in your past life which you have been only too glad to forget.

The riddle of Manning can only be solved if we set aside simple solutions, for life is complex, and human motives are always mixed. A case can be made out for representing Manning, as Mr. Strachey does, as an ecclesiastical adventurer. A stronger case can be established, as Mr. Leslie has done, for painting Manning as a great Churchman inspired only by a passionate devotion to the Cause. But probably the truth lies between these two extremes. Manning was certainly a born supernaturalist; the unseen was the great reality of his life; but he was also ambitious; he loved power and honour, and he was perhaps not over nice in his controversial tactics. The real drama of his life is to be sought in the incessant struggle between the higher and lower motives, a contest in which victory sometimes inclined to the baser, but more often to the nobler impulses of his nature.

II

Manning was born in 1809, and was educated at Harrow and Balliol. He was equally successful at school, where he captained the cricket eleven, and at Oxford, where he made a great reputation as a speaker. His ambitions were political, but the sudden bankruptcy of his father forced him to abandon all hopes of a career at Westminster, and to enter the Colonial Office. There he might possibly have remained had not his "spiritual mother," Miss Bevan, induced him to take orders.

Mr. Strachey assumes, of course, that she played skilfully on his worldly motives, but nobody can examine Manning's portraits without realizing that he was a born priest. "The word Sacerdos," said Aubrey de Vere, "was written on his brow."

Manning soon succeeded his Rector at Lavington, where he passed seven quiet and happy years. He had married his Rector's daughter, and thus became the brother-in-law of Samuel Wilberforce. His married life was happy but brief, for his wife died prematurely of consumption. At first he was inconsolable. "How could he have guessed," asks Mr. Strachey, "that in after years he would come to number that loss among 'God's special mercies'?" Yet so it was to be. Manning, as Mr. Strachey tells us, seemed to blot out the memory of his wife, and even allowed her grave to fall into decay.

All of which shocks Mr. Strachey, but then Mr. Strachey does not believe in Hell, or he would understand that the loss of a beloved wife may indeed be one of "God's special mercies," for Manning as an Anglican priest might have lived and died in the mortal sin of heresy had his wife's death not freed him for service in the true Church. Many a Romanizer is restrained from secession by the ties of wife and family, and those who believe the Church of Rome to be the true Church must account as a "special mercy" any link in the chain of circumstances which brings them to the feet of Peter.

Manning's reticence was not due to an absence of sentiment, but was a tribute to Catholic sentiment, for a good Roman Catholic dislikes to be reminded that a Cardinal has ever lived "in open matrimony."

Moreover, there is evidence to set against Mr. Strachey's insinuations. Baron von Hügel recently wrote to *The Times' Literary Supplement* and recorded Manning's last words, which were uttered in the presence of Bishop Vaughan.

On his death-bed Manning, we are told, "fumbled under his pillow for something; he drew out a battered little pocket book full of a woman's fine handwriting. He said: 'For years you have been to me as a son, Herbert: I know not to whom else to leave this—I leave it to you. Into this little book my dearest wife wrote her prayers and meditations. Not a day has passed since her death

on which I have not prayed from this book. All the good I may have done, all the good I may have been, I owe to her. Take precious care of it.' He ceased speaking and soon afterwards unconsciousness came on."

III

Manning was never a Puseyite. He read the tracts with sympathy, and misled the Tractarians into counting him as a recruit, an illusion which was shattered shortly after Newman published Tract No. 90, when Manning from the pulpit of the University Church raised the banner of "No Popery," and chose for this demonstration the great Protestant festival which is celebrated on 5th November.

It is not necessary to assume that Manning wished to dissociate himself from a party which was being passed over for ecclesiastical preferment. A less unsavoury motive is more plausible. Manning's practical genius and common sense forced him to adapt himself to the ruling spirit in the Church. He was a sound Anglican, and later a sound Roman Catholic. A sense of practical realities rather than of time-serving prevents such men ploughing the lonely furrow of revolt.

But once Manning had reached the position defined in Tract 90, he did not hesitate for two years, as did Newman, before seceding. Newman's mind was like a mezzotint in its delicate half-tones; Manning's like a wood-cut in its sharp outlines.

"Newman's distinctions in argument," said Father Ryder, "instead of being clear-cut and mutually exclusive, are, for the most part, based on the predominance of this or that element."

Compare this with Manning's own analysis of his mental processes.

"When I was in a system of compromise," he wrote, "I tried to mediate, reconcile, and unite together those who

differed. When I entered a system which, being Divine, is definite and uncompromising, I threw myself with my whole soul and strength into its mind, will and action."

Here we have the clue to the life-long differences between Newman and Manning.

Manning's Oxford sermon reassured the anxious, and "sound as Manning." became a catchword. He was now Archdeacon of Chichester, the intimate friend of Gladstone (already a Cabinet Minister), and the brother-in-law of a bishop. "No power on earth can keep that man from a bishopric," was the common verdict.

His diary records the inner struggle which was hidden from the world. Manning had at least one virtue, he did not suffer from self-deception. The new peer who announces that he only accepted the title to please his wife deceives nobody—not even his wife. And the occasional cleric who thinks it necessary to assert that his only comfort in accepting grave responsibilities is the thought that God has moved him to a higher sphere of usefulness might profitably submit himself to a rigorous self-examination such as those recorded in Manning's diary.

Manning indulged in no such pretences.

"I do feel pleasure," he writes, "in honour, precedence, elevation, and the society of great people, and all this is very shameful and mean"

—less shameful than if he did not realize this very human meanness. Virtue consists not in immunity from, but in conquest over, temptation. A Newman who never desires advancement need not be more virtuous than a Manning who does.

The Office of sub-Almoner was offered to Manning by the Queen, a position which virtually involved the reversion of the mitre. Manning was cast into an agony of doubt and self-examination. His diary records his inner debate. Two parallel columns headed "For" and "Against" sum up his struggle. "That it may lead to more" is balanced by "Therefore, at least for

that reason, not to be accepted. It is a sphere of temptation to which I am akin, and have been."

Nobody can fail to credit Manning with sincerity, if he observes the significance of one of those reasons which Manning gave against accepting this tempting position:

> "That anything which complicates my thoughts and position may affect the *indifference* with which I wish to resolve my mind on the great issue."

In other words, Manning declined—for the "Noes" had it—a position leading to a bishopric because he did not wish to be biassed by success in his search for truth; and mitres tend to exercise a restraining influence on possible seceders from a Church.

IV

Manning had disowned the Tractarian, but the tracts had done their work, and had raised doubts which Manning could not stifle. A visit to Rome and a dangerous illness may have hastened the process, but the final impulse towards Rome came from without. In November, 1847, the Lord Chancellor presented the Rev. G. C. Gorham to the living of Branford Speke. Gorham was unsound on the subject of Infant Baptism. The orthodox hold that the sacramental grace bestowed in baptism is given unconditionally, irrespective of the worthiness of the recipient, a view which is both Catholic and plausible, unless we accept the psycho-analyst's teaching to the effect that infants may harbour the most lurid of complexes. Gorham, however, pointed out that Faith and Repentance were essential for sacramental grace, and suggested that God performed an act of Prevenient Grace, which enabled the infant to feel the necessary contrition for his sins. Gorham's Bishop was shocked, for he held firmly that the most hardened and

impenitent of infants partook of the grace of baptism. The Bishop refused to institute Gorham, whereupon the latter appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which supported the claim. It seemed, therefore, that the ultimate authority for the more recondite points in Anglican theology was not the Episcopate, but a casual body of laymen, which might include Dissenters, Jews and even Atheists.

Manning never recovered from this blatant advertisement of the Erastian basis of his Church. He could not realize that a living Church, rich in traditions and vitality, is not a fragile society which can be dissipated by a legal decision. And, indeed, this particular decision proved as futile as all former and subsequent attempts of politicians to decide, by a majority vote, the beliefs of a living Church. The theology of Anglicanism has ever been determined not by Parliament but by priests. The body of the faithful have again and again led back an erring Episcopate into the true faith. The Privy Council has had far less effect on Anglicanism than Arian Emperors on the Catholic Church. Manning, however, could hardly have foreseen that the Anglo-Catholics would treat the Privy Council with as little ceremony as the Thirty-nine Articles.

Manning was received into the Roman Church on 6th April, 1851. He was over forty, and was apparently sacrificing a brilliant career—for what? Newman's reception was not encouraging to an ambitious convert, and it would almost seem that Manning became a Roman Catholic because he believed the Roman claims to be true. Mr. Strachey's ingenuity is taxed to discover a discreditable motive—taxed but not baffled. He does not give Manning his due, but he does give the Devil the benefit of the doubt.

"It is difficult to feel quite sure that Manning's plunge was quite as hazardous as it appeared. Certainly he was not a man who was likely to forget to look before he leaped, nor one who, if he happened to know that there was a mattress spread to receive him, would leap with less conviction. In the light

of other events, one would be glad to know precisely what passed at that mysterious interview of his with the Pope three years before his conversion. It is at least possible that the authorities in Rome had their eye on Manning; they may well have felt that the Archdeacon of Chichester would be a great catch. What did Pio Nono say? It is easy to imagine the persuasive innocence of his Italian voice. 'Ah, dear Signor Manning, why don't you come over to us? Do you suppose that we should not look after you?'"

"It is easy to imagine." Yes, easier than to prove; but a writer whose motto is "Je n'impose rien. J'expose" should be chary of building up hostile evidence on the basis of an imaginary conversation. The only hint of evidence that Mr. Strachey can muster is the fact that Manning, in his detailed diary, hardly mentioned his first interview with the Pope. This, Mr. Strachey thinks, is very significant. But Manning tells us quite enough to "imagine" a very different interview from that which Mr. Strachey has invented. The Pope, so far from appearing to consider Manning a person of some importance or the Anglican Church a body of any particular significance, displayed a humiliating ignorance of the commonplaces of Anglican discipline and ceremonial. He expressed surprise on learning that the chalice was administered to Anglican communicants.

"I remember," adds Manning sadly, "the pain I felt at seeing how unknown we were to the Vicar of Christ. It made me feel our isolation."

A Pope who was so ignorant of Anglicanism was certainly no better posted in the tendencies, Romeward or otherwise, of a stray Anglican Archdeacon. The passage I have quoted from Mr. Strachey should have been omitted from any book which has pretensions to be considered unbiassed history.

Mr. Strachey is really puzzled by Manning's secession, for it seems to destroy the thesis. However, he makes a plucky attempt to meet the difficulty. "To one of his temperament," he writes, "how was it possible when once the choice had been plainly put, to hesitate

for a moment between the respectable dignity of an English Bishop, with the Gorham judgment between his teeth, and the illimitable pretensions of the humblest priest of Rome?" The humblest priest of Anglicanism can swallow much more solid "bits between the teeth" than the Gorham judgment, of which nine priests out of ten have never heard. Many priests are restrained from secession by the fact that an Anglican Vicar is more independent than any Roman Bishop. The "pretensions" are much the same in both cases, and have this in common: that the world at large has long since ceased to take such pretensions seriously; but the "harness of the secular power" is to the harness of the Roman "propaganda" as the yoke of Solomon to the yoke of Rehoboam. The little finger of Rome is thicker than the loins of the Privy Council. A Vicar can defy the Privy Council, his Bishop and the Thirty-nine Articles, and it is extremely difficult and costly to unseat him, but if a Roman Archbishop disregards the wishes of Rome he is "blandly and suavely" removed without costing Rome a penny.

Manning went over not because he scented a Cardinal's hat, not because Rome offers more independence than Anglicanism, but for the curious and, perhaps, sufficient reason that he believed his soul to be imperilled so long as he remained outside the one Church which he believed to be the Church of Christ.

V

Manning was a great statesman, but no philosopher. He seceded not because he had mastered the subtleties of the Penny Catechism, but because he despaired of Anglicanism as an effective policy. Anglicans had no discipline and no common ideals. One party was galloping along the road to Rome; another was coquetting with German Lutherans; Oxford, which had given birth to the Tracts, was also the home of the Broad

Churchman, for whom Christ was a Gladstonian Liberal, with views on Poor Law Reform and a useful talent for curing people who had nothing the matter with them. The contrast with Rome was depressing; true, there were parties even within the Roman Church, but those who did not "think with Peter" could always be silenced by methods nicely adjusted to the individual case, methods which varied from the bluff efficiency of the steam-roller to the delicate quietus of inspired innuendo. "*Sentire sum Petro*," as Monsignor Talbot sagely remarked, "is ever the safest side." Those who, like Manning, prefer the cut-and-dried to the complex, will never feel comfortable in a Church where "*Sentire cum Baldwin*" may lead to a Bishopric, or to a mere rural Deanery when "*Sentire cum Ramsay*" becomes the rule of faith.

Manning's rapid success as a Roman Catholic is easy to understand. Rome knows how to choose her men, and Manning was the tool that Rome needed if the Roman Catholic Revival was to succeed. The dangers that menaced that Revival came from within rather than from without. Rome had already discounted the bankruptcy of Anglicanism, and Wiseman was looking forward to the day when he would sing High Mass in Westminster Abbey. The great leaders had surrendered, and their followers were coming over in a steady stream. Pusey, it is true, showed an unaccountable reluctance to follow Newman, and Newman might have echoed the plaint of Melibœus:

> "En ipse capellas
> Protinus æger ago, hanc etiam, vix, Tityre, duco."

But this was odd considering the number of Masses that were daily being sung for Pusey's conversion from the Bosphorus to the Irish Sea. But perhaps those Masses were answered. God may have required Pusey to remain a leaven of Catholicism in a Protestant Church. Pusey was the Moses who led his children to the Promised Land to which he was denied entrance.

This seems hard on Pusey, considering all he had done for the cause, but no doubt it was made up to him in other ways.

Rome then had almost ceased to worry about the Anglicans; the real obstacle to the Revival came from the perverse and obstinate attitude of the "Old Catholics," as those families were called who had handed down for generations the tradition of loyalty to the faith in the teeth of persecution. Now the "Old Catholics" were prepared to suffer for their faith, but their loyalty to the Vicar of Christ left much to be desired. The clue to this paradox must be sought in Elizabethan memories.

Elizabeth had left the Roman Catholics in peace until the Pope published a Bull absolving the faithful from allegiance to Elizabeth, and calling upon them to replace her with the King of Spain. Jesuits poured into England, and though many of them confined their activities to saying Mass for the benefit of their persecuted co-religionists, there were others who did their best to prepare the ground for rebellion. We were at war with Spain; the national existence was at stake; and the Jesuits were treated with the same severity that we would have shown in the late war to missionary priests who urged the faithful to replace King George by the Crown Prince of Bavaria, who has inherited the Stuart's claim to the British throne.

Englishmen have long memories, and even in the nineteenth century Roman Catholics were still regarded as a queer sect in the pay of the Pope. The Roman Catholics naturally resented this, and were anxious to re-establish their position as loyal Englishmen. Their aggressive patriotism was as inevitable and as genuine as the loyalty of an Englishman of German extraction during the last war. They were, as Manning complained, "nine times English." Roman Catholics and Anglo-Catholics were busily engaged in apologizing for their prefixes and emphasizing the word "Catholic"; the former in order to prove that though Roman

Catholics they were yet Englishmen, the latter in order to show that though Englishmen they yet belonged to the international and Catholic Church. "The former," as Manning remarked, "seem to be always eating leeks to prove their loyalty, the latter to be disowning it out of shame of English Erastianism." The anti-Papalism of the "Old Catholics" was a survival of days when the Pope, secure at Rome, had exposed them to persecution by his reckless Bulls. It is difficult for the most docile of sheep to feel much affection for a shepherd who, from a wolf-proof shelter, delivers pious homilies on the merits of martyrdom.

One can sympathize with this sentiment, but Manning was correct in dreading their timid conservatism as a hindrance to the Roman Catholic Revival. It is easy for Mr. Strachey to evince a tolerant, if half contemptuous, sympathy for Newman, since Newman is a shade nearer to Mr. Strachey than Manning. Newman and Mr. Strachey both agree, at least in this, that they do not accept the more extravagant Papal claims. But it is the Ultramontanes who are logical, and those who dislike their doctrines should leave a Church which would long since have disintegrated into national sects if the Ultramontane policy had not prevailed. It is no use quarrelling with Rome, because Rome develops on the only lines that are consistent with her continued success.

The Alps have always been the watershed between the Ultramontanes who wished to centralize all power at Rome, and the Cisalpines who fought for independence. Anglicanism and Lutheranism were great Cisalpine revolts; and, like all succeeding revolts, weakened the Church in numbers, but strengthened her as a compact fighting force. France nearly went the way of England, for "Gallicanism" is merely a bowdlerized Anglicanism. The Gallicans attempted to make the Pope subject to General Councils, and to retain for national bishops more power than the Pope was willing to concede. The Gallicans were wrong, for unity of

command is essential in the war against heresy as in the late war against Germany. So long as Foch was subject to the Supreme Council the Germans were irresistible; and so long as Popes could be bullied by General Councils Roman Catholicism continued to lose ground. "Gallicanism" humoured national vanity at the expense of efficiency. The parallel from the late war is obvious.

It is rather naïve for Protestants to proclaim their own notions as to the terms of communion which Rome should enforce, and to waste their sympathy on Minimizers and Modernists. Those who are out of tune with Rome should come over and join those who not only dislike Ultramontane doctrines, but also reject the fundamental claims which all Roman Catholics nominally accept. For those claims are so startling that the mere varnish of Ultramontanism is not worth all the pother which the Newmanites created. Newman is rather like a man who believes in the divine right of kings to dispense with Parliament and to override law, and then grumbles because the King takes him at his word and threatens with death any citizen who does not wear side whiskers. The logical course is not to proclaim the divine right to shave, but to resist the divine right to rule.

Once you have conceded that Christ founded an infallible Church, and that this Church is insured against error by the Holy Ghost, it is absurd to expect the Head of that Church to behave exactly like a nervous Prime Minister with a small majority. Concede the fundamental position of the Roman Catholics, and it is only logical to admit that the Pope has the right to depose sovereigns, to put heretics to death, and to decide where modern science is wrong and Scripture right.

The world would probably be much more peaceful if it was ruled exclusively by the Pope. The League of Nations would disappear with the armies and the navies which would no longer be needed if the

Pope was the Universal Arbiter. A few picturesque Swiss guards would suffice. Income tax would be reduced to a few Peter's pence in the pound. Politics would be simplified, for we should all vote for the candidate who had the Papal blessing. The Pope might even be induced to extend infallibility to art and literature, and we should be saved all the mental fatigue which is now expended in determining whether Cezanne is a better painter than Landseer, or *Tarzan of the Apes* a greater masterpiece than Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

Rome is always accused of insidious and Jesuitical methods. Her agents are sometimes none too nice in their tactics, but no ideals are more blatantly advertised than those of the Roman Church. A Power that wishes to annex an oil-field proclaims its conversion to the principle of self-determination. The Germans, as we all know, invaded Belgium to free the simple moujik, and the moujik poured into East Prussia because the "Little Father's" heart bled for the little Serb brothers. There is none of this nonsense about Rome. Pius IX explained in uncompromising language his determination to fight for the autocratic rights vested in the successor of Peter.

If the Ultramontanes come into power, you and I will not be able to complain that the Pope had not warned us that he still claimed the right to put heretics to death, to censor the Press, to restrict the rights of free speech, and generally to encourage only that type of freedom which consists in being allowed to do what the Pope thinks we ought to do. In an age of humbug such candour is refreshing. Criticize the Roman point of view if you will, but do not complain because a man who accepts, as Manning accepted, that point of view, realizes the implications of the creed to which he belongs, and acts, not as if he were a nervous politician depending on a human mandate, but as a servant of a Church charged with a supernatural policy and guarded from error by the Holy Ghost.

VI

The converts received a cool welcome from the old Catholics. The contrast between the culture of the Oxford converts and the lack of culture of the old Catholics, whose families had been excluded from the Universities by the Penal Laws, was painfully obvious. Rome did not make matters easier by her flattering reception of the neophytes. In the eyes of Rome it seemed as if the seceders from Anglicanism counted for more than men whose ancestors had died on the rack, who had suffered every conceivable disability, and who paid for their loyalty in blood and tears. The prodigal son usually gets too much, the unromantic elder brother too little, sympathy.

The old Catholics had undoubtedly got into a rut. Their guiding principle seemed to be "live and let live"; they had none of that passion for propaganda which is the secret of Rome's success. They were feeling their feet, rather like men who have just returned to society from prison. The Penal Laws had just been abolished; Catholics were admitted to Parliament, and Englishmen were beginning to look on them, not as a bodyguard of a foreign prince, but as patriotic citizens. And just as everything seemed to be working so smoothly these tiresome converts were busy destroying the armistice. It was bad enough to hear them proclaim with gusto, as something new and wonderful, the old truths for which men had been tortured by Elizabeth. It was worse to know that these ardent Papalists were anxious to fan the flames of "No Popery" at the very moment when these flames were dying down. A forward aggressive policy, a determination to back the most extravagant Papal claims, and a strong tendency to emphasize the Roman element in Catholicism, all this was profoundly distasteful to men

who wished to live at peace with their English neighbours. It was very trying. Why could not the converts be satisfied with their religious duties?

Against this timid conservatism Manning fought with relentless energy. The protagonist of the old Catholics was Errington, Archbishop of Trebizond and—in the normal course—the successor of Cardinal Wiseman. Manning realized that if Errington succeeded to Westminster the revival would stagnate. England would be represented in the Catholic Church by an anti-Papal faction. Gallicanism is infectious, and Gallicanism, as Manning rightly judged, was a worldly Catholicism which sought to compromise with the Civil Powers and to soften down those claims of the Pope in which he believed with his whole soul.

The years that followed were marked by an intensive struggle in which every position was contested, a struggle which would have ended in Errington's triumph had not Manning proved himself a fighter of signal courage and unresting energy. He staked his whole future, for, if Errington succeeded, Manning could only expect the same treatment as his own party had meted out to Newman.

Manning was well served by his faithful ally at Rome, Monsignor Talbot, the private secretary of the Pope, and, like Manning, an English convert and an ardent Papalist. Purcell published the correspondence between Manning and Talbot, to the great dismay of the Roman Catholic world. I can understand this dismay, for it is easy, as Mr. Strachey has shown, to interpret this correspondence unfavourably to Manning, to hint that Manning was working for his own advancement, and that—after Wiseman's death—he was carefully blackening the characters of all possible successors to the vacant See, including Errington. Mr. Shane Leslie has done good service to truth by publishing a letter (which escaped Purcell), a letter which reveals the lost names of those candidates whom Manning recommended. Manning, in urging the election of Ulla-

thorne or Cornthwaite, was working for candidates who had every chance of success.

The Pope's action (April 30th, 1865) in choosing Manning was as startling as it was inspired; for he could have made no happier selection in his own interests and in the interests of the Ultramontane cause. Even Mr. Strachey admits that Manning had no reason to hope for such a signal honour.

"Everything," writes Mr. Strachey, "seemed against Manning. The whole English Episcopate was opposed to him. He was a convert of but a few years' standing; even the congregated Cardinals did not venture to suggest the appointment of such a man. But suddenly the Holy Father's doubts came to an end. He heard a voice—a mysterious inward voice—whispering something in his ear. 'Mettetelo li' Mettetelo li'.' It was an inspiration."

If it needed a special message from the Holy Ghost—"Put him there"—to enable the Pope to ignore the recommendations of the Westminster Chapter, and the deliberations of the Cardinals, it seems difficult to accuse Manning of scheming for his own election. Manning was a hard fighter, but he did not fight for his own hand. His great battles were battles not for personal advancement but for the policy which he believed essential for the success of his Church. Mr. Strachey quotes from Manning's diary concerning his ambitions:

"I am conscious of a desire," Manning wrote, "to be in such a position (1) as I had in times past, (2) as my present circumstances imply, (3) as my friends think me fit for, (4) as I feel my own faculties tend to. But God being my helper, I will not seek it by the lifting of a finger or the speaking of a word."

But surely this confession proves nothing but the fact that Manning was too honest to camouflage to himself ambitions which nine priests out of ten possess. There is, moreover, nothing in all Purcell's portly volumes to suggest that Manning's vow not to seek preferment by the "lifting of a finger" was not rigor-

ously observed. Advancement came to him, not because he sought it, but because the Pope disregarded all precedents, canonical and otherwise, and chose the best man available.

The Manning-Talbot correspondence during this stormy period furnishes Mr. Strachey with some succulent morsels. Monsignor Talbot seems to have been providentially created in order to provide Protestants with the perfect specimen of the scheming Papist. He was an English convert, and the worst that can be said of him is that he was thoroughly infected by that marvellous *esprit de corps* which is the strength of Catholicism and the despair of its opponents. He was a whole-hearted Papalist, and, like Manning, fought, not for his own hand, but for the Ultramontane policy and for the Pope. Pius IX had the gift of evoking loyalty and affection. Monsignor Talbot's worst faults were committed not in his own interests but in the interests of the Holy See. Once this is granted and allowed for, we need not criticize Mr. Strachey's witty analysis of Talbot's temperament.

> " He embodied," says Mr. Strachey, " if not the highest, at least the most persistent, traditions of the Roman curia. He was a master of the various arts which the practice of ages has brought to perfection under the friendly shadow of the triple tiara. He could mingle together astuteness and holiness without difficulty; he could make innuendoes as naturally as an ordinary man makes statements of facts; he could apply flattery with so unsparing a hand that even Princes of the Church found it sufficient, and, on occasion, he could ring the changes of torture on a human soul with a tact which called forth universal approbation."

Certainly, Talbot's letters to Manning abound in passages which the most Protestant of novelists would never have dared to put into the mouth of a Papist villain. And yet when the entire correspondence is read in the light of the events which inspired it, Manning's part in this business is not open to the criticisms which it has provoked. Mr. Strachey seems

to think that because a man buttons his collar behind instead of in front his tactics in a great struggle should be modelled exclusively on the policy of "the other cheek," and should be in obvious contrast to the customary tactics of statesmen. This reverence for the high office of the priesthood is a pleasing trait in Mr. Strachey, and if the Church was exclusively recruited, not from human beings but from angels, there would be no need for methods not exactly modelled on the Sermon on the Mount. But, as things are, it is unreasonable to suppose that a Churchman battling for a policy which he believes essential to the security of his Church should confine himself to letters in *The Times* or to speeches duly recorded in the Minutes. "Open covenants openly arrived at" is an ideal policy, but even President Wilson was not able to avoid the secret diplomacy of which he disapproved so strongly, even though he represented a country which had helped to obtain a crushing victory. Manning was not in Wilson's position; he belonged to a Church which was suspected by most of his countrymen; within the ranks of his own Church he was opposed by a powerful faction. His only hope of success was to insure that matters were "correctly reported" at Rome, and the medium for this information was the accommodating Monsignor Talbot.

VII

Manning proved as chivalrous in victory as he had been relentless in battle. Searle, who had fought him to the end, naturally expected to be dismissed from his position as "Economus" in the Episcopal Household. Manning retained him at an increased salary. Canon Oakley, a convert like Manning, wrote to the new Archbishop, and frankly admitted that he believed Errington to have been the victim of injustice, and that he disapproved of the step which Manning had taken to secure

Errington's fall. Manning replied in a spirit of Christian humility, not invariably associated with the pallium. "No change of relations between us will limit the freedom with which I wish to hear all you wish to say." It was difficult to resist such treatment, and Manning was not without his reward. He was touched by the loyalty of the "old Catholics."

"The blade," writes Mr. Leslie, "which had been bent and strained, leaped to rectitude in his hand. If the penal rust had stiffened it, it was still the trusty sword of Peter. True to the rock out of which they had been digged, the old Seminary priests stood to the salute."

Mr. Shane Leslie has printed for the first time the meditations which filled Manning's diary during his retreat at Highgate just after he had been appointed Archbishop—meditations which reveal a Manning whom we do not find in Mr. Strachey's brilliant study.

"All manner of temptations to ambition came upon me—flatteries, great friendships, political relations, the Court, the secret certainty of a future. I was conscious of a sweetness in all this, both as present and as to come. But two things I can say: I loved work more than all, and I was perpetually crossing my future by following unpopular truths in the face of popular opinion."

This, at least, is true; and neither Mr. Strachey nor Purcell made enough allowance for the courage of a man who could defend Ultramontanism in England at a time when Garibaldi was a popular hero, and Papalism when the Pope's claim to temporal power was considered in much the same light as Lenin's ambition to be the President of a Soviet Europe. The chapter which Mr. Leslie devotes to these meditations in retreat gives the key to the real Manning, a Manning tormented by the realization of worldly temptations, but resolved to vanquish them. One finds the ring of sincerity in passages such as those which I have just quoted, or the following:

"Oh, my God, if in this there has been ambition, make me to see it as thou seest it, lest I go down to the pit deceiving myself. Let not this be the end of more than thirty years of natural activity. Let me not hear the sentence: 'Verily thou hast thy reward.'"

Manning, though fully prepared to wipe out old scores, reserved his magnanimity for those who saw the error of their ways, and who no longer opposed that forward policy which Manning believed to be essential for the success of his Church. We need not blame him if he continued to fight the party in his own Church, whose motto seemed to be: "When in England do as the Romans don't." The situation was critical. In Italy the national sentiment had been kindled by success, and the temporal power of the Pope was threatened as it had never been threatened. In England, a powerful section, headed by Newman, resented the increased activity of the Pope and the revival of Papalism.

The five years that followed Manning's appointment to Westminster were devoted to unceasing preparations for the great Vatican Council. The ground had to be prepared; the waverers had to be converted; public opinion had to be educated to accept the last act in that long process which began by depriving the laity of any effective share in Church Government, and which in turn rendered Laity, Priest, Bishop, and General Councils powerless before an autocratic Pope. A disastrous evolution, so at least you and I are free to believe, but in Manning's eyes Papalism was the rock on which the Church of Peter was built.

The long and adventurous pontificate of Pius IX witnessed the disappearance of the Pope's temporal power, and the apotheosis of the Pope's spiritual autocracy. England, of course, was whole-heartedly with Garibaldi, and Manning's Ultramontanism irritated his countrymen and proved a stumbling-block to the more extreme Puseyites whose conversion to Rome was hindered by Manning's aggressive Ultramontanism.

Englishmen were convinced that the Pope's claim

to be infallible in faith and morals was nothing like so ridiculous as his pretensions to act as the universal arbiter in international politics. The condition of the Papal States was a lively advertisement of the incompetence of the Vicar of Christ to furnish practical proofs of the divine wisdom with which he claimed to be inspired.

"The finances were in an awful state; the trade and commerce of the country depressed, paralysed and in despair; the cultivation of science in every department clogged and discountenanced; no hope, no buoyancy in any of the liberal professions; deep-rooted discontent among the people; open rebellion in the legations; corruptions in every branch of the civil and in some departments of the ecclesiastical administration; dogged reluctance to adopt any system of amelioration, stupid adherence to worn-out expedience and bygone traditions of red-tapery; the approach of ruin looked at with the calm stolidity of an idiot who hugs himself to the last in the cherished monotony of routine and fatalism."

This is not the partisan criticism of some fanatic Protestant, but the evidence of Father Prout, a Roman Catholic, who was at Rome at the beginning of the pontificate of Pius IX, and who hoped that Pius would prove a whole-hearted reformer, a hope which was soon to be disappointed.

Now the condition of the Papal States was well known in England, and Manning's task was accordingly difficult. It was rendered almost impossible by the famous Encyclical of 1864, in which the Pope amused the world, and struck despair into the hearts of men like Newman, by reaffirming with undiminished energy the most extravagant of Papal claims. He claimed in uncompromising words the right to persecute heretics. "Scourging" was mentioned with approval as a cure for lax doctrine. Liberty of conscience, of the Press and of speech were stigmatized as a "deliramentum," and the temporal power of the Popes, with all its implications, was placed in the foreground as an article of faith.

If the Roman theory were true, we should, of course, expect to find that a country governed by the Vicar of Christ was a model of upright and efficient government. It was notorious that the exact reverse was the case, and " Physician, heal thyself " was the obvious retort when the Pope claimed the right to depose sovereigns and interfere in the policies of States fortunate enough not to be governed by him. Men who had destroyed the temporal prosperity of their own States could scarcely expect that their interference in the affairs of other countries would be cordially welcomed.

Nowadays we hear little of the temporal power, and even Manning in his old age seemed to support the theory that Italy should be governed by the Italians. No modern Roman Catholic would welcome a brief to defend the past government of the Papal States. It is natural enough that this controversy should have been quietly dropped, but we are entitled to remind our Roman Catholic friends that the whole edifice of Roman Catholicism is involved in the question of temporal power. We have no means of verifying the Papal claims to free souls from purgatory and to dispense passports to heaven. It is, therefore, all the more unfortunate that in mere mundane matters, where evidence is readily available, their claims should have been so notoriously disproved by the facts. Rulers who assert that they are inspired by the Holy Ghost should contrast favourably as temporal governors with mere emperors, kings, and premiers.

The opposition which Manning encountered was due not only to the vexed question of the temporal power, but also to the resentment which was provoked among old-fashioned Catholics by the new tone which was creeping into Papal literature. The ultramontane *Universe*, for instance, printed a hymn to Pius IX in words almost identical with those addressed by the Church to the Holy Ghost on Whit-Sunday. " Light of our hearts, Shine forth the light of thy heavenly radiance." This fashion soon spread, nor has the tone

of Papal devotions changed very much since the death of Pius.

English Roman Catholics, of course, dislike this type of papolatry, but the point is not what English Roman Catholics dislike, but what the Italians, who enjoy the confidence of the Pope, encourage. I am confident that the able group of writers who have recently published *God and the Supernatural* do not use a little book called *De la Devotion au Pape* for their own private devotions. I fancy that Pierre Milet's pious manual would disgust them as much as it amuses the heretic. But this little book has been blessed by the Archbishop of Tours, and has received the high honour of a letter of praise from Cardinal Merry del Val. From this tract we learn, amongst other things, that "in a certain sense one may say that as the Tabernacle is the home of Jesus the Victim, so the Palace of the Vatican at Rome is the home of Jesus the Teacher. What can be more beautiful or touching than this parallelism?" What indeed? The parallelism suggests a new tract, "From Manger to Palace," in which the social progress of Christianity from a Bethlehem stable to the palaces of Renaissance Rome might be explained in edifying fashion. Again, "by the mere fact that he is the Vicar of Christ and his principal co-operant, he is an elect Victim and is *ex officio* nailed to the Cross . . . Pope and Victim are two inseparable qualities."

Perhaps, but a study of Papal history suggests that "the elect Victim" has sometimes been a Victim in a purely honorary sense, and that it is less comfortable to be crucified than to be "*ex officio* nailed to the Cross."

VIII

No Council of the Church had been held for three centuries when the Vatican Council met in 1869, "to provide an adequate remedy for the disorders, intel-

lectual and moral, of Christendom." The Franco-Prussian War, which broke out the day after the Council adjourned, scarcely gave the "adequate remedy" a sporting chance, so that Christendom remains as morally disordered as if the Council had never taken place. None the less the Ultramontanes had good reason to be satisfied, for their real object was attained. The definition of Papal Infallibility was made an article of faith.

The successful piloting of this definition through stormy waters was perhaps Manning's greatest achievement. But for Manning, the definition might easily have been defeated. The Ultramontanes could, it is true, always secure a majority of votes, for three hundred of the bishops were pensioners of the Pope, and if the majority had not been sufficiently impressive, the Pope could always create new bishops by the simple expedient of calling for an atlas and creating a bishop *in partibus infidelium* for some remote See in African wilds. There was, therefore, no doubt about a complaisant majority; the real difficulty was political rather than ecclesiastical, and was due to the obstinate dislike of temporal rulers to sanction a definition which tended to increase the power of the Pope over their subjects. It was here that Manning was to prove so invaluable.

Manning had devoted years to the preparation of public opinion, Catholic and heretic, for the definition. There is no need to recapitulate the historical difficulties which drove Döllinger, the greatest Church historian that Rome has ever had, into schism. The reader who is curious to discover whether Popes can err should read Professor Salmon's *Infallibility of the Church*, the most telling and the wittiest of all theological works. The best case for the definition is to be found in *Catholic Controversy*, by Father Ryder.

The intellectual difficulties which tortured so many loyal Catholics hardly existed for Manning. He accepted the Definition on pragmatist grounds, because he held that it was invaluable for practical politics. He

believed, of course, that an answer could be found to the historical objections, and in his *Pastoral Epistles* he gives a brief and not very convincing summary of the orthodox case. But the Definition appealed to him mainly as a solution to administrative difficulties. The Conciliar system was breaking down. It was too cumbersome a channel for Infallibility. No Council had met for three hundred years, and it seemed probable that an even longer interval might elapse before another Council reassembled. Roman Catholics may dismiss as a contemptible concession to Erastianism the Anglican article which asserts that "General Councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes," but this article merely states a disagreeable fact. Even the Vatican Council could only meet under the protection of French bayonets, and narrowly escaped a summary closure in the intervention of Foreign Powers.

Manning was a practical politician, and he knew that vague theories of Infallibility were not sufficiently precise to provide the Church with the guidance that it needed. So long as every rebellious Catholic could refuse support to Papal encyclicals on the ground that Papal Infallibility was not an article of faith, and could appeal from Pius IX to a future Council, which might never meet, it was obvious that discipline must suffer. Roman Catholicism, indeed, might easily degenerate into the inefficient and distraught condition of Anglicanism. Papal Infallibility was invaluable as a disciplinary precaution, and the Pope was useful as a final Court of Appeal whose decisions had to be accepted under pain of excommunication. The fact that Protestants could claim with justice that Catholics did not know their own mind on this vital point was a source of weakness. Manning may have had Kennan's Catechism in mind, a catechism published with the imprimatur of the Scotch Roman Catholic Bishops and recommended by the Irish Episcopate. This catechism contains the following remarks on Infallibility:

Q.: Must not Catholics believe the Pope himself to be infallible?

A.: This is a Protestant invention; it is no article of the Catholic faith; no decision of his can oblige under pain of heresy, unless it be received and enforced by the teaching body —that is, by the Bishops of the Church.

From which it appears that heretics were better informed as to the true mind of the Church than the authorized teachers of that Church. Where is the advantage of an infallible Church if, as Salmon says, "those who have not the benefit of its guidance succeed better in arriving at a knowledge of the Church's doctrines than those who have"?

The history of the Vatican Council yields a striking illustration of the difficulties of the Conciliar system, for it was largely due to Manning's diplomacy that the Council was permitted to proceed to a final vote without interference. Manning's most dangerous opponent was Lord Acton, a historian of European reputation and a great personal friend of Gladstone's. Acton was born, and remained until his death, in the Roman Communion, but he was not the type of Catholic that is popular at Rome. He devoted his life to preparing material for a monumental history of Freedom which was never written. The preliminary studies which survive, suggest that the Popes were destined to play the rôle of villain in this history, and that Acton was mainly interested in the process whereby Europe has freed itself from ecclesiastical tyranny. Acton cherished an almost hysterical hatred of Ultramontanes. He never made allowances for the temper of the Middle Ages, a temper which still survives at Rome, and for that mediaeval view of heresy as the deadliest of plagues, as an infection which destroys something far more valuable than the body. The Middle Ages really held this quaint belief, and, granted their premises, the stake and the rack were logical conclusions. We should blame not the human instruments of a cruel doctrine, but the odious conception of God of which persecution was the inevitable

consequence. The rack has gone out of fashion, but it is difficult to understand how a man can remain in the Roman Communion, and yet deny its right to persecute for heresy, a right which has never been disclaimed, and which has been reaffirmed again and again.

Controversialists in search of damning evidence against Rome should disregard Protestant polemics and read with care the letters and essays of Lord Acton. Protestant ears will be agreeably tickled by such passages as this:

"Therefore the most awful imputation in the catalogue of crime rests, according to the measure of their knowledge and their zeal, with those whom we call Ultramontanes. The controversy is not primarily about problems of theology; it is about the spiritual state of a man's soul who is the defender, the promoter and the accomplice of murder. Every limitation of papal credit and authority which effectually dissociates it from this reproach, which breaks off its solidarity with assassins and washes away the guilt of blood, will solve other problems."

Or, again, with reference to the Inquisition:

"If a man accepts the Papacy with confidence, admiration and unconditional obedience, he must have made terms with murder."

Remember that Lord Acton was, and remained, a Roman Catholic, and that he spoke with authority as one of the greatest historians of his age.

During the Council, Acton was in Rome, in close touch with the enemies of the Definition. He was busily engaged in correspondence with Gladstone. Now Papal Infallibility happened to be one of the many subjects on which Gladstone held strong views. He had championed the Irish Catholics, and had been assured more than once that no Catholic was bound to believe in Papal Infallibility. This assurance was of considerable political value to Irish Catholics: it was no doubt their natural desire to disarm the suspicions of Protestant politicians which inspired the statements quoted from Kennan's Catechism. Gladstone seems to

have regarded the proposed Definition as a personal matter, and as a poor reward for his services to the faithful. He was therefore an easy victim and only too ready to agree with Acton that if the Definition was passed no Catholic could remain a loyal subject of a temporal power. Catholics, so Acton urged, would become the " irredeemable enemies of civil and religious liberty."

Manning sniffed out the intrigue and set himself to counter it. The official British representative at the Vatican, Mr. Odo Russell, was chosen as the instrument whereby the enemies of the Pope were defeated. Inspired by Manning, Mr. Russell wrote a number of letters to Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Minister. Gladstone failed to carry the Cabinet with him in his attempt to secure intervention by the Powers, and the Fathers of the Church were permitted to continue their deliberations without outside interference. It is difficult to discover how far this happy result was directly due to Manning and Mr. Russell, but nobody who is familiar with the history of the Council can doubt that Manning's untiring propaganda, official and unofficial, was largely responsible for the safe passage of the Definition.

The Definition itself was, perhaps, more of a compromise than Manning suspected. The extremists had pressed throughout for a definition which would convert the Pope into an infallible cistern of knowledge, so that the turning of a tap might release a stream of unerring information on every point of religious and even political morality. Had the extremists succeeded, the notorious encyclical *Quanta Curæ* would have to be believed under pain of heresy, and the modern Roman Catholic would have to reject with horror those axioms of intellectual and political freedom which are the commonplaces of modern Christendom. Those who opposed the Definition succeeded in reducing it to a form which was comparatively harmless. The Pope was declared to be infallible when he spoke *ex cathedra* in defining a doctrine of faith or morals.

The only practical result of this definition has been to shift the argument to another plane. The point in dispute to-day is not *whether* the Pope is infallible, but *when* he is infallible; in other words, what precisely constitutes an "*ex cathedra* utterance." It is, of course, necessary to explain that Popes such as Honorius, who have been guilty of heresy, did not utter their heretical sentiments in an official capacity, but merely as private doctors, so that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility really resolves itself into a belief that Popes are always infallible when they don't make mistakes, and that when they make mistakes they are not speaking *ex cathedra*, but merely as "private doctors." A Prime Minister might claim with equal plausibility that he was infallible when speaking *ex cathedra* as Premier, and that his mistakes were made, not as Premier, but as a private politician.

Before 1870 there were three schools of thought within the bosom of the Church. There were those who, like W. G. Ward, wished to stamp as infallible every utterance of the Pope. There were those who believed the Pope to be infallible in a rather limited sense. And there were those who did not believe him infallible at all. The last school has now been eliminated; but there is still room for lively argument between Roman Catholics who disagree on the first point. In fact, the only occasion on which all schools agree in recognizing that the Pope spoke infallibly was his proclamation of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary.

No doubts, at least, dimmed Manning's triumph. Learning and intellect had been conspicuous in the ranks of those who opposed the Definition. European scholarship was arrayed against the Ultramontanes, but all in vain.

"But strange to say, it has turned out that the wise men were always blundering and the fools were always right. At least, the wise men have had to hold their tongues in a way not glorious for them."[2]

But perhaps even less glorious for the Church which has so often silenced her great scholars and scientists.

IX

Manning received the hat as a reward for his services to the Church, and he might conceivably have been the second English Pope had he desired this supreme honour. During the conclave which followed the death of Pius IX his name was put forward. Cardinal Bilio declared that it was "necessary in the present conflict that the next Pope should be a foreigner." Manning was asked whether he would allow his name to be put forward. He refused because he believed that "the election of a foreigner might lose Italy to the Holy See through political causes . . . that the reconciliation of Italy with the Holy See is vital not only to Italy but to the Catholic world." The Cardinals continued to urge him. They pointed out that Manning had lived so long in Rome, spoke the language so fluently, understood the Italian mind so thoroughly that he could hardly be deemed a foreigner. Still Manning held firm.

This was disobliging of Manning, for he thereby robbed Mr. Strachey of a fitting climax which would have rounded off his pungent study of the self-seeking Papist.

Strachey's disappointment was obvious in the half-hearted manner in which he seeks to belittle Manning's self-denying ordinance. Mr. Strachey admits sadly that "the cautious hand refrained." But why cautious? Manning had nothing to fear, and there seems no evidence to suggest that Manning declined the tiara for any other reason but those which he explained to the assembled Cardinals. He believed that his own election would not serve the best interests of the Church, and in declining the tiara he gave one more

proof of his devotion to the Communion which he had made his own. At any rate he did refuse, and Harrow lost its Pope. Leo XIII was elected, and Manning withdrew from Ultramontane politics, and threw all his energies into social reform.

Manning's life may be divided into three periods. As an Anglican he swam with the stream. He did nothing to offend English prejudices and seemed to be sure of a bishopric. As a Roman Catholic he fought a thankless battle for those Papal claims which are resented nowhere more than in England. The typical Englishman of the upper classes has been transformed into an *Inglese Italianato*. In the third and final period the Englishman again came to the surface. As a social reformer he may have run counter to some of the ingrained prejudices of his class, but he established a position as a brave campaigner, no longer for Italian popes, but for the British under-dog. The tact and social gifts which would have made him an ideal Primate proved invaluable to a Catholic Archbishop. The prejudice aroused by his ultramontane activities died away, and on one occasion he was granted, a signal compliment, precedence immediately below the Prince of Wales and above the Anglican Bishops. He sat on a Royal Commission, and was frequently consulted on social and educational matters. A friend of the Prince of Wales, of W. T. Stead, and of socialists like John Burns and Tillett, he touched English life at many angles.

In those days it was easier to get a reputation for advanced views than it is to-day. The Radical of one generation is the Reactionary of the next. Manning was called a Socialist merely because Socialism is a term of abuse with which we brand those who are rather more advanced than we are ourselves. Manning described himself as a "Mosaic Radical," and expressed an admiration for the "commonwealth of Israel" in which all men were equal before the law. But that commonwealth required a Moses who was above the

law, and Manning, for all his sympathy with the underdog, was cut out for the rôle of Moses rather than that of a citizen of the Hebrew Theocracy. He was really a Tory Democrat with a profound respect for law and tradition, coupled with a sincere sympathy for the poor and a passionate hatred of injustice. He was certainly not a doctrinaire Socialist. He was inspired not by economic theories but by emotion, and the key to his Socialism is to be found in a passage of his private meditations:

"Walking on the terrace and looking down upon London in this broad sunlight has been very moving to me. The Son of God would have wept over it. What beautiful souls are in it, made in the likeness of God, with all the capacities of eternal life, but outcast, disinherited, darkened, stained, poisoned, distorted, disfigured, twice dead."

He had, as he said, a compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat. He had also a strong conviction that the worker did not receive his fair share of the product of his labour. Rights which are the commonplace of modern life, rights which today no party disputes, seemed in those days dangerously subversive to many excellent folk. The elementary right of labour to protect itself by Trade Unions was challenged, and Manning was severely criticized for lending the weight of his name to Joseph Arch's great campaign for the Agricultural Labourers' Union. Manning's example did much to inspire Leo XIII's famous encyclical on Labour. There is a curious similarity between Manning's writings and this encyclical. Thus Manning wrote:

"The right of uniting for mutual protection and support is a natural and legitimate right."

and Leo XIII announced that:

"If the State forbids its citizens to form associations it contradicts the very principles of its own existence."

But in spite of the great part which he played in social movements, in spite of his championship of the dockers during the great strike, Manning was never a real Socialist.

> "There never has been," he wrote, "a taint or shadow of subversive policy in all that I have said, written or done. No man is more constructive and conservative of all just law and tradition."

But we might add that no man holding Manning's views on "just law and tradition" ever showed himself more anxious that the power of Capital should be restricted and the rights of Labour strengthened and protected.

When Manning died the delegates of the London Trades Council passed a resolution to the effect that the Cardinal, "by his tender sympathy for the poor, and by his fearless advocacy of justice, especially for the poor, and by his persistent denunciation of the oppression of the workers, has endeared his memory to the heart of every true friend of Labour."

Labour leaders, at least, found in Manning a sincerity of aim which Mr. Strachey has not been able to discover. Manning's contempt for public opinion in his Ultramontane battles should absolve him from the charge of mere popularity hunting in his fight for the poor. He fought, indeed, with the same unthinking passion for autocracy in the person of Pius, and for democracy in the guise of the dock labourer. The first campaign alienated the sympathies of most Englishmen; the second restored Manning to that position in English life for which his birth, education and temperament had marked him out.

X

"Manning and Newman," writes Mr. Shane Leslie, "were the two greatest converts that Rome has ever

drawn out of English Christianity." No attempt to summarize Manning's life and philosophy would be complete without comparing and contrasting him with Newman.

It is necessary, in the first place, to discuss briefly the purely personal differences between these two men, for the crux of the attack on Manning is based on Manning's treatment of Newman. That Newman suffered acutely from Manning's opposition is not in dispute, but before we can concede the case for the prosecution, we must ask whether Manning was justified in opposing Newman, and again whether this opposition was due to his dislike for Newman's views or to a mean jealousy of Newman's attainments.

On the first point the question is not whether you and I approve of Manning's Ultramontane ideals. Manning was as much entitled to his religious views as Mr. Strachey is entitled to his own private solution of the riddle of the Universe. Manning was certainly sincere in his devotion to the Ultramontane policy which enjoyed the hearty support of the Head of the Catholic Church. Newman was anti-Papal, and out of temper with "the mind of the Holy See." Had he proceeded to Oxford he would have founded and inspired a school of Newmanites out of sympathy with the prevailing party in Newman's Church. Granted the Ultramontane premises, Newman was, as Monsignor Talbot remarked, "the most dangerous man in England," far more dangerous than the Protestants, just as a Communist is more dangerous to a Labour Leader than an avowed Tory. Division within a party or a Church causes more damage than opposition from without. I do not see that Manning can be criticized for doing all in his power to counteract the influence of a man who was in opposition to the avowed policy of the party in power.

It is not easy to pass judgment on a more difficult problem. No man can probe with certainty the hidden springs of human motive. The envy "complex" may have influenced Manning's subconscious self. He *may*

to some extent have been inspired by jealousy, but I feel that Mr. Strachey assumes much more of this baser motive than the facts warrant. The one incident in Manning's life which lends colour to such suggestions is his behaviour when Newman's name was mentioned in connection with a Cardinalate.

On the accession of Leo XIII Newman's friends considered that the time had come to claim some recognition for the most eminent of English Catholics in the intellectual field. The Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Ripon interviewed Manning and put their case before him.

They must have realized that the suggestion would not be very welcome.

> "All that is most alien," wrote the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "from the temper which for the last thirty years has been dominant at the Vatican is summed up in Newman's name."

Now, this temper was Manning's temper, and though one is quite ready to believe that he would have had no objection to Newman receiving any honour, he had a lively and legitimate objection to Newmanism receiving the stamp of official approval. However, he was astute enough to realize that times had altered since the death of Pius. "The Cardinal," we are told, "on hearing the Duke's proposal, bent his head and remained silent for some moments." He quickly recovered his self-possession, and with great alacrity offered to embody in a letter of his own to Cardinal Nina "the various reasons which the Duke had put forward for making Newman a Cardinal." "The great alacrity" was more obvious in the inditing than in the despatch of the letter. Mr. Shane Leslie, by the way, is rather disingenuous in his account of the whole incident. He merely tells us that "three weeks after the letter was received" the incident was fixed. He does not tell us that the letter took six months to reach the Roman authorities, and might never have reached them had not the Duke interviewed the Pope and learned to his astonishment that

the Pope had heard nothing of the matter. Even after the Pope had expressed his great willingness to honour Newman, there was yet another difficulty to be removed. Cardinals who are not Bishops are expected to reside in Rome. Newman was an old man, and he could not face the prospect of tearing himself away from Birmingham. He consulted his Bishop, and wrote to him a formal and courteous letter giving his grounds for not accepting the honour. The Bishop sent this letter to Manning, and at the same time wrote two letters explaining Newman's real attitude.

Manning, with all three letters in his pocket, started for Rome, and a few days later *The Times* announced that Newman had declined the hat. Newman wrote at once in great agitation to the Duke of Norfolk:

> "This statement cannot come from me. Nor could it come from Rome, for it was made public before my answer got to Rome. It could only have come, then, from someone who not only read my letter, but, instead of leaving it to the Pope to interpret, took it upon himself to put an interpretation on it, and published that interpretation to the world. A private letter to the Roman authorities is intercepted on its way and published in the English papers. How is it possible that anyone could have done this?"

The Duke intervened again. Manning apologized for having "misunderstood" Newman's first letter, and all was well. The great Oratorian was made a Cardinal.

Such is the brief summary of the least creditable incident in Manning's career. Mr. Leslie is too anxious to belittle, Mr. Strachey to magnify, its importance. "Like most matter-of-fact persons," writes Mr. Leslie, "Manning construed this (Newman's letter) into a natural refusal." This will hardly do. Manning was matter-of-fact in some ways, but he had not graduated in the finest school of diplomacy in the world, the Vatican School, for nothing. He knew enough to discriminate between a genuine refusal and a courteous reluctance to give the appearance of accepting a high honour on terms.

On the other hand we need not blame Manning

because he did not wish to see Newmanism honoured. Had he refused point-blank to recommend Newman for this honour he would have been within his rights. Probably he fully intended to send off his letter by the first post, and then like many elderly people he gradually postponed a disagreeable duty. Then came Newman's official refusal. The temptation to adopt a "matter-of-fact" attitude was too strong. It is easy to see how it all happened.

And yet there is evidence enough to show that it was Newmanism rather than Newman that Manning disliked. There is evidence in plenty that Manning retained throughout life a real reverence for the great Oxford leader of his youth, qualified by a hearty dislike for many of that leader's views. In all their conflicts as Roman Catholics, Manning appears to have done his best to render Newman harmless, but never to have injured Newman more than was necessary. On more than one occasion he defended him at Rome. Newman's reply to Gladstone, for instance, was disliked at Rome, and there was some talk of an official censure. Manning wrote a warm-hearted defence of Newman, a letter which righted him at Rome, and without which Newman would certainly never have been made a Cardinal.

Manning, in fact, showed more than once a pathetic anxiety that his differences with Newman should remain official differences of policy and not develop into personal differences. But this was impossible with Newman. Newman never made friends; he only made disciples, and he broke in turn with all those disciples who did not follow him blindly and without question. Nothing is more characteristic of the two men than Manning's willingness to join the Metaphysical Society and to meet in friendly debate Agnostics like Huxley, and Newman's pained surprise that any Catholic should hold amiable intercourse with men who denied the basis of the Christian creed. Newman, it is true, would have been sadly out of his element in the Metaphysical Society. We cannot imagine him reading papers such as that in

which Manning attempted to provide a reply to Huxley's question, "Has a frog a soul?" Thanks to Manning's research the keen naturalist is now provided with an infallible clue for distinguishing men from frogs, for "men differ from frogs in that they have a will and a moral consciousness."

Manning, in fact, was like the politician who hurls invectives across the floor of the House, but who is quite prepared to play a friendly game of golf with his political opponents. Mr. Hilaire Belloc considers that this makes for insincerity, and he would have our politicians emulate the ruthless logic of the Latins amongst whom political differences often develop into duels, even more deadly than a battle over the links. But Manning could maintain friendly personal relations with men whose views he detested, and this argues a certain genial tolerance rather than insincerity. With Newman he made the mistake of believing that he could retain his friendship, while opposing his views. After preaching his famous anti-Tractarian sermon at Oxford he called on Newman at Littlemore in the half expectation of a friendly argument over a cup of tea. Newman was "not at home." So after their differences on the Oxford question Manning attempted to open up a correspondence which concluded with a Newmanesque closure. "I can only repeat," wrote Newman, "that I do not know whether I am on my head or my heels when I have active relations with you."

Newman had to see his cherished schemes defeated, but Manning had to endure "to see on every brick thrown at him by critics the sacred initials, J. H. N." "Newman," as Manning wrote, "was not in accordance with the Holy See. I am nobody, but I spoke as the Holy See spoke." That was enough to make Newman popular and Manning unpopular in the eyes of England.

XI

The points of difference between Manning and Newman are obvious enough, yet they must have had something in common, for both men faced the pain of secession from their Mother Church, and both found in Rome a complete solution to their perplexities. One thing, at least, they did have in common, amazing credulity. "Faith," says Leslie Stephen, "often means belief in my nonsense; and credulity the belief in the nonsense of somebody else." Perhaps, and yet there are men whom Catholics, Protestants and Agnostics would agree in describing as credulous. Newman's studies in hagiology proved too credulous for the Roman Catholics, and I do not think that Catholics, or at least English Catholics, would seriously maintain that Newman's defence of ecclesiastical miracles does not suggest credulity. As for Manning, Mr. W. H. Mallock, whose fondness for Roman Catholics was notorious, has given us in his Memories an interesting glimpse of the great Cardinal. Manning had been discussing Spiritualism.

> "The Cardinal went on to assert as a fact, supported by ample evidence, that the Devil at such meetings assumes a corporal form, sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a beautiful and seductive woman, the results being frequent births in the prosaic world around us of terrible hybrid creatures, half diabolic in nature, though wholly human in form. On this delicate matter he descanted in such unvarnished language that the details of what he said cannot well be represented here. Of the truth of his assertions he obviously entertained no doubt—in the Cardinal's character there must have been a vein of almost astounding credulity."

Of course credulity is by no means an essential qualification for a Roman convert, though it undoubtedly facilitates conversion. But even in this respect there is a radical difference between the two Cardinals. Manning was naturally credulous; Newman was naturally sceptical

and cultivated credulity as a sacred duty. No man understood more clearly than Newman the speciousness of doubt and the difficulties of faith. He was reduced in self-defence to invent a philosophy which would justify, not only the Nicene Creed, but a firm faith in winking Virgins and liquefying blood. In the business of faith he showed an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Manning's credulity, on the other hand, was the natural and artless credulity of the child. He never needed to master the Grammar of Assent, for where Newman believed as the result of practice and taking thought, Manning swallowed the supernatural by sheer glad instinct. We all know the elderly colonel or spinster whose delight in tracking out the steps of the lost tribes until their footprints are discernible in Whitechapel, who turn to the Book of Daniel for information on the next election, and who would find confident solution for Mr. Macdonald's present difficulties by the aid of the Book of Revelation. Such was Manning, and for Manning the Bible was more fascinating than an acrostic, and theology a jig-saw in which odd-shaped texts and quotations from the Fathers are skilfully fitted together into a pattern of dogmas.

The Present Crisis of the Holy See tested by Prophecy is an excellent example of the well-known fact that a man may possess astounding practical genius, may prove himself a great political or ecclesiastical leader, and yet retain a child-like, if not childish, indifference to common sense where his pet hobby, superstition, or what you will, is involved. The book concerns itself with the coming of Anti-Christ, of whose coming Manning has no doubt, for "It is a law of Scripture that when persons are prophesied of, persons appear." From St. Irenæus Manning discovered that Anti-Christ will be a Jew. From Malvenda, Suarez, Viegas and Bellarmine that Rome herself will one day apostasize from the faith.

It is melancholy to record that the authorities at

Rome showed so little appreciation of the weighty evidence which Manning had collected on this point that Monsignor Talbot was asked to convey a hint to the effect that regret had been expressed in high quarters at the mere suggestion that "the City of the Popes would one day relapse into Paganism." This statement Monsignor Capalti "held to be inopportune."

With the best will in the world Manning cannot be taken seriously as a philosopher or as a great authority on the Catholic faith. And for that very reason he is much more effective than Newman, once you have accepted the dogma that there must exist an infallible Church. Where Newman is content to insinuate a lurking suspicion that Catholicism may not be altogether untrue, Manning thunders out his hearty *ipse dixits* with a boisterous contempt for special pleading. I suppose his two works on the Holy Ghost would edify a Catholic Sunday School, but I should hardly recommend them to any hesitating convert. Consider, for instance, Manning's method of meeting, or of declining to meet, the objections which you or I might urge against the Catholic doctrine that Scripture is warranted free from the slightest inaccuracy.

"It makes little impression on me," Manning writes, "to be told that St. Stephen, in Acts vii. 16, fell into an historical error in saying that Jacob was buried in Sichem. I confess that I cannot explain the difficulty, and that the explanations usually given, though possible and even probable, are hardly sufficient. Nevertheless, I am not shaken in the least as to the Divine axiom that Holy Scripture is exempt from all error. . . . Nor again we read in one place that King Solomon had 4,000 stalls for horses, in another 40,000, nor that King Josias began to reign at eight years of age, in another place at eighteen. I cannot explain it. But I can imagine many solutions except one, namely, that the inspired writers contradicted themselves, or that in this they were not inspired."

"It makes little impression on me." Two and two make five if the Church says so. Manning justifies his attitude by a line of argument popular among theologians,

which consists in defending the contradictions for which theologians are responsible by appealing to the insoluble difficulties in every science. "The most certain and exact of sciences," says Manning, "have residual difficulties which resist all tests." But the history of science is the history of men who refused to accept residual difficulties as final, and who adapted and modified one theory after another until the apparent contradictions were reduced in number. No true scientist is content so long as one palpable contradiction remains unexplained. If scientists folded their hands and remarked with Manning "it makes little impression on me," we should still be curing measles with Holy Water. Fortunately, science is not hampered by an infallible teaching body.

But it is futile to criticize Manning seriously as a philosopher, and unfair to give the impression that Catholicism has no better arguments than those which he brings forward for its defence. Manning was attracted to Rome because Rome is a working proposition. A born supernaturalist, he had no difficulty in accepting any supernatural creed, and the choice between rival creeds determines itself for such men not by the reasons, good or bad, with which they are defended, but by the effectiveness of the creed as a practical policy. Manning was a Pragmatist and he chose the Church with the best organization, the most powerful machine and the widest sphere.

The future of Rome is with men like Manning rather than with disciples of Newman. Newmanism may shift and wriggle to harmonize Papal Bulls with historical research and modern science, but such attempts to meet historical critics on their own ground are doomed to fail. Newmanism is subtly disintegrating and must end in Modernism. Far better to say boldly with Manning, "these difficulties do not impress me. I believe in the Church and am confident that the Church is infallible." This attitude may be neither logical nor convincing, but the world is not governed by logic and reason. The

craving for the marvellous is still widespread, and until mediums are deserted and Mrs. Eddy is dethroned there is no reason to fear that a liturgy composed from Wordsworth, Comte and Haeckel will take the place of High Mass at Westminster Cathedral.

GEORGE TYRRELL

IV

GEORGE TYRRELL

I

ROME may disclaim as a heresy the theory that her creed cannot be proved by the light of pure reason, but scholastic logic makes few converts; at the most it provides the eager catechumen with a plausible excuse for disguising his will to believe as a will to be convinced by irrefutable logic. Officially Rome may appeal to a man's reason, but her most potent, if unofficial appeal, is to that unconscious pragmatism which has guided the lives of countless men who have never heard of William James or of his "new name for old ways of thinking."

For James did not discover the method of pragmatism. Newman, as we have seen, anticipated some of his more daring arguments, and Newman in turn was forestalled by Pascal, the father of the pragmatists and the first to defend the will to believe. Pascal's wager is the charter of Pragmatism. That wager is an attempt to answer the Agnostic who asserts that the evidence warrants neither a dogmatic assertion nor a dogmatic denial of God's existence. "You are mistaken," replies Pascal, "if you hope to find safety in a mere suspension of judgment." If the Christian is right, he is rewarded by an eternity of bliss. If he is wrong, he will never know that he is mistaken. He

has nothing to lose if his hopes are false, and everything to gain if his judgment is correct. You, on the other hand, have nothing to gain if your views are sound, and everything to lose if you are mistaken, for your error will be punished by an eternity of torment. Surely it is worth while taking a ticket in this lottery where the prizes are infinite and where a ticket costs only a few attendances at Mass and a formal assent to the dogmas of religion. If you reply that you would gladly take a ticket if you could only contrive to believe, the remedy is clear. Act as if you believed, and belief will follow. Take a course of Holy Waters and Masses. "Cela vous fera croire et vous abêtira."

Pascal's argument, however disguised, brings many a nervous convert to the true fold. "Where shall I be most safe?" asked Newman, and once that question is asked the answer can only be "Rome." For though an Anglican *may* be saved by pleading invincible ignorance, it is obviously rash to risk one's future happiness on the off chance of satisfying a stern and critical judge that one is more of a fool than a knave.

Many converts have contrived to stifle their doubts by following Pascal's prescription and by acting as if they believed. George Tyrrell was one of many who have attempted to achieve religious certitude by living the life of religion, but he can hardly be accounted a whole-hearted disciple of Pascal, for though he tried Pascal's method, though he took "a course of Holy Waters and Masses" in order to cure his doubts, he was uninfluenced by Pascal's main argument, for he was supremely indifferent about his own salvation. At first the cure seemed successful; "et vous abêtira," perhaps, for Tyrrell's writings during his orthodox period have none of that brilliance which characterizes his heretical work. But the relapse was not long delayed, and Pascal might have claimed that Tyrrell was a most unsatisfactory patient. The will to live, as doctors know, is essential for a permanent recovery,

and the will to be saved is no less vital for the cure of doubt.

II

George Tyrrell was born in Dublin on 6th February, 1861. The story of his life is told in two volumes, the first an Autobiography, the second a sympathetic and interesting Biography by Miss Petre, who takes up the tale where Tyrrell left it.

The first volume is certainly the wittiest, and in some ways the saddest of all religious autobiographies. Unlike Newman, Tyrrell did not write in self-defence or in self-justification. He wrote rather for "self-accusation in the eyes of himself and another."

Even those who have no interest in religion should read this autobiography for the sake of the early chapters in which Tyrrell records his childish memories with an insight and a humour unrivalled in all the literature of childhood. Tyrrell was not consciously dramatic, but he never recorded a commonplace incident without that touch of irony which saves the commonplace from the banale.

"I have had many difficulties since that of distinguishing between round O and L with a curl, but I am not at all sure that they are of more consequence, and sometimes I think that few historical facts are better worth recording than that *the fat cat sat on the mat.*"

In these few lines Tyrrell has crystallized his spiritual Æneid.

Tyrrell's first interest in Rome was inspired by an Irish servant-girl, whose Irish gift of controversy was responsible for some friendly debates between her and Tyrrell's mother. The youthful Tyrrell rejoiced when the pretty Papist triumphed.

"My sympathies," he writes, "were all with Rome, or rather with Anne Kelly. I think the love of paradox both now

and long after mingled with my anxiety to say something in favour of so preposterous a religion as Popery."

Catholicism in Ireland is not only a religious, but is also a social heresy. In those days the social position of the Irish Catholics was much the same as the social position of the English Dissenter. Protestantism in Ireland and Anglicanism in England are the religions of the best people. In Ireland Protestantism is the creed of the conquering invader, Catholicism of the conquered native.

"That Romanism," writes Tyrrell, "was the religion of the helots and of the vulgar and uneducated classes in Ireland was one of the strongest if least rational prejudices of my childhood."

When Tyrrell was converted his mother's deep regret was the thought that a son of hers "should go to Church with the cook."

Tyrrell was a perverse Irishman. Had he been an English Public Schoolboy he would never have been attracted by a creed to which a social stigma was attached. Eton does not provide any converts from Anglicanism to Dissent. The fact that tradespeople go to Chapel is all the argument in favour of Anglicanism that an English Public Schoolboy requires. The fact that Tyrrell's cook went to Mass had no influence on Tyrrell. Tyrrell was always a heretic; had he been less of a heretic he could never have defied the social conventions of his family; had he been less of a rebel he would never have joined the Church which finally excommunicated him.

The next stage on the road to Rome was the work of a friend who persuaded Tyrrell to accompany him to Grangegorman, a Church which was deemed to be the very nest of Jesuitry by the Irish Protestants. The Irish do not understand any attempt to compromise between bald Protestantism and Popery. If Grange-

gorman had been situated in London it would never have received the unwelcome attentions of Mr. Kensit.

"So backward was Irish Protestantism," remarks Tyrrell, "that the most moderate decencies of the Church (and they had not even unlit candles on the altar) seemed sheer Romanism."

Tyrrell was interested. He realized that the "difference between an altar and a Communion table was infinite," that it meant a totally different religion. He still assumed, of course, that Popery was indefensible "except as a paradox and for the sake of shocking Protestant ears. But here was something more piquant —Popery in a Protestant Church." The soupçon of wickedness fascinated him. The birettas and cassocks made the fibres of his Protestantism quiver. "I had almost discovered a new sin and found the sensation agreeable."

Tyrrell as a boy adopted Catholicism, not Roman Catholicism as yet, more as a brief to defend than as a life to be lived. It amused him to shock his Protestant relations by an eloquent defence of Grangegorman, but in time

"a certain mood of consistency and coherence, that same dislike of unreality, made me feel that I could not at once throw myself into a system and defend it mentally while denying it in my life and practice. . . . The wish that the whole system might be true was soon too strong for me, and made me disposed to catch at any shadow of justification for belief."

Tyrrell tried to follow Pascal's prescription. He went to Confession, and he was as anxious to be correctly contrite for his sins as he was not to commit them at all,

"but only for the same reason, because contrition, like faith and every other virtue, was part of the system which I had embraced; shall I hesitate to say—of the hobby I had taken up."

The voice of his strangled reason sometimes, however, interrupted his attempts to work up his feelings

to the level of the ecstatic prayers which he found in his manuals.

"False and unreal," it whispered. "Had I listened to it I should have gone back to the dreary chaos from which I had emerged. I wanted it all to be true and clung to every shadow of flimsy reason that seemed to buttress my failing illusions."

As a young man of eighteen Tyrrell left Ireland and came under the influence of Father Dolling, of whom he gives us a sketch in his biography. Father Dolling remained Tyrrell's "best and dearest friend," and though their paths separated after Tyrrell's secession, their unity, in Tyrrell's phrase, "remained deeper than their diversities."

Dolling cared nothing for dogmatic subtleties. Catholicism appealed to him as "a religion of the people, the poor."

"So as to ritual, he was not a man to fight over six candles or two, but leapt boldly to the end through what he considered an absolutely indifferent means. All those pettinesses which make ritualism ridiculous he swept through with a magnanimous disregard for laws and whims which was very appalling both to the Protestant and to the Catholic. He was equally willing to hold a prayer-meeting or a High Mass according as he thought it would help the persons in question more. 'The Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath,' was the keynote of his broad, human-hearted religion."

Dolling proved a true pragmatist by advising Tyrrell to join the Church of Rome. He realized that Anglo-Catholicism would never satisfy Tyrrell, and that for such as Tyrrell, Rome and Atheism are the only possible alternatives. And in giving Tyrrell this advice, Dolling showed a Catholic power of rising superior to mere sectarian loyalties. Tyrrell was puzzled that he should give this advice and not follow it himself, but he later realized that Dolling was neither inconsistent nor illogical in refusing to practise what he preached as a cure for Tyrrell.

"It was hardly possible," writes Tyrrell, "for me to set about living my religion until my attention was diverted from

the labour of controversy and inquiry; and the only way to overcome my fundamental doubts and hesitancy was the experimental method of living my beliefs and realizing them as laws of life."

Tyrrell secured an introduction to Father Christie, himself a Jesuit convert. He called, and was, of course, presented with a penny catechism and told to return when he had mastered its profundities, a joke which Tyrrell complains, with reason, is "wearing a little stale." Father Christie was too much of a routinaire, for though it is no doubt effective to snub a self-important convert by offering him the penny catechism rather than deep treatises in defence of the faith, it is as well to be certain that the snub will not act as a complete deterrent.

When Tyrrell shyly announced his readiness to be received, Father Christie judged it politic to affect a lofty indifference. Tyrrell was hurt, and informed Father Christie by letter that he proposed to defer his decision until he had reconsidered the whole matter. Then, of course, Father Christie abruptly changed his tune, wrote an urgent letter on the dangers of deferring even for a day a matter so vital to his salvation, asked him to call, and within twenty-four hours had bundled him into the Roman Catholic Church.

All pretence of a lengthy preparation as essential disappeared. Tyrrell was "confessed," "reconciled," and on a mere hint that he was interested in the Jesuits found himself the bearer of a letter of introduction to the Society of Jesus.

"Here was post-haste and no mistake; from start to goal, from post to finish in twenty-four hours. I had come out that afternoon with no intention of being received, and I had returned a Papist and half a Jesuit."

III

The reader will find in Tyrrell's autobiography no sensational revelation of scheming Jesuits. "Jesuitism was morally irreproachable, commonplace, and uninspiring" is the worst that Tyrrell has to say. Nothing in life, of course, comes up to the ideal, and a youthful enthusiast nourished on Féval's rosy picture of the Society of Jesus is bound to be disappointed.

Tyrrell began his career as a novice at Cyprus. His varied experiences can hardly be characteristic of the Order as a whole. He gives us, for instance, an amusing picture of the Rector of the Jesuit College at Malta, who must surely have been exceptionally unintelligent. Every evening the Rector enumerated various "points" which the lay-brothers were expected to use in their meditations on the following morning.

"Consider that the bread which Christ multiplied was made of barley and not of wheat, and learn from this . . . Heaven knows what!"

This was followed by a series of meditations after Easter on the magical properties of Christ's body, agility, translucency, and the rest.

"Everywhere our brothers have this nonsense doled out to them nightly; and spend an hour next morning considering and snoring over the problem of why Christ chose barley rather than wheat, and similar matters."

The final shock to Tyrrell's youthful romanticism was provided by "Father G.," who was appointed to examine Tyrrell after his probation.

"'What was your motive for wishing to enter the Society?' Naturally I was rather vague; and besides I did not like speaking of my deepest aspirations to one so little sympathetic. So I said something about a wish to make reparation for the past. 'No,' said he, 'that's not it'—just as if it was a riddle. 'Well, what is it?' said I. 'The glory

of God and the salvation of souls.' 'Oh, very well, the glory of God and the salvation of souls.' 'That's right,' said he, and scored it down accordingly."

IV

Tyrrell soon made a reputation for himself, partly as a writer in defence of the faith, and partly by his success in making converts. The fact that his own faith was not of the simple penny catechism variety, and that his temperament was naturally sceptical, gave him a peculiar power in dealing with difficult cases. Many a hesitating convert was reassured by the thought that Tyrrell must have faced and solved the difficulties which seemed so formidable.

The fact that Tyrrell was not a born Roman Catholic who might be expected to shrink from seceding, but a convert himself, who had joined the Church deliberately, seemed to many a strong argument for following his example. In those days Tyrrell had not published his autobiography, the world at large did not know the mood in which he had joined the Church of Rome.

Tyrrell might perhaps have never become embroiled in the Modernist controversy had he not been entrusted with this special mission of administering relief to troubled souls on the threshold of Rome. He had, as I shall try to show, so much sympathy with tradition, and so little instinctive sympathy with liberalism that he might easily have smothered his own doubts had not the doubts of others forced him to seek some novel and unorthodox prescription. It was as physician to the distressed rather than as an overt champion of new ideas that Tyrrell first came under the censure of Rome.

No good purpose would be served by giving the story of Tyrrell's breach with Rome from the first stages to the final excommunication. The English Jesuits were certainly prepared to make every reasonable concession to save their brilliant recruit. He was treated throughout with consideration, and had no real cause

for complaint. Rome could only have compromised by abjuring her past and revolutionizing her formularies.

Tyrrell died on 15th July, 1909. His intimate friend, Abbé Brèmond, heard his last confession and gave him absolution. Tyrrell, however, did not recant his views, and Rome accordingly refused him burial on Catholic ground. The British public, which is always warm-hearted rather than clear-headed on such matters, was much pained by this logical application of Roman Catholic principles. *Roma locuta causa finita est.* Perhaps, but Rome is not the final court of appeal. Tyrrell's last words were perhaps more apposite than he knew: "I am glad God is to judge me, and not any of his servants."

V

Tyrrell's self-portrait is coloured by the mood of later years. He has read into his boyish memories the disillusion of middle age. Catholicism was more than a hobby which he took up as a boy, a hobby which gradually became all engrossing. If "Ecce Sacerdos" was stamped on Manning's brow, Tyrrell no less was destined from birth to the priesthood—to the priesthood, perhaps, of unbelievers, for Tyrrell was a conscript in the service of the unknown God. God always evaded Tyrrell. He refused to reveal himself, but the chain never snapped. Though God escaped him, God refused to let him go. Those who firmly believe, or defiantly disbelieve, can fashion their lives to their convictions, and obtain peace. Tyrrell was less fortunate. He could take refuge neither in faith nor in scepticism and still less in the placid indifferentism of those who are concerned only with finite ends. He was haunted by the infinite, and vexed by his fruitless unending search for some clue to the darkness which veils the face of God.

The word religious can be used in many senses. Tyrrell was religious in that his only interest was

religion, but he had not the piety of the really religious. His devotions were a move in the game, an attempt to take the Kingdom of Heaven by stratagem, a desperate endeavour to compel faith and to force the hands of God. The love of God which comes naturally to the Saints, did not come naturally to Tyrrell.

"I feel that such love of God as you or I talk about is the luxury of a few happy and imaginative temperaments, and that in the lump man was not created nor designed for the love of God in that mystical sense, but for the love of man."

Nor was Tyrrell's religion inspired by anxiety for his own salvation.

"I cannot remember," he writes, "any time when the fear of Hell or the desire of Heaven had the slightest practical effect on my conduct—one way or the other. Even now it never enters into my calculation as an effectual object, nor have I, as a Catholic, ever cared or tried to gain an 'indulgence.'"

And again of the period just before he entered the priesthood, he writes as follows:

"I had been much more anxious about my personal sanctification during the past year; more for the sake of others and as a condition of the priesthood than for any really solid conviction of the worth of my own soul. Then, as now, I felt myself a sort of Balaam, forced, I know not clearly how or why, to slave in the cause of Christ; it was a sort of obsession with me. . . . 'Thou shalt behold from afar the land which I will give to the children of Israel, but thou shalt not enter therein,' has expressed my most sanguine ambition."

"A Balaam, forced I know not why, to slave in the cause of Christ." The keynote of Tyrrell's life is contained in this sentence. He could not escape Christ in unbelief, nor acquire the certainty of faith which translates servitude into service. Elsewhere he described himself as "an incurable mystic with a Voltairian mind." His Voltairian mind deprived him of mystical revelations which might have cured him of that pessimism which saddened his life, and it was the tendency to

mysticism which thwarted the Voltairian revolt against religion, a revolt which, if successful, might, at least, have given him a philosophy less perplexed by doubt than the compromise of Modernism.

VI

Why did Tyrrell join the Church of Rome? For many reasons, some of which have been summarized earlier in this essay. Some of these were commonplace. Tyrrell was certainly not the first to seek in the Roman Church a cure for a sceptical temperament. He was not the first to hope to find peace of soul by surrender to authority, to still his doubts by acting as if he believed.

But there were other forces at work.

Tyrrell was a Modernist by conviction, but not by temperament. By instinct he was a conservative. Few men can have been more sensitive to the appeal of tradition, or less eager to divorce themselves from the common heritage of religious experience. Tyrrell was not one of those who enjoy a brand-new form of religion. He distrusted reason, and had a profound faith in experience.

If you wish to discover why Catholicism appealed to Tyrrell, you should read his *Reflections on Catholicism*, one of the noblest and most convincing pleas that have ever been made for the Catholic faith.

Catholicism appealed to Tyrrell, first and foremost, because it is a natural religion, because it has grown slowly, and it has adapted itself to the religious needs of the normal man. It is not a thought-out religion. Like all true religions it is a growth, not a manufacture.

Tyrrell gloried in the affinities which Catholicism claimed for Pagan religions. In his eyes the reproach which is so often levelled against Catholicism is one of Catholicism's chief claims to our respect.

"Catholicism is but the most fully developed branch of a tree which springs up from the very roots of humanity and

bears traces and proofs of its kinship with every other branch of the religious process. Its paganisms bear testimony not only to its antiquity and universality, but still more to the strength and vigour of the Christian spirit, which can subdue all things to its own ends and uses. It is greater to capture the enemy's fleet than to destroy it. . . . We like to feel the sap of this great tree of life in our veins welling up from the hidden roots of humanity. To feel so, to possess this sense of solidarity with all the religions of the world, to acknowledge that they are all lit, however dimly, by the same Logos-light which struggles, unconquered by even their thickest darkness—this it is to be a Catholic."

No man who was not essentially conservative could have written this fine passage.

The incoherence and irregularity which characterizes Catholicism seems to Tyrrell another presumption in its favour.

"Its very wildnesses and barbarisms point to the natural character of Catholicism, and distinguish it from all planned out philosophical religions, whose over-trimness is an indication of their poverty, for nothing that lives and grows can keep its shape long."

Catholicism is the religion of the whole man—body, soul, and spirit; the religion of the cultured few and the uncultured majority, of the mystic and the crusader, of the hermit and the statesman.

"No interest of man's complex nature has been disregarded or unrepresented in deference to a forced and premature unification."

Catholicism, again, is a living protest against "the pedantry of a purely reasonable religion that would abolish the luxuriant wealth of symbolism in favour of the 'ministry of the word.'"

The more extreme forms of Protestantism limit the converse between God and man to the spoken or written language, but all language is poetical in its origin, and the communion between the finite and the infinite must necessarily be in a symbolic language.

"There is then no small pedantry of intellectualism in the notion that worship in spirit and in truth must necessarily be conducted in circumstances of sought-out plainness, and divested of all appeal to the senses, the imagination and the emotions; of all sacraments and symbols—a worship which would suffer no more of God's message to enter the soul than can find its way through the narrow slit of common sense and clothe itself in a stiff primness of colourless prose—in such worship Christ and his Apostles—as they were and lovers of the Temple with its soul-stirring symbolism—knew nothing, nor has any religion ever thriven long on such a fallacy of puritanism strictly adhered to."

And lastly Catholicism is democratic. She does not attempt to force upon the rude and uncultured æsthetic standards in music or church decoration for which they are educationally unprepared. She is free from that intellectual snobbery which considers that religion should adapt itself to the tastes of the elect. Catholicism has something for every taste, for the intellectual and the mystic no less than for the simple and the uncultured. "And this range and versatility commends it to us as a product of experience, of God working through Nature, and not a device of human reflection."

Christ's universalism would have condemned equally a religion which was too exclusively popular or too exclusively aristocratic.

"I could not be satisfied with a religion which, however much it did for me, did nothing for the masses or the classes, too academic for the former, too barbaric for the latter. The board must have every sort of fare, so that each may find something, though none can find everything to his taste and requirement."

The reader who has been accustomed to regard Tyrrell as a revolutionary iconoclast should read carefully his essay *Reflections on Catholicism*, and the essay entitled *Lex orandi, Lex credendi*. He will realize then that whatever may have been the cause of Tyrrell's final breach with Rome, Tyrrell himself had no exaggerated estimate of the power of pure reason in religious matters, and that in his attitude to the past he was a conservative of the conservatives.

VII

Tyrrell is often discussed as if he was nothing more than the English Loisy. But the differences between Tyrrell and .Loisy were fundamental, their points of resemblance superficial. Loisy was essentially radical, Tyrrell essentially conservative. Loisy's temperament was scientific, Tyrrell's was mystical. Loisy was only interested in religious criticism, Tyrrell in religion.

Modernists, like other people, may be divided into conservatives and radicals. The fact that a man cannot accept certain dogmas by no means proves that he is a religious radical. Though he may prefer truth to tradition, he may yet differ from the ultramontane only in his loyalty to truth and not in his affection for tradition.

The radical modernist is impatient of tradition and welcomes innovation for the sake of innovation. The conservative modernist makes concessions to modern thought for the sake of the tradition which he hopes to preserve. For the radical, modernism is an end in itself, for the conservative the price which he must pay to retain much that he loves without doing violence to truth.

Tyrrell should be judged by his writings in the period which intervened between his first troubles with the Society of Jesus and the final excommunication. The bitterness and hostility of the last phase concealed rather than exposed his real outlook. Few men are uninfluenced in their philosophy by personal factors such as the treatment they have received from representatives of the Church from which they have been driven.

But where Loisy accepted with indifference the rôle of heresiarch, Tyrrell shrank from open conflict. Loisy published his views to the world and quietly awaited the inevitable sequel. Tyrrell expressed his opinions in anonymous essays, which were never intended for the general public, but which were offered as medicine for the few. It was as a physician to difficult cases rather than as a propagandist to the many that Tyrrell first

came into conflict with the authorities. Loisy was first and foremost a scientific scholar, and only incidentally a priest. He tried, of course, to reconcile his theories with his creed, but mainly, one feels, in the interests of others rather than of himself. When he failed to reconcile the new and the old, and was denounced by the authorities, he left the Church without further ado, and scarcely regretted the breach which left him all the freer to develop his critical theories without the embarrassing necessity of harmonizing them with tradition.

It was otherwise with Tyrrell. He was not, like Loisy, born within the Church of Rome: he came to her from without by deliberate choice, and having made that choice he was determined to abide by it. Loisy has the scientific temperament, that devotion to research which is a form of religion, since the true scientist or the true scholar would cheerfully give his life to defend and establish his discoveries.

But Tyrrell started with no such brief to defend. He accepted as much of Loisy's theory as he considered proved, but whereas Loisy was only interested in biblical criticism, Tyrrell's abiding interest was religion. Loisy was only concerned to substantiate his views, Tyrrell to adapt these views to the service of religion, and to make the breach with tradition as gentle as possible, preserving as much as could be preserved of all that was of value in the older views.

"I feel," wrote Tyrrell to a friend, "a far deeper fraternity and sympathy with any religious Nonconformist (even a Baptist Minister) than I do with Abbé Loisy."

And so whereas Loisy calmly invited excommunication, Tyrrell clung on desperately to the Church which finally expelled him. He kept steadily in view the need for an "economy of silence" until circumstances rendered it essential for him to publish his own interpretation of tradition.

"We ought," he writes, "to stick fast like St. Laurence

to our grid-iron for the sake of others unless it comes to our whole life being an *acted* untruth."

Tyrrell indeed had far more sympathy with the Ultramontanes than with many who might have been regarded as his natural allies. He admired Campbell's courage and independence, but he was not impressed with Campbell's "New Theology." He considered Campbell's synthesis as

"far too cheap. . . . It is not so easy as all that. Unlike liberal positions which are largely philosophical and abstract, conservative positions are largely the resultant of life and experience and blind instinct."

Tyrrell was even prepared to admit that the Modernist's desire to remain at all costs within the Church, a desire which of course he shared, acted as a bias on their perfect candour, and made them "far too ingenious."

"There is far more of the strong Puritan temper in the pig-headed destructive intransigence of Pius IX, whom I frankly admire."

Tyrrell indeed was a Modernist *malgré lui*. Loisy, for instance, could never have written the following passage:

"But, after all, destructive work does not demand such genius nor does it need more than the merest smattering of logic to be able to represent the beliefs of simple devotion in a ridiculous light, and to pull down in a moment what the labour of years cannot build up again. Even if vanity be not the motive, yet a well-meant but ill-judged desire to pluck up tares whose root fibres are tangled with those of the wheat will often issue in the same disaster."

If only the Voltairian element in Tyrrell's character had been less pronounced, he would have found no difficulty in settling down as an Orthodox Catholic, for his sympathy with tradition was so strong, and his distrust of the average light-hearted reformer so great, that

it was only the pressure of facts which forced him into alliance with men for whom he had no instinctive sympathy. Of the Catholic tradition, he writes:

"So much of that tradition derives from the working of scholastic curiosity in past ages; so much must crumble away under the touch of honest investigation that I simply cannot find it in my heart to blame those who simply stop their ears and refuse to listen to criticism in any shape or form. Few of our 'liberalizers' seem to 'sit down and count the cost.' I do not for a moment mean that we should bargain with truth, or stipulate that a method shall lead us so far and no farther; I only plead for a greater realization of the issues at stake than is common with our more light-hearted reformers, and a greater sympathy with the *instinctive* (even if not intelligent) repugnances of those whose temples and altars are doomed to a somewhat ruthless despoliation. The best hope, so far as I can see, is to be placed rather in the spirit of charity than in the spirit of criticism. As in our Lord's time, so now, that spirit may be trusted to work out its own implications in due season, and to effect noiselessly and quietly what criticism can only effect imperfectly and with much pain and distress of the simple. Mentally I am heart and soul with Abbé Loisy and his school, but I hope far more in the methods of Bonomelli; *Spiritus est qui vivificat.*"

Even after Tyrrell had been excommunicated he refused to join any other Church.

"They say," he wrote to a friend, "I am to be promoted from a minor to a major excommunication, but nothing will shake my bull-dog fidelity to the calf of my enemy's leg. 'I will never desert Mr. Micawber.'"

But his decision was sometimes sorely tried. He found it difficult to resist the spell of the Church of his baptism, and it was only loyalty to his friends, his party, and his convictions which prevented him from yielding. He often spoke of the "unspeakable relief" which he would have found in a return to Anglicanism. He saw in Anglicanism a Church destined to bridge over the gulf which sunders Protestantism from Catholic Christianity.

"One cannot go on with a withered heart and a bitter taste in one's mouth for ever. The rôle of the excommunicate

would harden me as much as the Jesuit rôle does, and that would be my rôle very soon if I left. Why should I hold on to a body which hates me and whose exclusive claims I no longer admit."

None the less he remained. He felt that his attempt to modernize Rome should be tried to the utmost, however hopeless success might seem. He knew that his secession would be a serious blow to the party working for that end, and that therefore his definite secession had to be avoided at the cost of any personal discomfort or privation.

Resisting, as he did, the spell of the Church in which he had been born, he had no difficulty in refusing to associate himself with any new experiments in religion.

To the author of a book entitled *A Free Catholic Church*, he pointed out that a new Catholicism would only be a new sect, and that the fault of the old Catholicism was that it was primarily a sect. And again when Bishop Vernon Herford founded the Church of Divine Love, in the hopes of making it a nucleus of Christian re-union, Tyrrell was extremely frank in expressing his dislike for the Bishop's scheme. He did not believe that re-union could be furthered by creating new divisions, and he was convinced that the only hope for effective re-union was to be sought in the work of men who were determined to remain "as far as honesty will stretch" in their several communions, and to continue their work in those communions for a broader and more tolerant conception of Christianity . . . "thus it may come to pass that these widening streams may at last debouche into a common ocean."

Civis Romanus sum. The Roman Catholic, however much he may criticize Rome, still retains the Roman pride in his association with the historic body, Catholic Christianity.

"Whom do you stand for?" Tyrrell asked Bishop Herford. "That is the question. Who and how many would acknowledge you as their representative? God's spirit is imminent in every Christian communion; but in a different measure. He

is with two or three who are organized into a body; but still more with two or three millions; and still more with a continuous world-wide, world-old organism like the Catholic Churches of East and West. And I feel sure that the spiritual power of a man is proportioned to that of the body whose organ he is. For that reason again I cannot sympathize with your isolation so far as it is not the result of persecution or necessity."

Tyrrell knew that freak religions and freak Churches can never survive. Why is it difficult even to add a single new prayer to the Prayer Book for special occasions? Not necessarily because the modern Bishop writes prose less finished than Cranmer's, but because the halo of tradition is lacking in "fabricated modern devotion." And the same is true of ritual. "Symbolism, like a language, must be of gradual growth. It cannot be invented like Esperanto."

Tyrrell's first troubles, significantly enough, arose from his attempt to soften the crudity of the Roman teaching on the subject of Hell. His article was delated to the Father General of the Jesuits, and Tyrrell was forbidden to write any further for the present. His views were declared to be "offensive to pious ears."

"I wish," writes Tyrrell, "Rome would either define pious ears, or give a list of them so that one might know. That the popular unauthorized presentation of hell offends really pious people and either drives or keeps them from the faith seems of no consequence so long as superstitions are not disturbed."

Tyrrell spent his life in a vain search for God, and in the hopeless attempt to discover some definition of the Deity. His letters and his books are full of attempts to find the satisfying formula.

"God," he writes in one place, "is an object of faith, not of knowledge or definition. We know him simply as that Will which we worship in obeying our conscience."

And again,

"God is the creative power that pushes everything on

towards its higher development; the principle of life and health and growth and truth and goodness. I know it, as I know electricity in its effects, not in itself. It is convenient to *think* of electricity as a fluid or current, for its effects suggest that image; and it is convenient to think or speak of God as an etherealized, immensified, infinitely wise, good and strong man. It works well. What he is in himself we cannot know owing to the fact that our minds are made for the physical, finite, material order of things."

Sometimes he seems to anticipate or to echo William James's solution. James, as is well known, criticized with great effect the belief in an omnipotent and omniscient God. James's God is a limited deity, the great leader of the armies of good rather than an olympian being supremely aloof from the struggle which his omnipotence could terminate when he pleased. Tyrrell sympathized with this conception.

"Perhaps that which strives in us," says Tyrrell, "which is thwarted and disheartened, and still strives blindly, is just God himself at war with the limited, breaking forth from his prison house at every chink and crevice—one and the same in all his manifestations. *Je n'en sais rien* . . . we can *say* 'infinite goodness,' 'infinite wisdom,' 'infinite power,' but the adjective destroys the substantive and leaves the mind vacant of any meaning."

Tyrrell's life is evidence of the fact that those who are most interested in the theory of religion, who are most anxious to discover some satisfactory formula of God, are usually those who find it most difficult to be personally devout.

"Knowledge about a thing," as William James remarked, "is not the thing itself. To understand the causes of drunkenness is not to be drunk," and it may be true that the man who lives a life of religion, "however narrowly, is a better servant than he who merely knows about it, however much."

The living faith which finds prayer easy has always been frankly anthropomorphic. "It may be," as Tyrrell suggests, "convenient to think of God as an etherealized, infinitely wise and good man." But prayer, which

is the essence of religion lived as a life rather than studied as a philosophy, is impossible so long as the disciple is groping for a definition of God. Tyrrell, when asked by a friend for his views on prayer, replied as follows:

"I do not know, and that is the simple truth. As to my practice, I have gradually grown dumb, partly from a sense of the fictitious character of all our notions of the Divine, and a desire to keep clear of unreality. Partly from a conviction that the verbal externation of our desires, however profitable when possible, is not the essence of prayer. Over much reflection on religious problems is bound to produce this paralysis. To use forms helpfully one must be able to forget that they are forms; to approach God as 'Our Father' one must not be too conscious of the hopeless inadequacy of the appellation."

Had Tyrrell's religious difficulties begun and ended with the failure to make God a reality, he need never have come into conflict with his Church, for his private difficulties would not have found public utterance. The breach occurred when he definitely adopted Loisy's Christology, even though he never followed Loisy in his extremer views.

The fundamental axiom on which Loisy based his Christology was the dogma that God never intervenes in history.

"L'historian n'a pas a s'inspirer de l'agnosticisme pour ecarter Dieu de l'histoire. Il ne l'y recontre jamais."

Loisy's reconstruction of the Life of Jesus provides abundant evidence of the well-known fact that those who approach the Gospel story with any preconceived dogma, either the dogma that God always intervenes, or Loisy's dogma that God never intervenes in history, are apt to ignore any fact which tells against their pet bias.

Loisy's views may be briefly stated as follows. The Virgin birth, the miracles and the resurrection are myths. Jesus himself was obsessed by the conviction that the world was shortly coming to an end. He went to

Jerusalem to proclaim himself as the promised Messiah, and confidently believed that his claim would be accepted. Instead of which he was executed.

"The supernatural life of Christ in the faithful and in the Church has been clothed in an historical form which has given birth to what might loosely be called the Christ of legend."

The Christ of faith and the Jesus of history have no correlation and need have no correlation. Historical truths, so Loisy and his disciples claim, belong to a different order to the truth of faith. Both truths have their value. The Resurrection of Christ means that we should think of him as our contemporary. We can still pray to Mary even though we know that the Mary of the Catholic faith has no relation to the historical Mary of Galilee.

Such is the Modernism of Loisy and his more extreme disciples, and those who know the facts will find it difficult to work up much indignation against the Roman Catholic authorities for refusing to condone such views. It is, in fact, impossible not to agree with the verdict of Dean Inge, who in religious matters is certainly no conservative.

"What more, it may well be asked, have the rationalist opponents of Christianity ever said in their efforts to tear up the Christian religion by the roots than we find here admitted by Catholic apologists? What is left of the object of the Church's worship if the Christ of history was but an enthusiastic Jewish peasant whose pathetic ignorance of the forces opposed to him led him to the absurd enterprise of attempting a *coup d'état* at Jerusalem. Is not Jesus reduced by this criticism to the same level as Theudas or Judas of Galilee, and if this is the true account, what sentiment can we feel when we read his tragic story but compassion tinged with contempt?"

Vain is the hope of the Modernist that faith can continue to be nourished on ideas which are admitted to rest on no historical foundation. The question, "Did it really happen?" is critical and demands a plain answer. The reply, "It did for faith, but not for history," is a

confession of bankruptcy. Religion cannot survive if founded on make-belief. The universe is not shaped anew by our will, and the faith of the Christian must, like the faith of the Scientist, rest on evidence and not on volition.

Within narrow limits the will to believe is justifiable, for the most valid proofs of religion are those which can only be discovered by men who make the venture of faith, and who test the belief based in the first instance on volition by the religious experience which follows belief. The will to believe is in itself no evidence for the facts believed; at best, it is a passport to a world of religious experiences, a world in which we may find proofs denied to men who never cross its frontiers.

Your friend is due home from a dangerous mission. Your will to believe that he is safe induces you to ring him up on the telephone, and his reply is a proof you would never have obtained had you not tested your faith experimentally. But though the will to believe has enabled you to discover valid proofs, it was not, in itself, a valid proof. Prayer is impossible to those who have no will to believe that there is someone at the other end, but it is the conviction of communion, not the desire to communicate which is evidence.

Faith must be based not on M. le Roy's "trans-historical symbols," but on facts. To quote Dean Inge once again:

> "Faith is on the practical side, just the resolution to stand or fall by the noblest hypothesis; and, on the intellectual side, it is a progressive initiation, by experiment which ends in experience into the unity of the good, the true, and the beautiful, founded on the inner assurance that these three attributes of the divine nature have one source and conduct to one goal."

VIII

Tyrrell's scepticism was more pronounced in his theology than in his Christology. He never discovered the satisfying formula for God, but he strikes a more confident note in his attempts to discover a trustworthy clue to the riddle of Christ.

Here again we must not fall into the facile error of assuming that because Tyrrell accepted Loisy's conclusions from the historical career of Jesus of Nazareth, no distinction need be drawn between Loisy's and Tyrrell's attitude towards the personality and the nature of Christ.

Loisy's Jesus is a deluded fanatic, and his attempts to contrast the Christ of faith with the Jesus of history and to imply that there need be no historic connections between Christ and Jesus, is a sorry attempt to bolster up Christianity after destroying the foundation on which Christianity is based.

It is perhaps worth remarking that the Apocalyptic passages are tolerant of a less drastic interpretation than that which Loisy suggests. Jesus may have prophesied, not the imminent end of the world, but the imminent end of one of the great ages of human history. In this case he was no false prophet, for the fall of the temple and the dispersion of the Jews closes a great chapter in the story of mankind. This suggestion has been brilliantly developed in the Rev. C. Milum's book, *Art Thou the King?* a book which may be recommended to those who do not wish to accept Loisy's theories, but who are unable to console themselves with the pious subterfuges with which writers such as Knox attempt to purge the Apocalyptic passages of all meaning.

Had Tyrrell been logical, he ought perhaps to have accepted Loisy's conclusions as well as his premises. His own mystical worship of Christ should logically have yielded to Loisy's cold-blooded verdict on the fanatic

who failed. But man is not logical, least of all in religion.

It was not the negative element in Loisy's Christology which attracted Tyrrell, but his positive repudiation of Liberal Protestantism. The Liberal Protestantism of Harnack was hostile to a mystical and sacramental conception of religion. Jesus, according to Harnack, was an ethical teacher and a moral reformer working for the establishment of the Kingdom of God. All that is perplexing, romantic, bewildering in the gospel story disappeared until nothing is left but a well-intentioned prophet with a high sense of man's duty towards God and his neighbour. The Liberal Protestant, as Tyrrell says, looks down the well of centuries and sees reflected from the bottom the face of a good German of the nineteenth century.

Tyrrell was revolted by this sober tempered Christology. Sceptic though he was, he remained to the last an instinctive supernaturalist. Moreover, his historical sense was offended by a theory which removed Jesus from his own century and from his own environment, and endowed him with a mental attitude and outlook which belonged to the nineteenth century. Jesus, so Tyrrell believed, was a Jew of the Jews with all the Jew's feelings for institutional religion. Jesus was a supernaturalist. He did not preach the Kingdom of God as an ethical ideal, but as a supernatural fact in which he believed just as he believed in his own existence.

Tyrrell welcomed Loisy's eschatology, not because he shared Loisy's bias against the supernatural, but because Loisy's criticism provided him with a useful weapon for smiting the anti-supernatural views of the German school.

For Tyrrell, Jesus was the most human figure in history, and precisely because his humanity was complete his outlook was that of a first century Jew, and not that of a twentieth century German, nor even for that matter of a twentieth century Italian Catholic.

"Why if God did not disdain the rôle of a poor man and a tempted man should he disdain that of an ignorant man wherein to reveal the spirit victorious over the very commonest of human limitations."

And again,

"What are the categories and conceptions of Jesus to us? Are we to frame our minds to that of a first century carpenter for whom nearly half the world and nearly the whole of history did not exist? Would the military genius of the past tie us down to his weapons and methods of warfare? Would he not rather have desired and hoped that every generation while retaining his spirit should improve on his methods? And would not such improvements be the work of his own spirit?"

Jesus is not a divine encyclopedia to whom we can turn for an infallible answer to every question, ethical, political and scientific.

"The vehicles and sacramental symbols through which the Spirit communicates itself are no part of the Spirit. The human frame and mind of Jesus, his local and temporal limitations of thought and knowledge were but the sacramental elements through which the influence of his Divine Spirit was mediated. To our age he would have spoken differently."

Precisely. "To our age he would have spoken differently," and the attempt to base a code of conduct on stray texts is absurd. The vital problem is to understand the spirit of Christ, which was the incarnate spirit of God, and that Spirit remains the same even though the *obiter dicta* of the human Jesus reflect the limitations of his age and environment.

Tyrrell's own belief about Christ might be summed up in Shelley's lines:

> "Life like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

The white radiance of Eternity is too dazzling for human eyes; man cannot look upon God unless his light is filtered through some medium, and the human mind of Christ was "a dome of many-coloured glass" through which the spirit of God reached mankind.

But there was nothing of the Unitarian about Tyrrell. He believed in Jesus as the unique incarnation of the Spirit of God. Others may have been inspired by that Spirit; Jesus was "the Spirit incarnate."

"So mastered and enslaved by the Spirit was Jesus, that his life was simply the life of the Spirit, his words the words of the Spirit. Against the Spirit he had no freedom, but only within the limits of the Spirit. . . . He was not a prophet speaking in the name of the Spirit but the Spirit itself in human form."

But Loisy could not have written the passage we have just quoted, and his conception of Jesus is very different from the Jesus of whom Tyrrell writes as follows:

"This, then, is the special characteristic of Christianity. It does not look back upon Jesus, as a Franciscan might look back upon St. Francis, as being the founder of the Society to which he belongs and the first example of that system of spirituality which has been handed down to him. It looks back upon Jesus as being the Divine Spirit revealing itself in human form; as himself the revelation of God; as communicating not his ideas or his doctrines but his very self, his spirit and personality to the soul, through the sacramental power of the Gospel and the Church. . . .

"That is what we do not find in that liberal Christianity for which Jesus is to the Christian only what Mohammed is to the Moslem—the founder and teacher of a Society, revealing and exemplifying a doctrine and a method. Hence a philosophic chill, which increases in the measure that criticism, puts Jesus back in his own century and surroundings."

Those who are familiar with Tyrrell's own works will find it easy to understand why Tyrrell chose to call himself a Catholic long after he had been excommunicated from the Roman Catholic Church. He continued to believe that Catholicism was truer to the idea of Jesus than any other religion.

"Catholicism is in substance, and to a large extent in form, true to the idea of Jesus; it develops the whole of that idea, and not merely certain elements in it. Catholicism preserves not only the ethical teaching of Jesus and his insistence on

inwardness, but likewise his outwardness, his supernaturalism, his belief and hope in the other world, his sacramentalism, and so forth. I do not say that all is development and that nothing is mere accretion or impurity; I say only that no essential element has been dropped. . . .

"It seems to me, then, that true Catholicism is more likely to be realized in one of the older, wider, more chaotic, more spontaneous religions than in any other of those more plausible simplifications which are shaped by a premature and somewhat *a priori* conception of what religion is and ought to be. Its chaos may contain more than is needed for the cosmos of law and order, but it is less likely to run short of the required elements."

IX

And on this note we can close. Tyrrell loved Catholicism in spite of Rome. His true self comes out not in his controversial writings but in his constructive appreciation of the Catholic mind and spirit. Accident placed Tyrrell in the forefront of the battle against Rome. Had fate been kinder he might have kept his doubts to himself, and his own peculiar compromise between orthodoxy and scepticism for the benefit of a few like-minded souls who sought his help in secret and in hours of trouble.

Tyrrell seems to have realized well enough that Rome would have signed her death warrant had she compromised with Loisy, and that the plausible simplifications of religion which are shaped by *a priori* reasoning may enable a few modern thinkers still to profess and call themselves Christians, but can never provide the vital evidence for a living religion.

The only religions which still influence the mass of men are those which draw generous drafts on the unseen. The Broad Church movement may provide a few modern men with the formula which enables them to remain within the Church, but will never evangelize the world.

The sadness which creeps into Tyrrell's works is due, I think, to his secret conviction that the Modernist's

attempt to retain the formulæ of religion after robbing these formulæ of their old meaning and their old significance, is doomed to failure.

"If you were leading," writes Bertrand Russell, "a thirsty caravan in the desert, and the usual wells had dried up, you might announce to the travellers that henceforth when you use the word water you would mean sand. If a little later you ran ahead excitedly and shouted, 'Water, water,' they would rush after you expecting to find a drink. This is the method of the Liberal Theologian."

This was not Tyrrell's method. He knew the difference between sand and water, and the tragedy of his life was the failure to prove to his own satisfaction that the distant oasis in the desert of unbelief was not mere mirage, but a well of living water.

RONALD KNOX

V

RONALD KNOX

I

I HAVE never understood why it is considered more correct to criticize the dead than the living: it is certainly safer, for the dead cannot reply. Father Knox, I am sure, would be the last to claim immunity from criticism, for his pen has a pungent point, and his most notable hits have owed their success to personalities. *Foundations*, a modernist symposium by leading Oxford divines, provoked that brilliant skit, one of the cleverest parodies in the language, *Absolute and Abitofhell*, but it was the divines rather than their views which gave Knox his splendid chance. Many Oxford men who have never read *Jesus according to Mark* can none the less quote Knox's epigrams on its author:

> "Who setting out the Gospel truths t' explain,
> Thought all that was not German, not germane:
> Whose queasy stomach, while it tried in vain
> Recorded miracles to entertain,
> Eschewing Luke, John, Matthew, and the rest,
> Read Mark, but could not inwardly digest."

Moreover, Father Knox is a public character. A man who publishes the log of his Rome-bound barque naturally invites discussion; Knox, indeed, deliberately challenges discussion. "I want," he writes, "to make a present of myself to the psychologist. Let him

burrow among my data and pounce triumphantly upon my characteristic intellectual perversions." Very well then. Let us proceed to burrow.

A Spiritual Æneid is interesting rather for its unconscious than for its conscious revelation. The reasons he gave for his change of creed are so unconvincing, that you feel he might have spared himself the trouble of writing a big book to account for a conversion which he is said to have explained in a single sentence: "I had to have some religion, and I couldn't stand Father's."

The *Spiritual Æneid* is interesting, but it is not the most successful of Knox's books, a view which, I believe, its author cordially endorses. His self-revelation is a little too disingenuous; he betrays ignorance of the technique of autobiography. For an autobiography is a novel of which the writer is the hero, and a novelist soon learns that it is useless to label his characters; he must show them in action. It is vain to explain that your hero is witty; the reader must be convinced of his wit by the dialogues in which the author reproduces his happier epigrams. Knox's later books show that he has mastered the elementary rules which govern successful characterization, rules which, however, he breaks systematically in the *Spiritual Æneid*. His autobiography is too full of labels, and the accusation of vanity which has been brought against the author is due less to real conceit than to faulty technique. A more experienced writer could have suggested a far more flattering portrait of himself without appearing to blow his own trumpet. He would, for instance, never have written such a sentence as this:

> "The Bishop did me the honour of suggesting that God had given me an intellectual apparatus superior to those of many around me."

A more experienced writer would have left his book to prove by internal evidence that his intellect was first-

class. It is, by the way, charitable to assume that the Bishop, and not Ronald Knox, considered "intellectual apparatus" an improvement on "intellect."

Knox is far too fond of labels. Instead of leaving the reader to discover from *Reunion All Round* that Knox has a pretty wit, he solemnly assures us that he has "a pressed down sense of humour," and "a great capacity for laughing at himself." He should have shown himself in action, busily engaged in poking fun at the more ludicrous aspects of R.A.K. Englishmen are too fond of making a public profession of their sense of humour. There is hardly an angry letter to the papers which does not conclude with the pious boast that the writer has a sense of humour and so can see the ridiculous side of his opponent. I once asked a Siamese Prince what most impressed him in England. He replied, "In Siam one man makes a joke and another man laughs at the joke, and the matter is ended. In England the man who makes the joke is proud, the man who laughs is prouder, and next day he writes to *The Times* to say that he has a sense of humour. In Siam we do not write to the papers to explain that we have a sense of sight, or of smell, or of hearing, or of humour, but we are very sorry for those who do not enjoy the full possession of all their senses."

Knox has more wit than humour. Humour is a sense of proportion, and the real humorist realizes that the trivial details of his life cannot be inflicted on the reader unless redeemed by some quaint conceit, or by the flavour of wit. Tyrrell was both humorist and wit, and Tyrrell could never have written this sentence.

> "The name of Rome has always for me stood out from any printed page merely because its initial is that of my own name. As early as I can remember red was my favourite colour, and robins and roses (perhaps ordinary tastes) shared the preference."

Both Tyrrell and Knox record their childish prayers. Here is Tyrrell's account:

"Pray, God, bless my own dear mamma and grandpapa and everyone I love, and make me a very good boy. Amen."

Tyrrell adds the comment which justifies the record of an otherwise commonplace incident:

"That was," he proceeds, "a sensible, businesslike prayer, and if I had stuck to it the last clause might have been answered. Some will complain of its theological poverty, but I doubt if Simon Peter and Co. prayed very differently."

Knox recalls the commonplace, but does not add the comment which makes the commonplace worth recording.

"Oh, God, I thank thee that thou hast heard all my prayers, and I pray thee that thou wilt forgive me all my sins, and that the hymns may be nice, and that I may attend to-day and ever after. Amen."

"I hope," adds Knox, "I shall not be accused of impiety towards a former self if I set this prayer down here."

Knox need not be alarmed. Impiety towards his former self will not shock the most devout of his readers.

II

Ronald Knox was born in 1888, and was educated in Eton and Oxford, where he carried off almost every academic prize for which he competed. Where Newman had to be content with a Second, Knox secured an easy First in Greats, besides winning the Hertford and Ireland Scholarships. But he was no bookworm. At Eton he edited the *Eton Chronicle*. School magazines are, I suppose, more interesting than parish magazines, but only a sensitive palate can detect these delicate shades of dullness. The *Eton Chronicle* under Knox was, however, a brilliant exception. In my Harrow days I deflected many a hard won sixpence from the purchase of ices to the *Eton Chronicle*, and I am sure Knox will agree that I could not have paid

his editorship a more delicate compliment, for the paper under his guidance was the only exception which I admitted to the Harrovian's rule of faith—" No good thing can come out of Eton."

He was elected to " Pop," the Eton aristocracy, a term before he was officially due for that honour as Captain of the School. At Oxford he was known as a brilliant debater, and the Unionist leaders, so he tells us, struggled to prevent the Church robbing their party of a brilliant recruit. " Toryism still had hopes of me," writes Knox with his customary contempt for the technique of the trumpet. He was, of course, President of the Union.

His social triumphs afforded him legitimate satisfaction. He was, perhaps, a little surprised to discover his popularity.

" Neither the scholar nor the poet," he writes, " in any school story that I ever read, was anything but unpopular. I was quite hopeless at all games, yet nobody ever tried to ' crush my originality ' or ' force me into a mould,' or do any of the harm public schools are generally supposed to do in the case of unusual temperaments. . . . I was extremely happy, and accepted everywhere at my own valuation as a very normal Etonian."

And why ever not? There is no need to force an open door, no need to force a Knox into the Eton mould, for, as he himself tells us, he was exceptional only in literary ability. Boys do not resent literary ability provided that it does not find expression in criticisms of their code. A wit with a pretty turn for parody, who is careful to spare the essential conventions, has nothing to fear at Eton or at any other school. Knox was accepted as a " very normal Etonian " for the good reason that boys are excellent judges of abnormality.

" Eton," as Knox shrewdly remarks, " fosters contempt for law and reverence for convention." If so, Knox was a typical Etonian. As a young priest he showed no respect for ecclesiastical law, and amused

himself and his friends at the expense of long-suffering bishops. But his "contempt for law" never reached the danger point where it might have been mistaken for "disrespect of convention."

Knox cherishes the innocent illusion that he is a desperate champion of lost causes. He labels himself as such more than once in his book, but it would have been more convincing to have shown himself in action in defence of a lost cause that required some real heroism to defend. We want a little more evidence for the "Catonic pleasure in the defeated cause," and for his alleged delight in "setting his head against the stream." Both at Eton and Balliol he floated very pleasantly down the social stream, and confined himself to defending causes which had been mislaid rather than lost, overlooked because they were dead issues rather than opposed because they were dangerous. The romantic, the picturesque appeal to Knox, and, of course, you may defend King Charles at Eton without suffering any discomfort, for schoolboys regard Cromwell as a cross between a Dissenting Minister and a Radical Politician. Had Knox championed Kruger in "Pop," or had he urged during the war the claims of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria to be the legitimate heir of the Stuarts, he would have had ample opportunity to discover the distinction between a Catonic and a Platonic regard for the losing side.

Knox flirted, it is true, with Socialism at Oxford, but then Socialism was rather the fashion before the Bolshevists showed a practical application of those academic theories which Knox handled so gracefully at the Fabian. But Knox was never really a Socialist, only a Tory Democrat who succeeded in belonging, not only to the Fabian Society, but to a Socialist Club composed mainly of Etonians for which G. D. H. Cole would certainly have been blackballed, and also to the Canning Club which upheld at Oxford the true blue Tory creed.

Nor is Catholicism, English or Roman, a lost

cause. The Bishops seem to be prepared to oblige the Anglo-Catholics in everything except their desire for a few picturesque first division martyrs. The Anglo-Catholics are winning all along the line; Roman Catholicism is even more respectable, for it is the one creed which a self-respecting Georgian can profess in literary and artistic circles without writing himself down as hopelessly Victorian.

I am sure that Knox would cheerfully suffer martyrdom for his creed, but he has not yet qualified for the martyr's crown. He was deservedly popular both at Eton and Balliol, nor has his social success been interrupted by his conversion. Had he felt a sudden call to the Baptist Ministry, his convictions would have been more severely tested, and he might then have provided us with evidence for his alleged love of swimming against the stream. But there is nothing unfashionable in joining the Church of Rome.

III

"At Balliol," says Knox, "I threw myself into the life, or rather lives of the place with a fervour which puzzled my friends and occasioned justifiable misgivings to my tutor." He was elected to "The Annandale Society," a Balliol Club which carries on the exclusive traditions of "Pop" with a few additional frillings. "Its atmosphere," says Knox, "was one of energetic rowing, hard drinking, plain dressing, occasional gambling, and unexpected because apparently unmerited academic triumphs." "The Anner," as it was known for short, did not "avoid friction with the authorities," nor were the members of this Club popular with the rest of the College. Their collective brilliance was a shade aggressive for quiet tastes. Sometimes the aggressiveness developed into overt acts which provoked prompt reprisals, and finally it was suggested to "The Anner" that they would do well

to consolidate their position by broadening the basis of their membership. A few names were canvassed, and it was decided to approach the more distinguished of those people from other schools than Eton, and perhaps to throw in one or two of the quieter Etonians. The House of Lords, in fact, proceeded to the creation of five hundred Liberal peers to avoid dissolution by the Master of Balliol. Ronald Poulton, the famous Rugby International, was approached, but he refused the invitation with an abruptness that gave much needless pain. Ronald Knox was invited to join, and accepted with alacrity, so the reformed Upper House of Balliol boasted at least one Spiritual Peer.

Knox has left us an amusing picture of his varied activities. The reader, he explains, "must imagine me setting out, my dinner scarcely eaten, to a meeting of the Strafford. . . . There was just time to drain my glass of port ('no heelers' were the correct thing) in memory of King Charles."

We catch another glimpse of Knox at the Conservative Canning Club "with its traditional mulled claret and churchwarden pipes," the latter, of course, "jealously affected" by Ronnie Knox.

It is easy to fill in the gaps, and to realize the rôle which Knox played on the Oxford stage. Welcomed everywhere for his wit and social genius, he associated with the best of Oxford. He was not aggressively exclusive, for he did not confine himself to Etonians. He "drifted naturally into a second circle where other schools were represented"—my own school, I was grieved to discover, does not appear even in this second circle.

At Balliol there was a "Ronnie Knox" cult. We quoted his epigrams and chuckled over them. Not to have heard Ronnie's latest before it became Ronnie's last but one, stamped you as unknown. Few men of his intellectual gifts have made a more graceful, or a less profound, impression on Oxford life.

The *Spiritual Æneid* is, of course, not a mere

chronicle of social successes. But though Knox's religious evolution is the main theme of his autobiography, we can still be grateful for his vivid portrayal of the social background, a background which, perhaps, explains more than he suspects.

The Eton chapters contain some shrewd comments on Public School religion, and describe the author's gradual progress from the sober Evangelicism of the home circle to Tractarianism. The College Matron, a lady with Anglo-Catholic convictions, hastened what would in any event have proved an inevitable development.

The youthful Knox amused himself, as others have done before him, with a few innocent ritualistic experiments. He burnt joss sticks in front of religious prints, and even attempted a prolonged fast. His abstinence, of course, passed among his school-fellows "simply as a criticism on the quality of the food provided. They must have thought that I made good by 'socking' down town." At the age of seventeen he took a vow of celibacy. "Conscious for the first time," writes Knox, "how my nature craved for human sympathy and support, I thought it my obvious duty to deny myself that tenderest sympathy which a happy marriage would bring."

A strange *non sequitur*. Why should Knox consider it his "obvious duty" to deny himself a sacrament which provided the "human sympathy and support" for which "he craved"? In those days he had not even the excuse of a vocation for a celibate priesthood, but he certainly possessed the instincts of a Catholic Puritan. His reasons for celibacy recall Kenneth Hare's epigram:

> "The Puritan through life's sweet garden goes,
> He plucks the thorn and casts away the rose,
> And thinks to please by this peculiar whim
> The God who fashioned it, and gave it him."

At Oxford, Knox moved rapidly from the restrained Ritualism of Cowley to the more advanced ceremonial of St. Barnabas. All roads lead to Rome, but Knox

never sighted the lonely road which Newman had travelled to the same goal. Newman began with the overpowering certainty of "two and only two luminously self-evident Beings, myself and my Creator." From that first great premise he moved slowly forward until he had convinced himself that the Roman Church was the Church which Christ had founded. He feared rather than loved God. Hell was as great a reality to his mind as the existence of his Maker, and the Catholic Church seemed to him God's chosen instrument for saving men from eternal torment. He regarded the Church as a means, not an end. You never find in his writings that devotion to the Church for its own sake that characterizes the born institutionalist. He is free from that occupation with the accidentals of faith which excite in weaker minds so much unbalanced enthusiasm. No contrast could be greater than the contrast between the Catholicism of Newman and the Neo-Catholicism of those whose creeds has been summed up in nine words: "There is no God and Mary is his mother."

Newman, then, became a Catholic, first because he believed in God, and secondly because he was convinced that the Catholic Church was God's instrument of salvation. Knox, on the other hand, believed in God because he had decided to champion the Church.

"At any time," he writes, "since I was seventeen, I have had temptations against the faith, not so much against particular articles in the creed, as against the whole system of religion: the existence of God and the survival of the soul after death have always been the doctrines which, in this sense, presented difficulties to me, though so many people find it easy and natural to believe in them even (so far as that is thinkable) apart from the grace of faith."

Knox, then, did not begin with a conviction of the reality of God. He began with the Church. His temperament needed a party, a romantic cause to give colour and interest to life.

"When I was at Balliol," he writes, "we used to adapt the phrase 'I hold no brief for So-and-So' in a positive way: thus

we said that Charles Lister had a brief for Socialism, Julian Grenfell for sport, and so on. At that time (having several briefs of my own) I used to argue that to hold no briefs was to be less than a man."

Catholicism was the first and most enduring of those briefs, defended often with the same paradoxical brilliance which amused Knox's friends at the Oxford Union. Knox, it seems, accepted God just as the Imperialist accepts Colonial Preference. God was one of the planks in the party programme.

Knox was a born institutionalist; for Knox an institution is an end in itself. The Church nominally exists to save souls. Institutionalists always behave as though souls were created to save the Church.

If you wish to discover the appeal which religion made to Ronald Knox you should turn to page 66 of *A Spiritual Æneid*.

"Of the early morning celebrations in Pusey House Chapel I have the most grateful memories. To have dashed out of college through the chill mists of a November morning, to dive in suddenly from the street by a door that looked shut but was open, to mark on the stairs the wet footprints of fellow-devotees on bare oilcloth, then suddenly to emerge from the neglected back passage into carpeted floors and pictures and the comforts of habitation; to hurry upstairs again, and so into the little green panelled chapel, and to worship there with the 'few righteous men' of the University kneeling all round you—it conveyed a feeling, to me most gratifying, of catacombs, oubliettes, Jesuitry, and all the atmosphere of mystery that had fascinated me so long.'

Religion, which to Newman was the one awful reality in a world of unrealities, appears to have been little more for Ronald Knox than a gratifying feeling of mystery, catacombs and Jesuitry, combined, of course, with endless opportunities for high spirited "rags."

"Bobby Palmer," to quote again from *A Spiritual Æneid*, "once visited Caldey with me, and said that a stranger listening to the conversation might have imagined 'bishops' to be the name applied to some secret band of criminals."

That remark explains the charm of Anglo-Catholicism

for the undergraduate. Anglican Bishops exist to be baited; theologians to provide Knox with epigrams. It is all very jolly. It must be great fun to keep your friends waiting for lunch while you are occupied "in saying quint." You can imagine the pleasant evenings devoted to port, bananas and new schemes for an English Breviary, "a book of uncommon prayer" intended to replace the dreary compilation of Cranmer's prayers. One figures Knox lying on the hearthrug talking with brisk animation on the question of the hour. At what precise point should Ablutions be taken? It would really be great fun to transfer the eucharistic Amen to the end of the Canon. How on earth can one manage to interpolate large chunks of the Latin Mass while saying aloud the rotten Anglican rite and yet contrive to complete Low Mass within thirty minutes *ab amictu ad amictum?* It is all such fun. There is nothing in Knox's writings to suggest that he is writing about Jesus of Nazareth. About the founder of the Catholic Church, perhaps, but not about the man whose personality transformed the world, and whose unique character has left a deeper impression on many books written by men who do not profess and call themselves Christians than on the sparkling pages of the *Spiritual Æneid*. The ecclesiastical trappings hide and obscure the human Christ. Jesus, according to Ronald Knox, is a mere lay figure. He fulfils his rôle by founding the Roman Church, and by bequeathing to Peter full powers of attorney. His sufferings provide a valuable reserve at the Treasury of Merits, on which the Pope has power to draw at will. The queer logic-chopping legalistic interpretation of the Incarnation which is the basis of scholastic theology has much more attraction for Knox than the personality of Jesus. Christ, as the second Adam, is a useful peg on which to hang a sermon, devoted to the disobedience of Eve and the consequent damnation of the great majority of Eve's children. But in all that Knox writes there is not one picture of Jesus the man. You never see him stooping

down and writing in the dust. You never see the dawn of hope on the face of the woman who at the eleventh hour has found a friend, or the uneasy resentment in the eyes of vindictive men deprived of the respectable satisfaction of stoning a good-looking adulteress. The gospels are full of pictures. Knox's sermons are full of party points. Knox's Jesus never comes to life. His secret, his simplicity, the magic of his words, an alchemy which transformed all values and changed the world, finds no place in Knox's scheme. You hear a great deal about his Mother, for Our Lady has become the patron of a party, whereas Christ was never a party leader, which is perhaps why he makes so shallow an impression on the mentality of a party politician, lay or ecclesiastic.

To understand a character, he should be observed both in sympathetic and unsympathetic surroundings. Knox has shown us the kind of setting in which he shone: fortunately he is candid enough to reveal himself in a less congenial environment.

The Student Christian Movement—inaccurately termed by Knox " The Student Volunteer Movement " —was holding its annual camp at Baslow. " Persons of all creeds were admitted so long as they acknowledged Jesus Christ to be God." Tractarians, Methodists and Evangelicals rubbed shoulders and joined together in extempore prayers.

Baslow (or Swanwick, where the camp is now held) is a real test of Christian fundamentals. If you are more interested in the triumph of Christianity than in the victory of your particular party, you will greet as a brother some enthusiastic Dissenter from a Grammar School, even though Eton and Balliol had produced you and the Anglo-Catholics shaped your soul. But Baslow is not a spiritual home for men like Knox. He tells us frankly that he did not enjoy " the gipsy existence," hated the extempore prayer, distrusted the " devotional harangues," and " did not like the pious young men."

Of course it was all very vulgar and hearty, very different to the chaste joys of High Mass at Cowley.

Nothing at Baslow recalled " the Bodley Gothic, the Solesmes Chant, the solemn ceremonies, and, above all, the friends you met there Sunday after Sunday "—friends, one imagines, very different from " the pious young men " that annoyed Knox with their fervour.

Knox was unhappy and would have been even more melancholy, had not the Mirfield Community sung the Offices of the Church for the benefit of the Catholic minded, but even this consolation was marred by the unseemly enthusiasm of a Welsh Revivalist Meeting in a neighbouring tent. The Plain Song Compline was rudely interrupted by the echoes of their undisciplined emotions, perhaps (who knows?) by the distant refrain:

> " Jesus for me, Jesus for me,
> All the time, everywhere, Jesus for me."

Knox recalls the Baslow episode with secret pride disguised by the tiresome affectation of " pleading guilty " to things of which the writer is really vain. Knox makes too frequent use of this device. He refers, for instance, to the " fatal germs of a literary talent." Why " fatal "? Why not write, quite simply, the " hopeful germs of a literary talent." He heralds his confession of dislike for the " pious young men " of Baslow and for their extempore prayers by the remark " I think I must have a kink somewhere in my constitution." This, in plain English, means " I would have you know that though devout I am not vulgar in my devotions."

Chesterfield makes some shrewd comments on people " who confess themselves into all the cardinal virtues by first degrading them into weaknesses and then owning their misfortune in being made up of these weaknesses." It would make for literary lucidity if writers resolved only to open a sentence with the words " I confess " if the sentence really contained a confession of failings of which they were really ashamed.

If Knox had analysed instead of apologizing for his reactions against Baslow he might have found at Baslow yet another argument for Catholicism. For Catholicism

succeeds in its appeal to youth, precisely because it is less smug than most forms of Christianity. It has more affinity with the older faiths which Christianity displaced, and those faiths had at least one redeeming virtue. They were not smug. Christianity has emphasized exclusively the ideal of holiness, and its failure to capture the whole-hearted allegiance of youth is due to the fact that very few young men are ambitious to be considered holy. The appeal of the older religions was less spiritual, but also less narrow than the appeal of Christianity. The priests of ancient Rome were not vexed by the preponderance of pious ladies at their ceremonies, for the religion of Rome appealed to men. It was based primarily on patriotism, on the military virtues of courage and discipline, virtues which, unlike sanctity, the average man is anxious to acquire. The cry "how can we fill our temples" was not heard in ancient Greece, for the Greek religion expressed to perfection the aspirations of that wonderful race, their passionate love of beauty, their indifference to sanctity, and their devotion to the ideal, which for the Greek was religion, the development of the perfect mind in the perfect body.

Religion in Greece never produced a saint, built a hospital, or freed a slave, but it solved a problem which has baffled Christianity. It appealed instinctively to youth. It associated religion not with holiness, but with sport, for the great Olympic Games were religious festivals, and the successful athlete, not the saint, was the greater ideal.

Perhaps Anglicanism might be more effective if it borrowed a hint from Greece, if it realized that sport is the real religion of nine Englishmen out of ten. The Boat Race *is* a religious festival, why not associate it with official religion? Why not bless the oars with which the crews perform their sacred rites? Why not inaugurate the race with a great religious procession from Westminster to Putney?

One of many points of contrast between pagan faiths

and Christianity has not been adequately recognized. Religion may be either a business proposition, a method of obtaining material advantages from the gods, or it may be the conscious pursuit of a moral ideal by self-discipline and self-denial. In the first sense the pagans were more religious than most Christians; in the second sense the normal Englishman of to-day who never goes to Church is no less religious than the average Catholic in the ages of faith, even though he has replaced the ten commandments by one categorical imperative: "Thou shalt play the game."

On the balance Christianity has probably not suffered from concentrating exclusively on the moral attributes of God. God may be as interested in the æsthetic and intellectual aspects of Creation as the moral. The Nicene Creed may express only one element of the whole truth, and may need to be supplemented by the *confessio fidei* of the dying artist in *The Doctor's Dilemma:*

> "I believe in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of colour, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art which these hands have made blessed."

But Christianity has probably gained in energy by narrowing its appeal. Religion has no need to teach the normal man to admire the athlete. The Church can safely leave the artist to express his vision of beauty in paint, or in stone, or in song. The young man naturally aims at athletic prowess, and the artist naturally aspires after self-expression, but few men are virtuous by the light of nature, and morality therefore needs more effective sanctions than art or sport. The great discoveries in medicine or science have been the work of specialists, and perhaps Christianity owes such success as it has achieved to specializing on one aspect of the Divine.

It may be desirable, as is sometimes suggested, that Christians should abandon all hope of converting the

world, and should be content to remain a spiritual leaven, showing by their example and influence the power of spiritual values.

But such despairing proposals would not have been understood in ancient Greece, and would certainly not appeal to the modern Roman Catholic. The Greek was naturally religious, for he believed in the gods and considered it prudent to enlist their support. There was no need for a Young Men's Pagan Association in Greece, for every Greek would have been eligible for the Y. M. P. A. The Greek did not feel self-conscious when he went to the temple to pray, for there is nothing smug in the attempt to enlist the sympathy of Venus for your love affairs. It is only when religion ceases to be identified with the bribery of the gods, and begins to be identified with a moral code embarrassing in its demands, that the religious man is exposed to the criticism of the unregenerate.

The contrast between these two types of religion may be illustrated by the changes through which the word "pious" has passed. Æneas, Knox's hero, invariably introduces himself by the proud boast "Sum pius Æneas." Knox, on the other hand, frankly dislikes the pious young men of Baslow. Piety to Æneas merely meant the fulfilment of certain religious duties which produced a reasonable state of mind in the gods. Piety to-day is associated with a standard of personal sanctity.

Catholicism is certainly nearer the Greek ideal of religion. It is more matter of fact, less dependent on emotion, more a matter of routine and discipline than of ecstasy and sentiment. It provides the specialist with all that he needs, monasteries for the experts in holiness, retreats for the intermittently devout, but it does not expect all men to live on this exalted plane. It has learned, as Tyrrell says, "to recognize and allow for and provide for the non-religious temperament."

The young man can attend Mass in much the same spirit that the Greek attended the Temple. His attendance need not be interpreted as an active desire to

bear witness to Christ. It may merely be a business-like insurance against Hell fire. The sterner view of God which is still taught in the Catholic Church has at least one redeeming advantage. It relieves religion from the taint of smugness, for it is merely common sense to fall in with the wishes of a Deity who may send you to Hell if you fail to satisfy his demands.

The Roman Church commands the passionate loyalty of men who make no pretence of living a moral life in conformity with her moral standards. Catholicism is too wise to cater only for the consistent. She is glad to retain the allegiance of men who believe in the Church not as a life but as the representative of authority, as the bulwark against Socialists, Jews or Freemasons, as the eternal symbol of the *Ancien Régime*. Men are loyal to Catholicism as they are loyal to school, college or regiment. A young Englishman will seldom proclaim with conscious pride that he is a regular communicant, but a young Frenchman of noble birth once assured me with enormous satisfaction that he had just been to Mass. "All our family are Catholics. We belong to the *Ancien Régime*." A little naïve, but rather touching in its unaffected snobbery. In France the young man who is *bien pensant* is a Catholic. Catholicism is one of the group of beliefs which the best people profess. You are a Catholic, because your father was in the cavalry, and because your uncles supported a forward policy against the Germans, and because you hate Jews and Freemasons, and because you are convinced that Dreyfus was guilty.

All of which helps to divest Catholicism of that taint of smugness which Knox found so trying at Baslow. And Anglo-Catholicism owes much of its appeal to similar causes. Religion must be romantic to appeal to youth. Youth needs a party leader with a dash of rebel. Christ was a rebel once, but Christianity soon translated his rebellion into orthodoxy. The wise preacher will therefore refrain from urging youth to bear witness in

their lives to Christ. This sort of thing is all very well in the books, but goes down better at Baslow than at Oxford. It is far more promising to urge the young to bear witness to the Bishop of Zanzibar. Anglo-Catholicism attracts the undergraduate because it offers such gorgeous possibilities for defying the conventions, if it be only the conventions of Victorian Anglicanism. There is nothing inspiring about the family pew during Matins, and few sights less romantic than Father breathing decorously into his top hat as the parson tunes up for the "Dearly Beloved." The Anglo-Catholic moves in another world; he can attend Benediction and combine religion with defiance. Religion becomes a jolly conspiracy, the Bishops a "secret band of criminals." There is nothing smug, nothing humdrum, nothing conventional about Anglo-Catholicism. It has recaptured the atmosphere of crusades without which religion can hardly survive. And its success is no little due to the fact that the Oxford Movement was a revival not only of Catholic doctrine, but also of beauty. Beauty in many forms, stone, music, in ritual and in art has been enlisted in the service of the faith. Many who are indifferent to Catholic doctrine retain their affectionate loyalty for Catholicism, because Catholicism appeals not only to the moral but to the æsthetic instincts of her disciples. Catholicism appeals to the artist because the artist is never a rationalist, he knows that he can only express beauty by inadequate symbol. He knows that the non-significant singing in a Catholic Cathedral is infinitely saner than the rationalism of hymns composed for the service of the Ethical Society. He knows that the attempt to rationalize religion always ends in failure, for the rationalists do not need religion, and those who need religion are not enslaved to reason.

IV

Knox took a First in Greats and was appointed chaplain to Trinity College. He lost no time in advertising his Roman leanings. To call him an "Anglo-Catholic" would be unjust to Anglo-Catholicism, for he never deserved the national prefix. He was a Roman at heart long before he became a Roman in fact.

Anglo-Catholicism, like Roman Catholicism, has its cleavages of opinion. The gulf which separated Newman from the Ultramontanes was no wider than the chasm which divides the scholarly Catholicism of men like Bishop Gore, who not only appeal to, but actually read the Early Fathers, from those who think that modern science and modern thought can be dismissed with a few smart epigrams.

There are able, as well as devoted, men among the extreme Romanizers, and there is, perhaps, nothing patently inconsistent in their desire to remain as a leaven of Romanism in the Church of England, and thereby to hasten that corporate submission of Anglicanism to Rome which is only delayed by individual secession.

The Romanizers, who remain in a Church which has become the "nest of so much vileness," Romanizers

> "In cui reviva la semente santa
> Di quei Roman che vi rimaser quando
> Fu fatte il nido di malizia tanta"

deserve more sympathy than they receive from the Church to which they belong in fact if not in practice.

Knox soon became a prophet among the more light-hearted and irresponsible members of this school. He made no secret of his contempt for the more cautious tactics of those who only move with the *Church Times*, and who realize that Rome cannot be rebuilt in a day. He threw himself with gusto into the campaign and extracted endless amusement from baiting bishops, from

proving Mariolatry to be implicit in the Thirty-nine Articles, and from brilliant squibs at the expense of all who did not share his views. But, of course, he had his more solemn moments.

"Not for us," he writes, "not for us the glamour of the seven hills, and the confidence of membership living and actual in the Church of the Ages; we cannot set our feet upon the rock of Peter, but only watch the shadow of Peter passing by and hope that it may fall upon us and heal us."

The Knox of this period would deserve more sympathy had he tested his religion experimentally by hard work in a poor parish. Ritualism is never ridiculous when it is the expression of faith *and* work. It is absurd only when the ritual itself becomes an end rather than a means. Even Tyrrell, who retained to the end the old Irish Protestant suspicion of ritualism, could write with affectionate reverence of Father Dolling, who is said to have expressed his readiness to stand on his head in a biretta if this exhibition would win a single soul to Christ.

"All those pettinesses which make ritualism ridiculous, Dolling swept through with a magnanimous disregard for laws and whims, which was very appalling both to Protestant and Catholic. He was equally willing to hold a prayer-meeting or a High Mass according as he thought it would help the persons in question more. 'The Sabbath for man, not man for the Sabbath' was the keynote of his broad, human-hearted religion."

Even the most Protestant of critics must concede that many of the more extreme Romanizers share with the more moderate of the Anglo-Catholics, such as Dolling, the credit of lives inspired by unceasing self-sacrifice and devotion.

The Oxford Movement was a revival, not only of ritual and Catholic doctrine, but also of hard work. The early Victorian parson was often lazy and self-indulgent, failings with which few disciples of the Oxford Movement can be charged. A Communion

Service once a week at the comfortable hour of eleven-thirty a.m. may be more in accordance with Anglican formularies than a daily Low Mass before eight a.m. If I were a priest I should find excellent canonical precedents for resisting the insidious heresy of getting out of bed every morning at six-forty-five a.m.

Hard work always arouses respect. Doctrines matter little. It is a mistake to deduce from the success of the Catholic revival the truth of Catholic dogmas. Devotion, sincerity, self-sacrifice and love of humanity never fail to win disciples to any religion whose leaders possess these qualities. It matters little what a man preaches provided that his church is the one oasis of beauty in a sordid slum. Men who voluntarily adopt a party platform which excludes them from preferment, and which condemns them to a life of unceasing self-sacrifice may be allowed to settle with their Bishops their doctrinal differences from orthodox Anglicanism.

But Ronald Knox has no such claim to be immune from criticism, for he lived a pleasant easy life as a Romanizer. Had he joined an East End Church, the contact with reality might have had a salutary effect. A priest who has tested his creed experimentally by contact with sin, suffering, poverty and crime soon ceases to feel an absorbing interest in the mere externals of his faith. But a clerical Don lives remote from these crude actualities, and has too much time for the mere politics of religion.

When Knox began to preach at Trinity, an undergraduate exclaimed after an early sermon, "Such fun! The new Fellow's been preaching heresy. All about Transubstantiation."

"Such fun!" That is the keynote of Knox's career as an Anglican priest. Little wonder that undergraduates treated him as an institution.

"When I began to be at home on Wednesday evenings with coffee and port and barrow-loads of bananas, even official restraints slipped away, and I felt myself an undergraduate once more."

He began to make proselytes. Two of his young friends had already adopted "what I heard (and shuddered to hear) described as 'Ronnie Knox's religion.'" Of course he read the full office of the Latin Breviary daily and also the Anglican rite, which latter he regarded "as a penance for the schismatical acts of my forefathers." A friend of Knox's, when asked how he was, replied, "Oh, just as usual, a week ahead with the Breviary, and a week behind with the Prayer Book."

Such fun!

His activities are described in a chapter headed "Enfant Terrible," but Knox was a very innocent Enfant Terrible, and caused the Bishops far less anxiety than he seemed to suppose. At the beginning of the Oxford Movement, W. G. Ward produced a violent sensation very different from the amused indulgence extended to men like Knox.

It was about this time that a group of Oxford theologians published *Foundations*, an attempted restatement of Christianity in terms of modern thought. This book gave Knox a magnificent opening.

Absolute and Abitofhell, which first appeared in the pages of the Oxford Magazine, is perhaps the finest satiric poem which theological controversy has ever produced. No anthology of English humorous verse would be complete without it. The style of Dryden is caught to perfection; the epigrams are magnificent, the wit unforced and brilliant. Controversy, whether theological or political, has seldom produced a more scintillating sally.

Knox followed up *Absolute and Abitofhell* with *Some Loose Stones*, a witty if not profound defence of conservative theology against the attacks of the Liberals. There is much in this book which provides an interesting clue to Knox's own mentality, and I shall return to *Some Loose Stones* at the conclusion of this essay. For the moment I will only remark that this book contains a great many witty and some few shrewd remarks.

There is, for instance, considerable force in Knox's criticism of modern restatement of Christianity.

"And it is not as if in 'restating our religion,' we made it easier to understand. Christianity made easy is by no means Christianity made simple. The ordinary doctrine of the Atonement is a thing you can carry in your head. But if you adopt Mr. Moberly's view of the Atonement, you would have to read the chapter over again at the beginning of each Holy Week to remember what it is all about. . . . Orthodox theology, however difficult it may be to *fathom*, can be *stated* on half a sheet of note-paper."

Knox followed up his success with *Reunion All Round*, a brilliant parody of Swift.

Then came the war. The Bishops decided against the adoption of a combatant status by the clergy. Fortunately, the Bishops, for once, agreed with St. Thomas.

"I did not wait a moment," writes Knox, "upon episcopal decisions; I turned up St. Thomas and discovered that the profession of arms was forbidden to the clergy except, as in France, under coercion. St. Thomas represented the Western Church, the Church to which I owed allegiance."

Knox did not volunteer for service as a chaplain because he disliked the anti-Sacramentalist attitude which dominated the Chaplains' Department, and feared that his behaviour would involve him in a Field Punishment. He consoled himself with the romantic proposal that he should go to Germany and minister to the spiritual needs of our prisoners. This proposal was politely declined. He had, however, "something positive to show." He prayed an hour a day for various participants in the war, and designed a scheme so as to include twelve divisions of five minutes each. He sent the whole to the Society of St. Peter and St. Paul with the suggestion that each division should have a picture of a clock in front of it, the hands arranged for the various intervals. Half the profits were handed over to the Prince of Wales' Fund, and *An Hour at the Front* sold very well indeed.

A scheme which would have provided our soldiers with an hour away from the front would perhaps have sold even better.

V

Knox, for a short period, was a schoolmaster at Shrewsbury. His enthusiasm for the Church of England was rapidly waning. His father persuaded him to read Salmon's *Infallibility of the Church*, but Knox was merely irritated.

It was suggested that he should discuss his difficulties with Lord Halifax, and he accordingly paid him a visit in company with Father Child. Knox and Child came down to dinner gorgeously arrayed in "cassock and ferraiulo," "priests (it was impossible not to feel) in a Catholic household." However, the appearance of Father Martindale, a Roman Catholic priest, casually attired in the well-worn evening dress of a parson, seemed to have reinforced doubt which even cassock and ferraiulo were impossible to allay. Knox unburdened his soul to Father Martindale as the latter packed next morning. Father Martindale was busy and apparently none too interested. He listened as Knox unfolded his doubts of the Anglican position, and gave the reply which Roman Catholics invariably give on such occasions. He pointed out—while flinging a pair of slippers into his bag—that dissatisfaction with Anglicanism was not a sufficient qualification for reception into the Roman Church. And having made this obvious remark he sat down heavily on an overflowing bag and squeezed the lock into position.

Knox, however, was very much impressed:

> "I caught my breath. . . . I had come to imagine the Church of Rome demanded no more as a test of membership than a decent doubt about Anglicanism."

Father Martindale, one feels, could have entertained

no doubts about Knox's ultimate conversion, and might have consoled him with a quotation from Knox's beloved Æneid:

"Durate et vosmet rebus servate secundis."

Knox lost no time in acquiring the necessary qualifications for the Church of Rome. "The decent doubt about Anglicanism" grew, and the indecent doubts about Rome disappeared. During September, 1916, Ronald Knox was received into the Church of Rome.

VI

Knox's reception caused no great stir. Anglicans shrugged their shoulders, and expressed the hope that Roman discipline might sober the light-hearted rebel who had remained an undergraduate at heart long after he had become a Don in fact.

Indeed, the whole attitude towards seceders has radically changed since the conversion of Newman and his disciples spread dismay and fear through the ranks of Anglicanism. The tearful entreaties to hesitate, to reconsider the fatal decision, were natural enough in the days when the whole success of the Oxford Movement seemed imperilled by Newman's secession. But Anglo-Catholicism to-day gains rather than loses by the secession of extremists. And so the departing convert is speeded on his way by the good wishes of the Church of his baptism. "Spare us your sighs, your hesitations and your regrets. Let us have no looking back, no loitering on the threshold. We have our work to do and no time to waste in heartening the half-hearted."

Knox has learned many things since his conversion. He has learned, for instance, that Rome indignantly repudiates the very arguments which led Knox to Rome.

It is, for instance, heretical to assert that the supernatural order is "something to which Reason is not the

key more than the sense." It is highly unorthodox to affirm that "the Divine mysteries, capable as they are of being stated in reasonable terms, do not lie at the end of any chain of pure thought," for the mystery of the Mass, as Father Boeder explains, lies at the end of as convincing a chain of syllogisms as the most hardened Rationalist could desire.

Knox tells us that he falls back upon a doctrine that "faith is a gift." The sceptic will reply "So is credulity." Again Knox writes:

> "I believe in the Christian 'revelations,' because I believe, by faith, in Christianity; I disbelieve Buddhist 'revelations' on the same principle and no other."

This is, of course, very jolly and conclusive for Knox, but Knox lives in England, and I do not imagine that such reasoning would be effective in the conversion of Buddhists.

Rome, of course, knows that an egocentric religion has no propaganda value, and consequently Rome, as explained in the first chapter, officially bases her creed on the appeal to reason.

It is amusing to discover that Knox, while attempting to score off the Modernists, has only succeeded in caricaturing the familiar argument of the scholastics. Knox represents the Modernists saying, "Your traditional views shall be safeguarded and respected all in good time, but first we must apply the historical method to the evidence at our disposal." "This," says Knox, "is the appeal we have to be frightened of." Possibly, for, as shown in the first chapter, it is precisely the appeal which the scholastics make on behalf of Roman Catholicism. "Tradition," says the scholastic, "shall be safeguarded and respected all in good time, but first we must use reason to prove the existence of God, and apply the historic method in order to substantiate the authenticity of the Biblical records.

The arguments on which Knox laid most stress in his earlier works, and repeated even in the *Spiritual*

Æneid, written after his conversion, are effectively answered by himself in his book *Sanctions*. He gives us a dialogue between an earnest inquirer and a Roman Catholic.

"I always thought," says the earnest inquirer, "that you Catholics depended entirely on faith: open your mouth and shut your eyes—that sort of thing."

To which the Roman Catholic replied:

"You've got the labels mixed. That is Protestantism. It's Protestantism which decries reason, and tells you that your act of faith in God must be a pure act of the will, without argument or motive. Catholic doctrine does not want you to take anything on faith until you're intellectually convinced that (for example) the Resurrection was an historical fact."

VII

Knox begins his autobiography by inviting the psychologists to burrow among his intellectual perversions. The psychologist will make no startling discoveries, for there is nothing new in the ingenuity which Knox displays in quoting evidence for a creed which satisfies his emotional needs. One could even quote precedents for Knox's audacious attempts to double the rôles, which, even to him, should have appeared obviously inconsistent. In the same book he tells us that a First in Greats left him with "a fierce love of sifting evidence," a confession which does not prevent his remarking that he had "no interest in discovering the truth, but believing myself to have found it, in making other people believe it."

"His fierce love for sifting evidence" shows itself in the delightful remark that "the kind of doctrine which shows less signs of having been contaminated by rationalism is likely to represent the least contaminated tradition about the deposit of faith."

According to tradition, St. Neot floated across to

Ireland on an altar stone. The story shows no signs of being contaminated by the rationalism of the later legend which represents St. Neot crossing prosaically in a ship, and so, if we accept Knox's rule of faith, the traditional version must be correct.

Knox was born out of due time. He missed his real vocation—Newman's assistant editor for the *Lives of the Saints*.

Elsewhere Knox tries to convince us that he suffered from a logical mind.

> "There is no such bully," he explains, "as the logical mind. . . . Faced with an historian, I have to pick my way; to a logician I can stand up like a man."

It may be possible to reconcile a belief in Jonah and the Whale with the tyranny of a logical mind, but there is nothing logical in the argument with which Knox defends this particular belief.

Knox began by defending Jonah as a joke in some undergraduate Debating Society. But we are all egoists and tend to treat with increasing tenderness and respect the opinions which we have been briefed to defend. Even in hopeless cases a note of real rather than forensic indignation often creeps into the pleadings of the old and cynical Counsels. They seem to resent the unwillingness of Judge and Jury to be convinced by arguments so speciously presented even though the author of such pleas is himself unconvinced.

So with Knox. After all, if a scholar of Eton and Balliol condescends to defend Jonah, he can be relied upon to produce arguments which should certainly convince the less intelligent majority of his contemporaries. And in time, of course, his pose becomes serious, and Knox soon ceased to distinguish between the sallies which win applause from an undergraduate audience, and the arguments which are worth publishing to the world in a book purposed to be a serious defence of the faith. And so he ends by inviting his readers to be impressed by remarks such as this:

"What do we mean by not facing facts? Mr. Brook does not believe that the whale could have swallowed Jonah, but Mr. Frank Bullen does, and Mr. Bullen has not only faced facts, he has faced whales."

But a life spent in facing whales would hardly confirm the fact that Jonah had spent three days in the belly of a whale, and had been thoughtfully unloaded at the very destination for which he had originally booked his passage. It is not necessary to sally forth with harpoons to discover that normal whales do not act as couriers for minor prophets in distress, and it is clear that if we once posit a miraculous whale, there is nothing to choose between the opinions of a man who has never seen a whale, and the views of Mr. Bullen whose esoteric knowledge of whales is confined to those of the non-miraculous variety.

Yet another example of Knox's logic:

"'But,' the argument may restate itself in the fact of such cross-examination, 'if we were given intellect at all, surely it was given us to use.' The same might, I suppose, be said of our biceps: yet I never think myself the worse Christian for not doing Sandow exercises."

Nor does Dempsey think himself the worse boxer because he does not do the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. One could write this sort of thing with one's left hand, but it means precisely nothing.

Knox's fierce love of sifting evidence, if it really exists, must be regarded by Knox as part of his unregenerate nature, a viscous legacy of Protestantism which Knox, to do him justice, has done his best to eliminate.

"For the moral duty of the Christian," writes Knox, "is to counteract his natural impulses, the impulses to steal and get drunk, and lie and backbite: by parity of reasoning, then, his intellectual duty should be to resist the natural tendencies of his reason, and believe what he is told, not what comes natural to him, just as he is expected to do what he is told, not what comes natural to him."

Very well then. Let us agree that it is our duty to

believe what we are told, not what comes natural to us to believe. Perhaps Knox will explain how we are to recognize, excepting by private judgment, the infallible guide among so many rivals for this honour, whose teaching we must accept as correct.

Knox is perhaps most successful when he abandons all attempt at constructive philosophy, and turns to his favourite argument—the *reductio ad absurdum*, a method which within certain limits is justifiable, but which invariably leads Knox into fallacies which require no profound search to detect. His little essay on Sherlock Holmes and his *Reunion All Round* are cases in point. If the former had been intended merely to amuse the undergraduate audience to which it was delivered, and if the latter had been left without comment as a witty parody, the critics would be silenced. Unfortunately, Knox summarizes both skits at some length in the *Spiritual Æneid*, and gives us to understand that he considered the arguments there presented in humorous form as serious contributions to current controversy.

His paper on Sherlock Holmes parodies Higher Criticism by applying its method to Sherlock Holmes. Knox proves successfully that all the Holmes stories are by different authors and that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is a mythical figure. This type of *reductio ad absurdum* merely tends to prove that human reason is powerless to form a valid historical judgment on any past event. If arguments can be produced to prove that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle did not write *Sherlock Holmes*, the arguments adduced to show that St. John did write the Gospel which bears his name may be just as plausible and just as false.

Dean Whateley once wrote a book in which he proved that Napoleon did not exist, thereby intending to confound the methods of those infidels who asserted that Christ had never risen from the dead. The atheistic carpenter in the *Way of all Flesh* dismisses this double-edged method in one pithy sentence. " Those who are so anxious to prove that what was, was not, might be

just as anxious to show that what was not, was." In other words, if your mind is ingenious enough to discover excellent reasons for assuming that Conan Doyle did not write *Sherlock Holmes*, you will have no difficulty in finding still better reasons for believing that Moses did write the Pentateuch.

Reunion All Round is a brilliant parody of Swift. It is full of wit, and the following brief quotation may perhaps incite the reader to secure a copy of this most entertaining pamphlet.

> " Further, it has come to be seen that *Bishops* and *Archbishops* are not, as was commonly supposed hitherto, the Vehicles of any extraordinary Grace which they passed on to another, like a Contagion, by the laying on of hands, but only another of these Obstacles which make the Race of Life so agreeable a Pursuit. They exist to supervise our Doctrines and find them unscriptural, to control our religious Practices and forbid their Continuance, thus enabling us to snatch a fearful Joy while we are about 'em, in short to give the Christian Profession that Spice of Martyrdom which it has so sorely lacked since the Abolition of the Amphitheatre."

But it would be a mistake to suppose that Knox intended the argument of *Reunion All Round* as a joke. He dedicated the pamphlet to Dr. Henry and Mrs. Head, who are " scientific enough to appreciate clear thinking." " I did not write it," says Knox in his autobiography, " in a vein of good-tempered exaggeration. I meant what I said." And he then proceeds to prove at great length that *Reunion All Round* veils serious arguments in the mask of satire, and that his intention was to show that if Dissenters are embraced in a scheme for Reunion, there is no logical reason why we should not also welcome Jews, Mohammedans, Buddhists and Atheists at our altars.

In other words, " If you won't draw the line where I want it drawn, why draw a line at all? "

But surely the whole question at issue is the exact point where the line should be drawn, and the fact that you consider that the line has been drawn a little too

low, is no logical reason for not drawing a line at all. The question where the line should be drawn, and who should or who should not be included in a reunited Church, must be settled by serious argument, and not by the petulant assertion that if the line is not drawn to suit your own particular views, you would rather not have a line at all.

One of these days Knox will meet an earnest agnostic who will ask him why a man should have a soul if his ape-like ancestors had no soul. "At what precise point will you draw the line between our remote ancestor with a soul, and our still more remote ancestor who had no soul?" And I hope Knox will realize that he is being hoist with his own petard, with the precise argument which he employed in *Reunion All Round*.

Here is another sample of what Knox calls "A valid reasoning process."

> "If (as the British public seemed to think) it was the duty of all *Christian* bodies to unite for worship, why should the movement be confined to Christians? What about the Jews . . . and if the Jews why not the Mohammedans, and Brahmins . . . the worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo."

The answer is obvious. There are people, though Knox does not appear to be one of them, who consider the differences between those who agree in believing that Christ was the Son of God are less important than the differences between Christians and the worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo.

The trouble with Knox is that he is a Catholic, but only nominally a Christian. He is much more interested in the Church than in the founder of that Church. No man who was convinced that the essence of Christianity was the belief in Christ could have written:

> "For the life of me I could never see why we had more to regret in being out of communion with a good man like Dr. Horton than in being out of communion with a good man like Professor Gilbert Murray, who repudiates Theism."

In those days he was convinced, so he tells us,

that " there were only two sets of people who mattered—Roman Catholics and Anglicans." Knox should re-read the conversation between Christ and an early Dissenter, the woman of Samaria.

Knox enlivens his sermons during his Anglo-Catholic days with frequent references to dissent. No doubt he amused his congregations vastly by his quotation from an American paper describing a lecture given in the Grace Methodist Church at New York. He implies, without giving any evidence, that this lecture took the place of a service, and that it was delivered on a Sunday. He appears rather shocked by the fact that the pulpit was surrounded by a block of ice, and that the audience were provided with fans in view of the heat wave which was then particularly severe. Catholic Cathedrals are heated in winter, and I do not see why it is more vulgar to cool a hot church than to heat a cold church. But let that pass. Catholic Churches in India, by the way, are always cooled by fans, and the fans are worked by perspiring Indians.

" Having thus fortified them against the elements he gave a lecture on sport in Norway, and the service concluded with a collection."

Knox then thoughtfully provides us with an effective contrast, a picture of himself at Benediction.

" All we saw was a curate in a rather shabby cope in front of something which looked like a circular piece of bread. All we heard was a few hymns in honour of a carpenter's wife who died nearly nineteen hundred years ago."

Knox could have spared exactly nineteen words by substituting the words " host " for " something which looked like a circular piece of bread," and the word " Mary " for the words " a carpenter's wife who died nearly nineteen hundred years ago."

Before I began to study Knox I should never have posed as an authority on Dissent. But Knox's ignorance makes me wonder whether my own knowledge is not by comparison profound. At least I know enough to realize

that Knox is talking nonsense when he tells us that Nonconformists have no reason to be afraid of Modernism "because their formularies are so wide, and their discipline so unimportant that they have no need to crush it." I know, for instance, that Methodist discipline is as effective as Roman, and that a Methodist minister who defies the Methodist formularies, as Knox defied the Anglican, would be reported within twenty-four hours to the Superintendent and dealt with by Conference at its next meeting.

His ignorance of Methodist machinery is no less marked than his ignorance of Modernist motives. The thesis of *Some Loose Stones* is the contention that the Modernist is anxious to attract the man in the street back to the empty churches.

> "Jones is the hero of *Foundations*. . . . It is Jones who cannot be satisfied with the evidence which satisfied the Apostles . . . and the problem arises in each of their minds: How can we so dock and dovetail the faith, so leave out of sight its unfortunate insistence on miracle, so retranslate its formularies that Jones can honestly become a communicant."

This is very shallow. The Modernist movement did not begin with an attempt to propitiate Jones by jettisoning truths in which the Modernist leaders really believed, but conceived to be inopportune for public profession. No, the authors of *Foundations* are just as sincere as Knox, just as anxious to fight for what they believe to be the truth, just as determined to sacrifice no jot or tittle of their religious beliefs excepting under the pressure of irresistible facts. The hero of *Foundations* is not Jones but the Reverend Jones, the parson who values mental honesty more highly than the man who could write that he "had no interest in discovering truth," and who is anxious to save as much of the old doctrine as he can reconcile with facts which he is forced to accept. Knox does not understand this dilemma because he has always chosen his beliefs much as a lady chooses a new frock, and has selected the belief to suit, not the facts, but his own religious complexion.

VIII

Action often creates its own justification. A man who has taken a decisive step, changed his political party or his creed, will often discover after conversion far better reasons for the change than those which were nominally responsible for his secession. Every religion which is lived as a life rather than studied as a philosophy provides its most convincing proofs to the sincere believer, proofs which would be more evidential to the outsider if this phenomena were not common to all religions.

And it is not surprising that Knox's later works are more dignified and carry more conviction than anything which he wrote before or just after his conversion. He has perhaps written nothing so brilliant as *Absolute and Abitofhell* or as *Reunion All Round*, but his wit has certainly not deteriorated. It is, of course, more difficult to work on a large canvas than to paint miniatures. *Memories of the Future* is more ambitious and much longer than *Reunion All Round*, and because it is longer the humour seems to be spun out rather thin. But at its best it is sparkling, and it is full of good things. His wit is as subtle as ever, as the following quotation proves. *Memories of the Future* is supposed to be written in 1988. Lady George Hammond is discussing the lack of humour displayed by those who lived in the distant Georgian times (period 1924) and remarks:

"Or take that joke in *Punch* last week—did you see last week's *Punch*? Well, there are two men travelling by railway, and one looks out of the window and says, 'Cholsey and Moulsford, change for Wallingford.' And the other man says, 'I should jolly well think you did.' Clever, isn't it? But, you know, I don't believe they'd have seen anything funny in it in the twenties."

Sanctions is more serious; it is an attempt to rewrite *The New Republic*. The technique is a little laboured.

Knox realizes that the reader can only with difficulty be expected to believe that any house party would turn itself into a debating society night after night. It would have been better boldly to have defied probability, following Mallock's precedent, than to have dragged in Mrs. Chumleigh as a *Dea ex machina* to keep the ball rolling.

But in spite of minor defects *Sanctions* contains passages rising to a high level of controversial eloquence, and, like all his books, is full of humour. There are fewer plausible fallacies, fewer cheap debating points and a great deal more real thought in this book than in *A Spiritual Æneid* or in *Some Loose Stones.*

The same is true of Knox's introduction to *God and the Supernatural*, an introduction which contains perhaps the best controversial writing which he has yet produced.

There is a fine opening for a public writer with Knox's talent and Knox's wit, for Catholic controversy needs to be enlivened.

The Penny Catechism and the Stoneyhurst Series may serve the purpose of the Irish Seminary student who has taken the faith for granted ever since he first began to think, but the heretical Englishman needs subtler bait. And Knox's wit may yet prove more valuable to his Church than Newman's eloquence.

But he must learn to temper his wit with some sympathy and some understanding of his opponent. At present he seems in danger of imitating the weakest tactics of too many Catholic controversialists. Roman Catholics are credited, justly credited, with more worldly wisdom and with more astuteness than most of their Anglican brethren, but they seldom realize the worldly wisdom of treating an opponent with reasonable generosity. Father Benson's novels, for instance, were effective propaganda, but they would have been doubly effective had he found it possible to depict an Anglican parson who was neither a knave nor a fool. Benson was the son of an Archbishop, and had every reason to know that the Church of Westcott and Hort, of Father Stanton

and Father Dolling, could produce other types than those whom he has portrayed in his very readable novels. There is no harm in representing an occasional parson as a fool, but a gallery of *Punch* curates becomes tedious. Knox, the son of a Bishop, seems in danger of making the same mistake. Canon Dives, Canon Oxenhope and the Reverend John Barton are amusing studies of types which undoubtedly exist. One is grateful for them, but if Knox wishes to be convincing, he should occasionally describe an Anglican parson who is not the Aunt Sally for his Catholic characters.

A critic who concentrated exclusively on the sillier passages in Knox's earlier books, and who ignored the brilliance of his best work, would write himself down as inefficient.

Catholics make a great mistake by giving colour to the theory that conversion to Roman Catholicism is always associated with a decline from controversial good manners. The new convert, it is true, seldom fails in courtesy to the Church of his baptism. Knox's attitude in *A Spiritual Æneid* towards Anglicanism is unexceptional, but as the years pass a new note creeps in, a note of querulous criticism which does no harm to Anglicanism and no good to Roman Catholicism.

Chesterton, for instance, before his conversion said many silly things, but he said nothing half so silly as his recent remarks at Birmingham to the effect that: "If the quarrel between the Pope and Luther were to take place to-day, the whole of the modern world would be on the side of the Pope." If that quarrel took place to-day, it might possibly secure half a column or even a leading article in *The Times*, but the modern world would be far too busy following the latest murder, or the latest sporting gossip to bother about the wrangles of two rival theologians. Before his conversion Chesterton was often unfair, but never outrageously rude to his opponents; in this respect, conversion must have meant a radical change. He may have charmed his Catholic audience by his remark that "the Catholic Church lives,

it is the Protestant dog that is dead," but those of us who happen to be Protestant dogs are only convinced by such Catholic amenities that the Protestant dog who goes to Rome soon loses the art of barking with urbanity.

Catholics are sure of fair play in modern England. It was not Kingsley but Newman who won the plaudits of Protestant England in his famous controversy. The Catholic priest in the non-Catholic novel is seldom a scheming Jesuit. He is often the hero, and he is almost always portrayed with respect. Knox has no reason to complain of his Protestant reviewers, for the Protestant press as a whole is always more generous to Catholic writers than the Catholic press to Protestantism.

I do not plead for benevolent insincerity. Nothing is more entertaining than the honest give and take of vigorous controversy. I do not claim for myself a liberty which I deny to the Roman Catholic. He is entitled to point out the inconsistencies and absurdities of other creeds. He is entitled to criticize individual adherents of those creeds. But it is a mistake to ignore the spiritual contribution which other creeds have made to common Christianity, just as it is a mistake for those outside the Roman Church to forget the debt which Europe owes to the pilot that rescued her from the quicksands of the Dark Ages.

It is not in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church to represent other creeds as absurd. Such tactics were sound when all Europe was Christian. If you are trying to convert to Roman Catholicism a man who accepts your first premises, the existence of God and the divinity of Christ, you have only to convince him that Anglicanism, Lutheranism, Quakerism and so forth are absurd, and he is bound to agree that the Roman form of Catholic Christianity must be true. But the modern world rejects your first premises, and your very success in demonstrating the absurdity of other forms of Christianity merely renders your task of converting the world more difficult.

The most potent arguments for Christianity are those which are based on cumulative evidence which is shared by all the Christian Churches. The great Saints, Roman, Anglican, Quaker, or Methodist, bear witness to the reality of supernatural experiences. The great mystics of all the Churches use the same language, and all seem to be describing an identical experience. If their experiences were based on illusion and self-deception, their records would probably differ as widely as the hallucinations of lunatics. Again, the marvellous courage displayed under excruciating torture is, I think, good evidence that the men who laughed on the rack or joked among the flames had tapped some source of spiritual energy which is not of this world.

Roman Catholics cannot in their own interests afford to depreciate the evidence for Christianity which is available in the spiritual experiences of those outside their Church. If you claim that the courage of the missionary priests who were tortured by Elizabeth's agents proves the truth of the creed for which they suffered, you must logically admit that the Marian martyrs proved the validity of Protestantism. But experiences common to all forms of Christianity are evidence only for the highest common factor of all Christian sects, and a wise Roman Catholic will welcome all facts which tend to establish that great first premise which the modern world tends more and more to dispute, the validity of supernatural experience.

Knox would, I think, be more effective if he took for his model Cardinal Manning rather than Father Benson. The great Cardinal had none of that sectarian foolishness which is always anxious to depreciate the good work of other Churches. In a series of autobiographical notes written in the summer of 1890 Manning made a searching inquiry into the "hindrances to the spread of Catholicism in England." These notes were reproduced in Purcell's "Life." The Cardinal emphasized at length the ineffectiveness of his Church owing to their ignorance of the spiritual condition of the English people.

"My experience among those who are out of the Church confirms all I have written of the doctrines of grace. I have intimately known souls living by faith, hope, and charity, and the sanctifying grace with the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, in humility, absolute purity of life and heart, in constant meditation on Holy Scripture, unceasing prayer, complete self-denial, personal work among the poor; in a word, living lives of visible sanctification, as undoubtedly the work of the Holy Ghost as I have ever seen. I have seen this in whole families, rich and poor, and in all conditions of life. Moreover, I have received into the Church I do not know how many souls in whom I could find no mortal sin. . . . How with these facts can men go on speaking of those who are out of the Church in England as in the state of nature and in bad faith, and to be avoided as immoral? There are, no doubt, such persons among them. But what is the state of France, Italy, Spain, South America? All the light and grace of the Catholic Church is in vain for multitudes in those Catholic nations.

"And further, all the great works of charity in England have had their beginning out of the Church; for instance, the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, and the persevering protest of the Anti-Slavery Society. Not a Catholic name, so far as I know, shared in this. France, Portugal, and Brazil have been secretly or openly slave-trading or, till now even, slave-holding. . . . There are endless works for the protection of shop assistants, overworked railway and tram-men, women and children ground down by sweaters, and driven by starvation wage upon the streets. Not one of the works in their behalf were started by us, hardly a Catholic name is to be found on their reports. Surely we are in the Sacristy. It is not that our Catholics deliberately refuse, but partly they do not take pains to know, partly they are prejudiced—'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' partly they are suspicious—'Who knows it is not a proselytizing affair?' and finally they live on easily, unconscious that Lazarus lies at their gate full of sores. . . .

". . . What I believe in this matter may be seen in a sermon in my old Anglican fourth volume, called 'Christ preached every way a cause of joy,' which has been read without censure by two Catholic theologians; and also in a letter to Dr. Pusey on 'The Workings of the Spirit in the Church of England,' in 'England and Christendom.'"

Manning was right. Christ preached every way, Roman, Anglican, or Dissenting, is a source of strength to all Christian Churches, for when the other Churches die Rome may order her own coffin.

Knox would be more effective if he had more of the Cardinal's understanding charity and less of the sectarian littleness of outlook which characterizes the novels of Father Benson; more effective, but possibly less entertaining. Religious controversy would be less amusing to the outsider if the controversialists suspected that their opponents were neither knaves nor fools. And as I shall continue to read Knox for entertainment rather than edification, I am relieved to feel that he is in no danger of reading this book, or of taking to heart the disinterested advice which is tendered in all humility by one of his many grateful readers.

G. K. CHESTERTON

VI

G. K. CHESTERTON

I

AN Anglican priest of my acquaintance reserved the place of honour on his walls for the portrait of a famous Victorian. His landlady, who specialized in curates, missed the customary crucifix and Madonna, and felt vaguely uneasy. "I suppose," she asked, "that gentleman was a very holy man." "Yes," replied my friend, "if by 'holiness' you mean a passionate devotion to truth." This was not, of course, what the landlady did mean by "holiness," and her bewilderment deepened. "He doesn't seem to be a clergyman," she continued, "or a missionary." "None the less," replied my friend, "he was a missionary, busily engaged in spreading a little light in some very dark places. The Church, my dear lady, owes a great debt to that man."

The hero of this eccentric curate was Thomas Huxley. Few curates would, perhaps, concede that Huxley has merited well of the Church. De Maistre compares Reason putting away Revelation to a child beating his nurse. "The same figure would serve just as well," remarks Viscount Morley, "to describe the thanklessness of Belief to the Disbelief which has purged and exalted it." It is, for instance, in no small degree due to Huxley that Bishops are no longer bound

to treat Genesis as a first primer for Geologists, or that Christians, outside the Roman Communion, are not forced, as poor Newman was forced, to identify God with the Jehovah who instigated the massacres of women and children in Canaan. One good turn deserves another, and the debt which the orthodox owed to Huxley has been repaid at compound interest by G. K. Chesterton, for if Huxley forced the orthodox to examine their premises and to provide proofs for their conclusions which did not necessitate a too frequent appeal to "faith" and "mystery," G. K. Chesterton has performed the same generous service for the rationalists. He had no difficulty in proving that the average secularist accepts with simple faith dogmas just as incapable of scientific proof as the dogmas of Christianity, and further, that the beliefs of unbelief are seldom founded on reason, and are usually as temperamental as the religious convictions of the average Christian.

The gratitude which Huxley earned from the Bishops was no warmer than that which Mr. McCabe must feel for G. K. C. Had the secularists been content with Huxley's modest agnosticism, the counter-attack would have proved more difficult. But the genuine agnostic will always form a small minority among those who have usurped the name which Huxley was the first to coin, and which accurately described Huxley's own philosophy.

Agnosticism is exceptional because few can rest content with a mere suspension of judgment. The agnostic always tends to become an epignostic. He begins by denouncing dogmas and often ends by an unquestioning acceptance of dogmas less plausible and no more provable than those which form the basis of the Nicene Creed.

The irreligious have a habit of masquerading in the stolen garments of religion. The French Revolutionists hunted the priests from the altar and then gravely proceeded to institute the worship of the

Goddess of Reason. Comte plagiarized Catholic ceremonial after robbing that ceremonial of its one valid excuse, a supernatural significance. Man may indeed be defined as the one animal that really enjoys ritual. A cock does not bow when he meets a hen. The most cultured of apes does not go into mourning if he loses his wife. It is true that a dog can be taught to sit up and beg, but he does so as a tiresome concession to his master. No dog would dream of begging for the fun of the ritual. No beg—no biscuit is his rule of faith. Dogs, in fact, are rationalists who can be bribed to humour their ritualistic masters, and on the rationalistic hypothesis contrast very favourably with human beings, many of whom have been known to continue sitting up and begging long after they have lost all faith in prayer and all hope of a very problematic biscuit.

The religious temperament dies hard even among those who profess to despise religion. Rationalists seldom lose the pulpit manner, and the P.S.A. atmosphere broods heavily over the publications of the R.P.A. Even Haeckel, that hearty materialist, never succeeded in eliminating what psycho-analysts have yet to define as the "public worship complex." In his attack on the Churches he rings all the changes from enlightened scorn to a playful, rather heavy humour, but the net result is a modest proposal for a new kind of religion, for the erection of Monistic Temples where, "under the influence of Monistic views, we may do reverence to the real Trinity of the nineteenth century, the True, the Beautiful, the Good."

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. Creeds may perish, but the family pew remains. Our grandchildren will be dragged off to Monistic Matins just as their grandfathers were before them. Let us hope that those of us who survive will not have lost the knack of sleeping through the sermon whether it ends by ascribing all honour, might, power, and dominion to the old-fashioned Anglican God, or to Haeckel's "new Trinity of the Twentieth Century." Of one thing we may be

certain. Ritual and Church-going are Mendelian dominants which Science will never succeed in breeding out of the Human Race.

II

The Victorian sceptics had a glorious time. They demolished Christianity in a spirit of rollicking good humour. Their books are full of jolly japes about Jonah, and quips at the expense of Gadarene swine. Their high spirits provoked pained surprise in the orthodox ranks, but no effective rejoinders. Plaintive protests against irreverence, and insidious suggestions that free thought is first cousin to free love, merely amused their opponents and did little to restore the credit of the Church.

" We are giving way on the wings. We are yielding in the centre. The situation is excellent. I shall attack." Chesterton anticipated the spirit of Foch's famous despatch when he entered the lists in defence of the Faith. He was armed with the weapons which the sceptics had been encouraged to consider their own exclusive property, the sword of ridicule and the rapier of irony. Instead of protesting that profane jests outraged his most sacred sentiments, he set to work with good will to outrage the sacred sentiments of the secularists, and to poke merciless fun at St. Haeckel and St. Nietzsche. He discovered, of course, that free thinkers are as sensitive as the orthodox once their pet dogmas are assailed. He accused the heretics not of irreverence, which nobody minds, but of muddle-headedness, a charge which few can bear with good humour. The climax of his triumph was attained when he extracted from that earnest secularist, Mr. Joseph McCabe, a tearful protest against Mr. Chesterton's flippant treatment of solemn themes.

The rôles were indeed reversed. No Victorian

bishop could have displayed more righteous indignation than Mr. McCabe, or more sincere horror at the irreverent handling of sacred dogmas. For the dogmas of the materialist are as sacred to the conscientious free thinker as the Apostles' Creed to the average bishop. And indeed there is a good deal of the bishop about Mr. McCabe. I am sure that he never neglects his irreligious duties, and is most punctilious in reading a portion of Haeckel every evening before omitting to say his prayers.

Heretics and *Orthodoxy* may not have converted many agnostics, but I fancy that Chesterton must have had an unsettling effect on the simple faith of many a dogmatic secularist. For a destructive critic of other people's creeds he is extraordinarily effective, never more so than in his attacks on dishonest doubt, to coin a necessary phrase. The honest doubter, of course, is not the sceptic whose doubts are alloyed with more faith than Tennyson could discover in "half the creeds." An honest Tory is not a political Clough sighing in the wilderness because he cannot quite believe in Asquith, but a Tory who joyously accepts the most uncompromising dogmas of *The Morning Post*. And surely the honest doubter is not the half-hearted sceptic who longs for the consolations of a creed which his reason rejects, but a sceptic who is honest in accepting the grimmest implications of the creed which he has embraced.

Bertrand Russell, for instance, is an honest doubter. He rejects with scorn those anodynes with which less candid sceptics drug their souls. He disdains such palliatives.

"That man," he writes, "is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple

of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundations of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation be safely built."

It is scarcely surprising that the average sceptic is not prepared to build on the "firm foundations of unyielding despair," and prefers instead to confuse the issue with much fine talk about Humanity and Progress, forgetting that his creed sentences Humanity to perish in the final shipwreck of the solar system, a shipwreck which condemns all his ideals to ultimate futility. It is impossible for an honest man to pump up any enthusiasm for a universe of futile suns blazing up into a brief flicker of life before fading again into the dark night of eternity.

Such a universe is a mere aimless welter achieving no single final purpose and writing no line of permanent history on the changing sands of the cosmic process.

Those who believe with Bertrand Russell that "the temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins," are entitled to respect so long as they realize that their philosophy must be confined "within the scaffolding of these truths." And a philosophy based on such negations can only lead either to the stoic pessimism of Bertrand Russell or to the epicurean pessimism of Omar Khayyám. Chesterton refuses to allow the secularist to evade the inevitable choice between these two unattractive alternatives. He insists on clear definitions. "Progress," and similar nostrums, are meaningless until we have defined the goal towards which we are marching. So long as the goal remains fixed our failures to reach it, our wanderings from the true path, can all be rectified, but if we are always changing our goal even our earlier successes are failures.

Progress, as Chesterton reminds us, should mean

that we are slowly but surely changing the world. Too often it means that we are merely changing the ideal.

"Progress is simply a comparative of which we have not settled the superlative. We meet every ideal of religion, patriotism, beauty or brute pleasure with the alternative ideal of progress. That is, we meet every proposal for getting something that we know about with the alternative proposal of getting a great deal more of nobody knows what."

Clearly then the ideal of progress does not supply a satisfactory alternative to the "firm foundation of unyielding despair," which is all that an honest secularist can offer as a basis for a new religion. But the religious instinct dies hard, and the earnest lay preachers of the Ethical Society must do their best to provide some alternative to the "fear of Hell and hope of Paradise" with which our forefathers were bribed into the narrow way. And so words such as "Progress," "Humanity," "Education" are used as magic incantations to avoid the harsh pain of thought. But surely the first step in all philosophy is very simple, and consists, as Chesterton shrewdly remarks, in deciding the problem of what is good. The ultra-modern thinker seldom condescends to discuss this simple problem.

"Away with your old moral formulæ," he exclaims, "I am for progress. This logically stated means, 'Let us not settle what is good, but let us settle whether we are getting more of it.' He says, 'Neither in religion nor in morality, my friend, lie the hopes of the race, but in education.' This, clearly expressed, means, 'We cannot decide what is good, but let us give it to our children.'"

Again, Mr. H. G. Wells remarks that "life is only a tissue of births," and that the important point is to discover "not what will produce saints and heroes, but what will produce satisfactory fathers and mothers."

"You are merely handing on to him a problem which you dare not settle. It is as if a man were asked, 'What is the use of a hammer?' and answered, 'To make hammers.'"

III

Chesterton is effective in his serious criticisms of modern thought, but he is, I think, at his best when he pricks with pungent good humour the bubble of modern fads. The following quotation is a happy illustration of his technique in handling the affectations of those cliques determined to worship only at altars unprofaned by the vulgar:

> "I remember a curious occasion some years ago when certain able journalists on a Socialist paper in Fleet Street suddenly burst into a blazing excitement about King Asoka. Their relations with this prince could not be called intimate; in point of fact, he died some thousands of years ago somewhere in the middle of Asia. But it seemed that in him we had lost our only reliable moral guide. Religion was a failure and human life, on the whole, a tragedy; but King Asoka was all right. He was faultlessly just, infinitely merciful, the mirror of the virtues, the prop of the poor. Outsiders were naturally interested in the source of this revelation. And after some discussion it was discovered and mildly pointed out that this description of the King's virtues is only found on a few of the King's own official inscriptions. Old Asoka may have been a very nice man, but we have only his word for it that he was so nice as all that."

Ridicule can only kill a philosophy which was never really alive. Unending jokes have been poked at Jewry, but Judaism is still a potent force. "Asokarism," however, to coin a useful word, depends for its vitality on bluff, and like all fads which burgeon into feverish activity, is doomed to wither when it loses its sole merit, the virtue of novelty.

The main weakness of so much modern philosophy is the fact that it is founded on fads rather than on clear thinking. It does not stand the test of action. It is utterly inconsequent, and its ultimate futility has never been exposed more brilliantly than in a passage which, in spite of its length, must be quoted in full.

"The typical modern," writes Chesterton, "curses the Sultan because Christian girls lose their virginity and then curses Mrs. Grundy because they keep it. As a politician he will cry out that war is a waste of life, and then as a philosopher that all life is a waste of time. A Russian pessimist will denounce a policeman for killing a peasant and prove by the highest philosophical principles that the peasant ought to have killed himself. A man denounces marriage as a lie, and then denounces aristocratic profligates for treating it as a lie. He calls a flag a bauble and then blames the oppressors of Poland or Ireland because they take away that bauble. The man of this school goes first to a political meeting where he complains that savages are treated as if they were beasts; then he takes his hat and umbrella and goes on to a scientific meeting where he proves that they practically are beasts. In short the modern revolutionist, being an infinite sceptic, is always engaged in undermining his own mines. In his book on politics he attacks men for trampling on morality, in his book on ethics he attacks morality for trampling on men. Therefore the modern man in revolt has become practically useless for all purposes of revolt. By rebelling against everything he has lost his right to rebel against anything."

IV

Chesterton's uncanny cleverness in exposing loose thought and half-baked philosophies might have been of service in revising the proofs of *Orthodoxy*. Chesterton is a rationalist, when he is attacking rationalism, but reason plays a subordinate rôle in his defence of Catholic Christianity. This, of course, in accordance with what we have learned to expect, for reason, though an excellent solvent for other people's creeds, is an indifferent mortar with which to cement one's own faith.

The constructive chapters of *Orthodoxy* are always brilliant and sometimes convincing. Chesterton has no difficulty in showing that by the great test "by their fruits ye shall know them" Christianity is proved nearer the truth than Pantheism, Atheism or Buddhism. All this part of the book is extremely good, and especially good when he is proving the failure of other creeds to supply a genial climate for the heroic virtues.

But some of the arguments on which he lays most stress are curiously inconclusive, so inconclusive that they would never survive an attack from a Chesterton who has lost his faith but retained his old genius for destructive controversy.

His defence of miracles, for instance, is the weakest thing in the book.

> " Men of science believe in such marvels more than they did. . . . More supernatural things are *alleged* to have happened in our time than would have been possible eighty years ago . . . things that the old science at least would frankly have rejected are hourly being asserted by the new science. The only thing which is still old-fashioned enough to reject miracles is New Theology."

This line of argument is common enough in sermons, and the average curate may be forgiven for failing to realize that he is giving away the whole case for miracles by this analogy. The difference between a miracle and a scientific marvel should, however, be obvious enough to Chesterton.

A man of average intelligence can understand the principles of wireless telephony, which would certainly appear miraculous to the untutored savage, but the day will never come when a bright youth will acquire the technique for transforming five small loaves into a nourishing meal for five thousand hungry people. A scientific marvel is only a marvel until we understand the laws which produce it, and once those laws have been grasped we can reproduce the marvel at will. A miracle postulates a supernatural interference with natural laws and can only be reproduced by those who can obtain the assistance of supernatural powers. So far from wishing to suggest that Christ's miracles are on the same plane as scientific marvels, the orthodox apologist should concentrate all his efforts on proving their essential difference.

Chesterton's defence of miracles is merely a rehash of Lecky flavoured by Chestertonian epigrams. Lecky states with great fairness the case *for* miracles, and

Chesterton adds nothing to the arguments which Lecky advances, nor does he make any attempt fairly to meet Lecky's argument against miracles.

When, for instance, Chesterton writes "If it comes to human testimony, there is a choking cataract of human testimony in favour of the supernatural," he is merely repeating in other words what Lecky has said with far more force.

> "The subject of witchcraft was examined in tens of thousands of cases in almost every country in Europe, by tribunals which included the acutest lawyers and ecclesiastics of the age . . . the judges had no motive whatever to desire the condemnation of the accused; and as conviction would be followed by a fearful death, they had the strongest motives to exercise their power with caution and restraint. . . . The evidence is essentially cumulative . . . it is very difficult to frame a general rationalistic explanation which will not involve an extreme improbability. . . . If we consider witchcraft probable, a hundredth part of the evidence we possess would place it beyond the region of doubt. If it were a natural but a very improbable fact our reluctance to believe it would have been completely stifled by the multiplicity of proofs."

Nor is Chesterton more successful when he tries to prove that the disbeliever in miracles appeals to a dogma of his own, the mystical doctrine of the uniformity of nature. Lecky, like most intelligent rationalists, does not assert, as Chesterton suggests, the abstract impossibility of miracles. He is, on the contrary, at some pains to show that a miracle is not antecedently impossible or contrary to the premises of sound logic or sane metaphysics. Lecky's argument rests on other premises. He has observed that the reports of miracles are most abundant among people of low education, and that miracles disappear with the increase of civilization and knowledge. If witchcraft was a genuine phenomenon, and if the Devil was in the habit of allying himself with old women there is no *a priori* reason for supposing that the Devil would be put out of action by the spread of popular education. There is no reason why phenomena of witchcraft should not be as common to-day as they were

four hundred years ago, no reason excepting the very probable fact that the phenomena never took place and that the belief in their occurrence depended on a mental atmosphere favourable to superstition. Voltaire observed cynically that the number of witches in France had always varied inversely with the number of philosophers.

V

The feeblest argument in *Orthodoxy* is the attempt to prove that Christianity must be true because its critics have attacked it for mutually inconsistent vices. Christianity, says Chesterton, is accused by one man of being monkish and unmanly, and by another critic it is damned as the Mother of wars which have deluged the world with blood. It is attacked as a religion of gloom, and again as "the garment of make-belief woven by pious hands." And so on to the characteristic conclusion.

> "Suppose we heard an unknown man spoken of by many men. Suppose that we were puzzled to hear that some men said he was too tall and some too short; some objected to his fatness, others lamented his leanness; some thought him too dark, and some too fair. One explanation would be that he might be an odd shape. But there is another explanation. He might be the right shape. Outrageously tall men might feel him to be short. Very short men might feel him to be tall."

There is another explanation. There might have been more unknown men than one; the shape of Christianity may vary in different ages and in different countries. The pessimist has made of Christianity a religion of gloom, the optimist a religion of joy. The Quaker has turned the other cheek. The warrior has appealed to Christ driving the money-changers from the Temple. The humanitarian has found in the gospel a religion of love, and the persecutor has deduced from

the words "Compel them to come in" the desirability of burning heretics over a slow fire. A religion which has been so variously interpreted by its followers cannot complain if it is criticized from different angles by its enemies.

Again Chesterton waxes ironical over the critic who asserts that the Quakers are the only characteristic Christians and yet that the massacres of Cromwell were characteristically Christian crimes.

I cannot for the life of me see where he scores his point. Those who believe, as even a Rationalist might believe, that the Quakers are truest to the spirit of Christ, have every reason to emphasize the fact that the Churches have too often failed to remember the teachings of their Founder with the result that the massacres of Cromwell and Alva are characteristic of the crimes committed by Christians in the name of, and in spite of, their Founder. And one is even less impressed by the anecdote of his free-thinking friend who "blamed Christianity for despising the Jews and then despised it himself for being Jewish." Why ever not? Chesterton's free thinking friend seems to be perfectly consistent, far more so than his Catholic friend Mr. Belloc. "I don't like the Jews," he is entitled to say, "and I don't think any better of Christianity for its Judaic origin, but you who profess to believe that the Jews were selected by God for the supreme honour of incarnation have no right to despise the race which provided the first twelve converts to Christianity." Chesterton could indeed have hardly chosen a more luckless example to illustrate the alleged inconsistency of anti-Christians.

VI

Chesterton is on surer ground when he applies the test of experience to rival philosophies. Here, at least, we may agree that neither Pantheism, Buddhism nor

materialism supplies a logical incentive for the heroic life. His criticism of Pantheism, in particular, is not only brilliant but profound. Here, for instance, is a fine passage:

" There is no real possibility of getting out of Pantheism any special impulse to moral action. For Pantheism implies in its nature that one thing is as good as another; whereas action implies in its nature that one thing is greatly preferable to another. Swinburne in the high summer of his scepticism tried in vain to wrestle with this difficulty. In ' Songs before Sunrise,' written under the inspiration of Garibaldi, he proclaimed the newer religion and the purer God which should wither up all the priests of the world.

> ' What doest thou now
> Looking Godward to cry
> I am low, thou art high,
> I am thou, thou art I,
> I am thou that thou seekest to find him,
> Find thou but thyself, thou art I.'

Of which the immediate and evident deduction is that tyrants are as much sons of God as Garibaldis, and that King Bomba of Naples, having with the utmost success ' found himself,' is identical with the ultimate good in all things. The truth is that the western energy that dethrones tyrants has been directly due to the western theology that says, ' I am I, thou art thou.' The same spiritual separation which looked up and saw a good king in the universe, looked up and saw a bad king in Naples. The worshippers of Bomba's God dethroned Bomba. The worshippers of Swinburne's God have covered Asia for centuries and have never dethroned a tyrant."

This trenchant exposure of Swinburne's rhetoric is more convincing than the suggestion that " the western energy has dethroned tyrants " is due to western theology. The western energy is a racial characteristic which owes nothing to theology. Theology, on the other hand, is always moulded to suit the aspirations of the race. The history of Christianity proves that a foundation of doctrines accepted by all Christians can yet produce the most surprising variety of ethical codes. A conquering race either adopts, as did the Mohammedans, a fighting religion, or, as was the case with Christianity, it trans-

forms a creed based on non-resistance into a creed which is made to sanction the stake and the biological necessity of war. The Cingalese Buddhist is not resigned because Buddhism counsels resignation. No, the Cingalese is a Buddhist because he is resigned, and because a submissive race naturally gravitates towards a quietest religion. When Chesterton tries to account for the romance and energy of Europe by the happy accident that Europe adopted a romantic creed, he confuses cause with effect, and assumes that the creed moulded Europe, not Europe the creed.

And that is a large assumption. But we need not quarrel with large assumptions, and no man with any literary instinct will quarrel with *Orthodoxy* merely because he can accept neither the premises nor the conclusions of that delightful book. He has, however, a just cause for complaint when he finds pages of brilliant controversy spoiled by passages which are downright silly. The problem of the two Chestertons is at least as perplexing as the problem of the two Isaiahs. There is the Chesterton who writes cheerful nonsense and insults his reader with fallacies so patent that they would not deceive a child of ten, and there is the Chesterton who can defend his brief with a dazzling succession of brilliant epigram, incisive wit and penetrating common sense.

And, as we shall shortly see, the contrast between the two Chestertons, which is obvious even in *Orthodoxy*, perhaps his best book, becomes more and more pronounced in each succeeding work which has flowed from his facile pen.

VII

Orthodoxy is interesting because it contains in embryo most of the doctrines of that school of thought which looks up to Chesterton and Belloc as its

prophets. The spell of Rome for the Chestertonian is due to the converging pressure of certain convictions.

First that the Ages of Faith, if not the Golden Age, were at least happier and more human than the twentieth century, and that most of our modern troubles would be solved if Europe submitted again to the rules of the Church.

Secondly, that Catholicism has always been opposed to capitalism, and has stood for the principles of distributing property over the widest possible area, rather than the principle of concentrating it in a few hands.

Thirdly, that the cure of our industrial troubles is to revive the mediaeval guild.

Fourthly, that Catholicism is hostile to Puritanism, and that the Church alone can save us, and that a Catholic Revival would be followed by a renaissance of all that we associate with the words "Merry England."

The "Merry Englanders" are a valiant band, and could prove their thesis with ease if only all contemporary records of mediaeval England had been suppressed by the Index Expurgatorius.

The evidence in support of these views will be examined in due course. For the moment I should prefer to approach the problem on the lines suggested in the preface.

Before criticizing Chesterton's avowed reasons for his conversion, let us examine the unavowed reasons, the influence of his character and his environment. Before we can decide whether Chesterton is a reliable guide, let us make up our minds whether he is a fair controversialist, whether he tries not to misrepresent his opponents, and to seek out the strongest points in their case, and to represent those points as generously as he can before proceeding to refute them. Does he face difficulties or does he skirt over the weak points in his case? Does he go to history to discover the truth, or to prove a particular thesis? Does he debate, or does he merely make debating points?

VIII

Chesterton is a born heresiarch. He is orthodox by accident, a heretic by temperament.

As a young man he reacted against contemporary orthodoxy, and by orthodoxy I do not mean the doctrines of any particular Church, but the creed which happens to be fashionable at the time. In the eighties the clever young man reacted towards rationalism. He shocked his parents by reading Huxley, and by joining an ethical society. But at the beginning of this century rationalism was played out. Secularism had invaded Surbiton, and the slogans of the new creed, "Art for Art's sake," "self-expression," "living your own life" and so forth provided exactly the right target for a clever young man bored by current shibboleths, and anxious, as all young men are anxious, to shock and infuriate his conventional contemporaries.

The mountaineer buys a helmet to protect himself from the cold; ladies choose their hats for every reason excepting those for which hats were originally invented. Elderly people are like the mountaineer. They choose a creed which will keep their souls warm in this world, and cool in the next. Youth is like the lady. He wants to wear a creed as different as possible from the creed worn by his neighbour. There are fashions in creeds as in hats. Atheism is the vogue in one period, orthodoxy in the next. The normal tendency of a bright young man is to rebel against authority. The opinions sanctioned by authority may be true or false, but once they are generally accepted they will inevitably be defended by dull and conventional champions, and it is the triteness of the defence, rather than the principles involved, that is most obvious to the young. It is a mistake to assume that youth normally tends to advanced views. If the temper of the age favours advanced views youth will react towards orthodoxy, for youth always

tends to criticize the prevailing shibboleths, whether they be the shibboleths of orthodoxy or of free thought, of conservatism or of communism. Garibaldi and Mussolini were both successful in their appeal to youth, though Garibaldi fought for freedom against the tyranny of the Church and Mussolini for authority against the tyranny of the mob. And no doubt the coming generation will revolt against Fascismo when Fascismo ceases to be romantic and becomes merely respectable.

Chesterton was brought up in the faith, and so his first reaction made him an agnostic. But because he is not one of those who accept dogmas on trust, he soon began to criticize the dogmas of the highbrows, the new religion of Art for Art's sake, less easy to digest than the dogmas of Christianity. Surfeited with the shibboleths of modernity, he soon began to analyse the new religion in the same spirit in which Voltaire analysed the old.

His reaction was whole-hearted. He consecrated his pen to the defence of all things which were an anathema to the highbrows. He sang a lively hymn in praise of penny dreadfuls, he praised the philistine and he damned the artist. He implored us to take our views on the drama from the gallery rather than from the stalls, and to find our philosophy of life in third class rather than in first class carriages.

The result was paradoxical. The artists were amused, the philistines have yet to read Chesterton's panegyrics of their virtues.

For the earnest artisan with a taste for literature prefers Thomas Hardy, politely described by G. K. C. "as the village atheist brooding over the village idiot." The democracy whom Chesterton loves do not read him. His audience is composed of those sophisticated moderns whom G. K. C. denounces, but frequently loves. There is no audience in the world that has given Chesterton a more generous reception than the Oxford Union, but I have yet to learn that the Beaconsfield rustics regard him as their prophet. The success of the Chestertonian

gospel among undergraduates is, of course, not surprising.

> " The act of defending any of the cardinal virtues," writes Chesterton, " has to-day all the exhilaration of a vice. Modern truisms have been so much disputed that they have begun to sparkle like so many brilliant paradoxes."

This quotation explains Chesterton's conversion to orthodox views and also the prompt success of his books at Oxford.

The Chestertonian cult had just reached Oxford when I was an undergraduate. Agnosticism was old-fashioned, rationalism had begun to suggest earnest Victorians adorned with side whiskers, and we were all ripe for an entertaining defence of the old faith, and prepared to do battle for conventional views provided that they could be defended by unconventional weapons.

People may be divided into four classes. First comes the conventionally conventional, good people if a little dull. The unconventionally conventional are even duller and nothing like so useful. Their opinions are stereotyped by the urgent need to disagree with Class 1. The third class is composed of the conventionally unconventional. Their prophet is G. K. C. and their ambition is to defend the Nicene Creed by arguments which would have caused a painful sensation at Nicæa.

But the unconventionally unconventional—where are they?

The man who disagrees with the majority is not necessarily an independent thinker. The independent thinker forms his conclusions uninfluenced by the ambition either to agree or to disagree with other people. And by this test Chesterton fails. His conclusions are dictated not by evidence, but by his urgent desire to agree with Belloc and to disagree with Dons. He begins with the premise that the modern thinker is always mistaken, a premise no less fruitful in tedious dialectic than the axiom that the modern thinker must always be right.

He regards himself as briefed to defend the conven-

tional, to vindicate popular prejudice against the calmer verdicts of the scholar and the scientist. The Don, of course, is always wrong, and the scientist nearly always wrong. "Popular prejudice," writes Chesterton, "is more worthy of study than scholarly sophistry."

I agree, and I therefore disagree with most of Chesterton's conclusions, for there are few writers who indulge more freely in sophistry than G. K. C., and few writers who, while professing to defend common sense, run more counter to the popular prejudices of the average man.

Popular prejudice, for instance, has long ago decided that the Irish are sentimental and unpractical, and that the Scotch are practical and hard-headed.

Chesterton, on the other hand, contrasts "the dreamy romantic Scot" with the Irish who, "though far inferior to the Scotch in art and literature, are hugely superior to them in practical politics."

And again in *Orthodoxy* he remarks:

> "The Irish are not only practical but quite painfully successful. The Irishmen are best at the specially hard professions—the trades of iron, the lawyer and the soldier"

a statement which is substantiated by an argument which Bernard Shaw was the first to develop, an argument which depends for its force on the sophistry which ignores the racial differences between the conquering Anglo-Irish of English descent and the native Irish of Irish descent.

The Chestertonian philosophy, of course, with all its parade of appealing to common sense against professors and to tradition against the modern, is in itself ultra-modern and paradoxical. It does not stand the test of experience. The average penny dreadful is not more interesting than Jude the Obscure. The poor are not always more cultured and more amusing than the rich. You do not normally hear more entertaining conversation in a Workmen's Club than at the Athenæum. Culture and virtue do not perhaps increase with your

bank balance; the subject has been touched upon before, and is still, I am told, the theme of pulpit allusions, but there is no necessary connection between poverty and virtue or between riches and vice.

Chesterton does not lack courage, and has always proved a valiant champion of the under-dog, but I do not think that he is uniformly successful in identifying the under-dog. His defence of the poor against the rich, of the unlettered against the Don, is sincere enough, but in these days it is safe enough to make the profiteer or the professor the butt of your sarcasm. Here, at least, Chesterton is in line with popular prejudice. But the tyranny of the millionaire is giving way to the tyranny of the Trades Union, and I hope that G. K. C. will be as ready in the future, as he has been in the past, to champion the victim of all oppression, even where the victim is an unromantic member of the middle-classes groaning under the despotism of the modern guilds.

IX

"But surely," the reader may ask, "all this is a shade heavy. These delicate fancies might be spared your ponderous retorts. Why meet an epigram with a platitude? Why take G. K. C. seriously?" I take Chesterton seriously because he expects to be taken seriously, and because he has been at some pains to explain that Mr. Joseph McCabe was much mistaken when he supposed that Chesterton's flippant manner implied that his convictions were not serious. Chesterton retorted:

> "Funny is the opposite of not funny, and of nothing else. . . . The two qualities of fun and seriousness have nothing whatever to do with each other. Mr. Bernard Shaw is funny and sincere. Mr. George Robey is funny and not sincere. Mr. McCabe is sincere and not funny. The average Cabinet Minister is not funny and not sincere. . . . It is the test of a responsible religion whether it can take examples from pots

and pans and boots and butter-tubs. It is the test of a good philosophy whether you can defend it grotesquely. It is the test of a good religion whether you can joke about it."

Agreed. But McCabe missed the real grievance against Chesterton, which is not that he defends his solemn convictions with jokes, but that his jokes tend to become his solemn convictions. His determination to accept none of the scientific, artistic, or political dogmas of his day is always leading him to avow his belief in a theory simply because a Don, or a politican, or a modern philosopher has rejected the theory in question. He has, for instance, made it a point of honour to express his belief in fairies and in witchcraft. Fairies are *de fide* in the Church of Chesterton.

One cannot take Chesterton quite seriously, not because his philosophy is expressed in a succession of dazzling epigrams and paradoxes, but because the mental processes whereby he reaches his conclusions are too wilful. Much that he writes is shrewd and sane and true, the result of honest inquiry and deep reflection, but the persistent note of defiance is not quite convincing. Four lines, for which I am indebted to Hugh Kingsmill, sum up, not unfairly, the Chestertonian bravado.

> " I'm a Christian. Oh what fun!
> And a Puritan? No fear!
> Comprehend the Three in One
> 'Cause I choose to. Pass the beer."

There is too much "'cause I choose to" in Chesterton's philosophy. He spoils pages of sane and brilliant controversy with remarks which he must know to be nonsense. For instance:

" If living in Italy you admire Italian art while distrusting Italian culture, you are a tourist or a cad. If living in Italy you admire Italian art while despising Italian religion, you are a tourist or a cad . . . if you admire what Italians did without admiring Italians you are a cheap tripper."

It is just as well that Chesterton offers us two

alternatives, for I suppose his formula applies not only to Italians but to other countries, and I should hate to be thought a cad (though I do not in the least mind being called a tourist) because I admire the Mosque of Omar though I distrust the Mohammedan culture, and because I was impressed by the Pyramids without the least desire to revive the worship of Isis. And if to admire the great age of Greece without feeling more than a lukewarm affection for the modern Greeks stamps a man as a cheap tripper, then I for one will, like Mussolini, resign myself to tripping cheaply.

When Chesterton writes this kind of stuff he knows perfectly well that he is talking nonsense. He is being deliberately naughty in the hopes that his reader will not find him out. This is hard on the average reader who is prepared to concede that his brain is inferior to Chesterton's, but may be excused a certain pique in discovering the contempt which Chesterton here displays for his readers.

Elsewhere Chesterton presents us with a brief list of those remarks, popular among writers, which make him very angry:

> "Don't say," he implores, "'There is no true creed; for each creed believes itself right and the others wrong.' Probably one of the creeds is right and the others are wrong. . . . I suppose there is no subject on which opinions differ with more desperate sincerity than about which horse will win the Derby. . . . The man who puts his shirt on 'Potosi' must believe in that animal, and each of the other men putting their last garments upon other quadrupeds must believe in them quite as sincerely. They are all serious and most of them are wrong. But one of them is right. One of the faiths is justified; one of the horses does win; not always the dark horse which might stand for Agnosticism, but often the obvious and popular horse of Orthodoxy."

The remark which has roused Chesterton's wrath may be silly, but it is nothing like so silly as the argument with which he tries to refute it. If twenty men each draw one ball from a bag containing nineteen black balls and one white ball, one man *must* draw a white ball. If

twenty men draw one ball each from a bag containing a million black balls and one white ball, the chance of drawing a white ball is very slight. The first analogy corresponds to the chance of drawing the Derby winner and the second to the chance of drawing a correct solution of the riddle of the universe.

The passage I have just quoted occurs in an article which G. K. C. threatened to develop into a book, a book to be called "Don'ts for Dogmatics," and I commend to Chesterton the words with which he concludes his string of violent vetoes:

> "Do not talk such bosh. I implore you, I supplicate you not to talk such bosh. Utterly and absolutely abolish all such bosh—and we may yet begin to discuss these published questions properly."

X

Chesterton is fond of proclaiming with tiresome bravado that he is not broadminded. He boasts that he does not possess an open mind, and he maintains that the only history worth reading is the history written by men with strong prejudices. But elsewhere he criticizes the Party System because it "transforms men who might be impartial into irrational partisans." And perhaps he only objects to those who are irrational partisans of Asquith rather than of Belloc. In a characteristic article on "The Error of Impartiality," he derides "the absurd assumption that a man is in some ways just as well poised because he has come to no conclusion," and he attacks "the modern principle of regarding every clever man who cannot make up his mind as an impartial judge, and every clever man who can make up his mind as a servile fanatic."

Chesterton confuses the issue. Every contro-

versialist has a bias, but there is an important distinction between fair and unfair controversy.

The historian and the controversialist should model themselves less on a barrister determined to win their case at all costs than on a judge whose only motive is to get at the facts. Judges are human, like historians, and they have their prejudices, but a good judge is on his guard against his prejudices, and shows eager anxiety to understand the case for the prisoner at the dock, even where he believes the prisoner to be guilty. Now where the modern thinker is in the dock, Chesterton reminds us not of a judge anxious to discover whether anything can be said for the criminal, but rather of a prosecuting counsel determined to secure a conviction at all costs.

" The sincere controversialist," Chesterton tells us, " is above all things a good listener. The really burning enthusiast never interrupts; he listens to the enemy's arguments as eagerly as a spy would listen to the enemy's arrangements." Admirable—but why does Chesterton consistently depart from his own standard? Is he, for instance, a " good listener " when Dean Inge is on the platform?

" When Dean Inge was called," writes Chesterton, " the gloomy Dean, a great injustice was done to him. . . . A man who can feel satisfied with modern industrialism must be a man with a mysterious fountain of high spirits." The following passage from *Outspoken Essays* has perhaps escaped Chesterton.

> " A man in his primitive condition can employ his abilities in harmony with his own. He is free from anxieties for the future and contented with his lot; whereas in a highly industrialized community the great mass of people are crowded in a never-ceasing treadmill of specialized labour, and condemned to a troubled and stunted existence which would fill a savage with horror."

Having established the Dean's high-spirited satisfaction with modern industrialism, Chesterton continues as follows:

"The more you study the broad movement of to-day, the more you will find that these people want something much less like Chinese metaphysics, and something much more like Chinese labour. You will find the levelling of creeds quite unexpectedly close to the lowering of wages. Dr. Inge is the typical latitudinarian of to-day; and was never more so than when he appeared not as the Apostle of the Blacks but as the Apostle of the Blacklegs."

Chesterton could hardly be expected to resist the antithesis between "Blacks" and "Blacklegs," but should take sufficient trouble to discover that the Dean, so far from advocating the importation of Asiatic blacklegs, urges the white races to prepare to defend their birthright against Asiatic competition. The Dean merely points out what nobody can deny, that the Asiatic can underlive the European, and that as the white races neither will nor should permit the Asiatic competition, the inevitable conflict between high standard and low standard races will soon test "the conscientious objection to violent bloodshed" professed by international labour. I do not know where Chesterton discovered the Dean's sympathy for Asiatic religion. I should have thought that the Dean's Neo-Platonism was sufficiently obvious. Those more familiar with the Dean's works will be much amused by the following criticism, a criticism which is none the less amusing because it is proclaimed to be a statement of "sober fact."

"The Dean," writes Chesterton, "is apparently in sober fact and not as in any fantasy, in sympathy with those who would soften the superior claims of our creed by urging the rival creeds of the East; with those who would absorb the virtues of Buddhism or of Islam. He holds a high seat in that modern Parliament of religion where all believers respect each other's unbelief."

If Chesterton will read two books by the Dean, *Speculum Animæ* and *The Life of Devotion*, he will perhaps feel ashamed of the remarks I have just quoted.

Chesterton's comments on the Modernist are marked

by the same boisterous contempt for the facts, the same indifference to what Clough calls "the mere it was."

"The real objection to Modernism," he writes, "is that it is simply a form of snobbishness. It is an attempt to crush a rational opponent not by reason but by some mystery of superiority by hinting that one is specially up-to-date or particularly 'in the know.' To flaunt the fact that we have the latest books from Germany is simply vulgar; like flaunting the fact that we have all the latest bonnets from Paris. To introduce into philosophic discussions a sneer at a creed's antiquity is like introducing a sneer at a lady's age. It is caddish because it is irrevelant. The pure Modernist is merely a snob; he cannot bear to be a month behind the fashion."

Tyrrell and Loisy, so far from flaunting the latest books from Germany, did their best to demolish the great German prophet of liberal Protestantism, Harnack. Perhaps Chesterton can cite chapter and verse for his amazing assertion that the Modernists attack a creed's antiquity, for I can find nothing to justify this criticism in their works. Chesterton is, of course, in the best Roman Catholic tradition when he writes of modernism as if it were merely a form of intellectual snobbery. He seems incapable of realizing that men may hold sincerely and suffer for creeds which he happens personally to dislike. "It is always," he remarks gaily, "easy to be a Modernist, as it is always easy to be a snob." It is always easy to be orthodox when editors will pay good prices for an amusing defence of orthodoxy. It is less easy to be a Modernist when modernism means the loss of career and the severance of close ties of blood and friendship, and a sentence which even to the Modernist retains some of its old significance, the sentence of excommunication.

No controversialist is effective unless he has some sympathy with his opponent, unless he can prove himself a "good listener" when his opponent is on the platform. Chesterton has become increasingly ineffective because he has long ceased to examine patiently the point of view with which he finds himself in disagreement. He is content to travesty opinions which

he has never troubled to understand. And his failure to mould the religious and political views of his contemporaries is largely due to this weakness. Nor has Belloc been more effective, either as a politician in the House, or as a writer outside the House, or as an historian writing on the text " Europe must return to the Faith or perish."

Chesterton and Belloc have genius, and incomparable humour. They might have founded a school, they have only collected a clique. Why is this? Not because the British public demands overwhelming evidence before believing the worst of those whom the British public dislikes. The poor man will always be ready to believe the worst of the millionaire, the philistine of the artist, and the unlettered of the professor. But it is a mistake to over-estimate the public's digestion, for there are some things they cannot swallow. Politicians are fair game, but nobody is prepared to believe that Asquith and Curzon were in secret connivance to destroy the House of Lords. Jews are fair game, but there are limits to the credulity of the Christian when invited to observe the hidden hand of Judaism in all that is evil, instigating Communism and buttressing up capitalism, provoking the European war, and working for a shameful peace.

Chesterton and Belloc have over-estimated the credulity of the public. Belloc would probably have been far more convincing if Chesterton had not sedulously echoed his views. I prefer the first edition of the Bellocian gospel, for Belloc's inimitable humour redeems his extravagances from dullness. He is only dull when he is attempting much against the grain to be impartial. A Jew with a sense of humour, and most Jews have a sense of humour, would probably enjoy Belloc's constant allusions to Jewry in his numerous verse, but Jews and Christians alike will be sadly bored by Belloc's more serious treatises on the Jewish problem. He dedicates a recent work on the Jews to a Jewess, just to show that there is no ill-feeling, and

reproves with solemn dignity the regrettable excesses of the anti-semites. He urges with real eloquence his own humane solution to the problem. He would, if I remember aright, satisfy all parties by treating the Jews with courtesy once they have been obliged by law to wear a distinctive national dress and to confine themselves to a legalized Ghetto. Belloc had much better stick to verses about the "curly-headed men." The impartial rôle does not suit his style.

Belloc is perhaps most readable when he is most outrageously unhistorical. In that wonderful book *The Path to Rome* he gives us a thumb-nailed sketch of the Brienzergrat, a grim peak which Belloc climbed on foot, for the railway up the Brienzergrat had not been built. He illustrates this superb mountaineering feat by a drawing of the Brienzer precipice, the gradient of which he remarks is "slightly but not much exaggerated." This reminds me of the moving peroration to one of the chapters in his book on Robespierre, a chapter which closes with the simple footnote "An exaggeration."

Chesterton does not read these footnotes. The gradients which are "slightly exaggerated" by Belloc are still further steepened by Chesterton. Belloc believes about twenty per cent. of the things he says, but Chesterton swallows the whole hundred per cent.

It is the Bellocian echo which spoils so much of Chesterton's works. We begin to read some delightful essay only to give a weary sigh. "Heigh-ho, here we are again, all the old Belloc complexes. . . . Jews, millionaires, party politics, mediaeval guilds and so forth." There is too much of the charcoal burner, too much Fides Hilarii about Chesterton's faith in his friend.

If you are very young you may be able to lash yourself in indignation against party politicians, but as you grow older you will probably agree with Johnson, for whose opinions on most matters Chesterton has a profound respect.

"I can see," said Dr. Johnson, "that a man may be right to stick to a party. . . . He is a Whig or he is a Tory, and he thinks one of those parties upon the whole the best, and that to prevail, it must be generally supported, though in particulars it may be wrong. He takes his faggot of principle in which there are fewer rotten sticks than in the other, though some rotten sticks to be sure; and they cannot well be separated."

The politician, however, seems to get off more lightly than the professor. I hold no brief for Dons. I invariably disagreed with Dons on the merits of my own examination papers, and also on other minor matters, but with the best will in the world I cannot myself accept the Chestertonian thesis, to wit, that the more thoroughly a man has studied a particular period, the more worthless must be the conclusions which he draws from his researches. It is, of course, all to the good that a man with a talent for writing should not be precluded from writing history until he has devoted years of labour and research to his subject. History is often better written by men with vision than by men whose minds are a mere encyclopedia of facts. Belloc's delightful sketches in a volume called *The Eye Witness* are better history than many a learned tome, but they would never have been written if other people had not done the necessary spade work which is embodied in learned tomes. The theory that history should be the special preserve of men with great leisure, with access to great libraries is absurd; but those who have not the leisure for original research, though fully entitled to make use of research that has been accomplished by others, should show a little common gratitude towards the race of Dons. And the constant denunciation of Dons and professors, which runs like a refrain through the works of Belloc and Chesterton, is frankly tedious. The antipathy our friends display for exact and patient research explains their dislike not only of Dons but of scientists, and the anti-scientific temper which they exhibit is a faithful reflection of the public mind, for there is no country where the self-proclaimed "practical

man " is surer of applause, no country where the intellectual is more distrusted. Lord Birkenhead's remark that the Bonar Law Cabinet contained no first-class brains won the election for Bonar Law. I am surprised that Belloc has overlooked this obvious instance of secret collusion between politicians in apparent conflict.

No courage is needed to say, as Chesterton says:

> " If there is one class of man whom history has proved especially and supremely capable of going quite wrong in all directions, it is the class of highly intellectual men."

This sort of thing goes down well at any public meeting, for men who cannot claim to be highly intellectual like to be told that they are less liable to make mistakes than their more gifted neighbours. The man who is not clever can always credit himself with shrewdness and common sense, qualities much more valuable than showy brains, and as shrewdness and common sense are never submitted to the acid test of formal examination, everybody is free to award himself a first-class in the Honour school of common sense.

The best comment on the passage which I have just quoted from Chesterton is to quote again from Dean Inge:

> " A nation which takes for prophets irrationalists like Mr. Kidd and Mr. Chesterton, has no right to complain of emotional politicians, who despise accurate knowledge. It has deserved them. The anti-scientific temper is our enemy to-day—a worse enemy than the German. It has become shameless and aggressive, taking advantage of certain anti-intellectualist tendencies in modern philosophy, and of dissensions in the scientific camp. . . . That intellect as such should be spoken of with contempt is a new thing; it indicates the barbarization of public and social life."

Chesterton's *History of England* closes with a chapter called " The Return of the Barbarian." But the barbarian has no need to return. He has never left us. The badge of his tribe is the contempt for intellect and the idealization of instinct, the enthronement of prejudice and the revolt against science. All that is

new in the present situation is the success of the barbarian in enlisting as his ally the intellectual, who uses the gift of intellect to pour contempt upon intellect.

This is a dangerous game since the envy of intellect supplies the driving power of most revolutions. Revolutions owe less to the idealism of a few altruists than to the resentment of the lower strata of society against a social system which rewards the capable and punishes the incompetent.

Chesterton idealizes the French Revolution, but he forgets that it is not only the rich who suffer in revolutions. The intellectuals are among the first to fall. The French Revolutionists sent Lavoisier to the guillotine because "they had no use for chemists." The Russian Revolution is true to type and has ruthlessly exterminated the intellectuals, and if ever England goes the way of Russia, the intellectuals who have betrayed their order, and incited the barbarian against their peers, will be the first to fall.

It is only fair to state that Chesterton's enthusiasm for revolutions has been cooled by recent events in Russia. In 1910 he did not conceal his contempt for the failure of Great Britain to go the way of France.

> "We are not ready," he wrote in a frenzy of scorn, "to fight all Europe on a point of justice. We are not ready to fling our most powerful class as mere refuse to the foreigner; we are not ready to shatter the great estates at a stroke; we are not ready to trust ourselves in an awful moment of utter dissolution in order to make all things seem intelligible, and all men feel honourable henceforth. We are not strong enough to be as strong as Danton. We are not strong enough to be as weak as Robespierre."

Well, many things have happened since 1910. The Russians have given us a lead, and have proved strong enough to be as strong as Danton and Trotzky. They have flung their most powerful class "as refuse to the foreigner." They have "shattered the great estates at a stroke" . . . and yet—and yet, somehow their deeds have failed to rouse Chesterton to a proper pitch

of lyrical enthusiasm. Perhaps the "awful moment of utter dissolution" dissolved too many of Chesterton's own illusions, for it hardly seems to have made "all things seem intelligible," or, "all men feel honourable henceforth." It is all rather sad. Revolutions have a way of disappointing the intellectuals who provoked them. Chesterton does not like the Russian Revolution. It is the wrong kind of revolution. It has been engineered by Jews, like that greater revolution which gave Chesterton his creed.

No, the Russian revolution is not the kind of revolution that Chesterton wanted . . . that is the worst of revolutions, they never are.

It is perhaps unfair to remind any author of remarks which he made before the war. Chesterton would certainly not survive this searching test. Before the war Chesterton was convinced that the English were losing all their ancient virtues. The modern man, he assured us, "would only outstrip the warrior in the sense that he would run away from him." Again, "there never was a time when nations were more military, there never was a time when men were less brave."

The war exploded another dogma dear to Belloc and Chesterton. Belloc's book *The Servile State* conclusively proved that Englishmen were offering no resistance to the gradual approach of that bureaucratic state whose citizens will be divided into Government servants and Government serfs. Chesterton, since this book was published, has seen the scheming bureaucrat in every bush. The war proved that Englishmen had lost neither courage nor their love of liberty. "We are not ready," wrote Chesterton in 1910, "to fight all Europe on a point of justice." In 1914 England the unready proved him wrong. The war also showed that Englishmen were no less ready to fight for the liberty of others than to maintain their own personal liberty. The cheerfulness with which the nation accepted Dora and the King's Regulations in order to defeat the Germans was no less remarkable than the determination with which

they demobilized themselves and cast off Dora once the issue was decided.

Facts such as these console us when we read Chesterton's melancholy prophecies in 1910.

> "The mere love of liberty has never been at a lower ebb in England than it has been for the last twenty years. Never has it been more easy to slip more bills through Parliament for the purpose of locking people up. . . . Two hundred years ago we turned out the Stuart rather than endanger the Habeus Corpus Act. Quite recently we abolished the Habeas Corpus Act rather than turn out the Home Secretary."

Still more recently conservative judges have upheld the Habeas Corpus Act at the expense of a conservative Home Secretary on behalf of an Irish rebel scheming to introduce into England a repetition of Sinn Fein tactics. Mr. Art O'Brien may be congratulated on proving that the Habeas Corpus Act is more firmly established than most of Chesterton's conclusions.

XI

And now the ground is clear to examine in some detail the views of the "Merry Englanders" which have been briefly summarized on page 226 and which are responsible for Chesterton's conversion. It is important, I think, to make up our minds whether these views are correct, for our philosophy will be radically influenced by the doctrine that the Middle Ages were, in many ways, superior to our own. This view is gaining ground, for many people who are never likely to become Catholics have accepted the picture which Chesterton paints of the Middle Ages, largely perhaps because Chesterton's views appear in the Press, whereas the refutation of these views must be sought either in contemporary records inaccessible to the man in the street, or in such works as Mr. Coulton's *Five Centuries of Religion*, which is published at a price of thirty shillings. Belloc and Chesterton may be congratulated on the success of their

efforts to convince the public that Catholicism is the antithesis to Puritanism, and that Europe during the Ages of Faith was a very jolly Europe indeed. The views of this school will be found in the little book, miscalled *A Short History of England*, a book which is, in fact, a short history of Chesterton's conversion to Roman Catholicism.

Chesterton's history should be read side by side with Belloc's *Europe and the Faith.* Chesterton's book, though the first to be published, is an echo of Belloc's views, those views which ultimately found expression in *Europe and the Faith.* The thesis of Belloc's book is a thesis which he has been preaching for years, and may be summed up in the words "Europe will return to the Faith, or she will perish. The Faith is Europe, and Europe is the Faith." This seems a quaint battle-cry for those who have been commanded to go unto *all* nations, scarcely an inspiring text for the conversion of China. What a nuisance Belloc would have proved to St. Paul, for a Pauline Belloc would certainly have urged that "The Faith is Jewry, and Jewry is the Faith," and in that case Christianity would never have emerged from Asia.

Europe and the Faith was written to prove three things. First that the Roman Empire never fell, secondly that all that is of value in European culture is derived from Rome, partly from the old Roman Empire, and partly from the Roman Empire in its later phase as the Roman Catholic Church. Thirdly, that all our evils date from the Reformation.

According to Belloc the decline and fall of the Roman Empire is a fiction invented by infidel historians and pro-German professors. The Roman Empire was never overwhelmed from without. Alaric was only incidentally a Goth, and would have been very much annoyed had you considered him as anything less than a Roman General. He was dissatisfied with his pay, and anxious for a more rapid promotion, and in the course of pressing his claims he caused a certain amount of disturbance at

Rome. He may, in a fit of impatience, have sacked Rome, but nothing was further from his thoughts than to destroy the Roman Empire. The Roman Empire was never destroyed, it was merely rearranged from within, and eventually transformed.

Just as the barbarian invasion of the Empire is a myth, so the influence of the Anglo-Saxons on Great Britain is a legend invented by pro-German historians out of respect for Queen Victoria's German relations.

Belloc devotes great space to proving that the Roman influence was as powerful in Britain as elsewhere, and that the Anglo-Saxons left no important trace on the country which they invented.

And then in clarion tones comes the inevitable Chestertonian echo:

> "The Teutons never had a creed; they never had a cause; and it was only in recent years that they even began to have a cant. The orthodox modern historian, notably Green, remarked on the singularity of Britons in being alone of all Roman provinces wholly spared and re-peopled by a Germanic race. He does not entertain an escape from the singularity of this event, the possibility that it never occurred."

Belloc trips delicately over the evidence supplied by language. The English have been in India for many decades, but English is not the language of the Indians. Language is not a sure test of race, for a subject race occasionally adopts the language of its conquerors, but language is an infallible test of racial influence, for no subject race adopts a language unless the invaders have made a permanent impression on the country, and unless their culture has proved more potent than the culture which they displaced, and this has not been the case in India, though it was undeniably the case in England after the Saxon invasion. One could write a whole book without taking one word from the Latin, but try to write a dozen words without the help of Anglo-Saxon and you will find the task beyond your power.

But Belloc will have none of this. You and I have been brought up to believe that the germs of our Parlia-

ment can be traced to Anglo-Saxon institutions. This theory Belloc dismisses with contempt. The "Catholic Reader of History" knows better.

"He knows that Christian Parliaments are not dimly and possibly barbaric, but certainly and plainly monastic in their origin; he is not surprised to learn that they arose first in the Pyrenean Valleys during the struggle against Mohammedans; indeed quite probable and necessary was such an origin just when the chief efforts of Europe were at work in the reconquista."

Deep calls to Deep.

"Finally," Chesterton tells us, "the abbots and abbesses were elected. They introduced representative government, unknown to ancient democracy, and in itself a sacramental idea."

You and I may perhaps feel that historians who reverse so gaily the accepted verdict of history might condescend to furnish us with something remotely resembling a proof for their more defiant heterodoxes. That is where you and I are wrong. The "Catholic Reader of History" knows these things by instinct. The Protestant reader suffers from "invincible ignorance" and would be incapable of perceiving the truth, however convincing the evidence. Evidence is therefore unnecessary for the "Catholic Reader," and useless for the Protestant reader.

Probably Belloc is right. Most of his readers accept confidence of assertion as equivalent to knowledge based on exact research. It is hard for them to resist the belief that the hearty dogmatism with which Belloc and Chesterton utter their views must be backed by irresistible evidence which they could produce if challenged. Belloc does not write for Dons, whom he despises, but for those who, unlike Dons, have no means of checking his generalizations and negations.

Consider, for instance, the following passage.

"The conception," Belloc writes, "which the Catholic

Church had of *itself* in the early third century can, perhaps, best be approached by pointing out that if we use the word 'Christianity' we are unhistorical. 'Christianity' is a term in the mouth and upon the pen of the post-Reformation writer; it connotes an opinion or a theory; a point of view, an idea. Christians of the time of which I speak had no such conception . . . the current phrase 'Christianity' used by moderns as identical with the Christian body in the third century connotes a grossly unhistorical idea; it connotes something historically false."

Very impressive. The Early Fathers are heavy reading, and there is no risk that the average reader will plough through Ambrose and Augustine to confute Mr. Belloc. Moreover, Mr. Coulton's *Five Centuries of Religion* costs thirty shillings, and the footnote in which he demolishes the passage which I have just quoted would easily escape the attention even of those who know Mr. Coulton's work.

It is obvious that this type of statement will be accepted by most readers at its face value. Chesterton has adopted Belloc's method with success; for instance, on the subject of slavery he writes as follows:

"No laws had been passed against slavery, no dogmas had ever condemned it by definition, no new race or ruling caste had repudiated it, but it was gone. This silent and startling transformation is, perhaps, the best measure of the pressure of popular light in the Middle Ages, of how fast it was making new things in its spiritual factory. Like everything else in the mediaeval revolution, from its cathedrals to its ballads, it was anonymous as it was enormous. It is admitted everywhere that the conscious and active emancipators were the parish priests and the religious brotherhoods; but no name among them has survived and no man among them has reached his reward in this world. Countless Clarksons and innumerable Wilberforces without political machinery or public fame worked at deathbeds and confessionals in all the villages of Europe; and the vast system of slavery vanished. . . . The Catholic type of Christianity was not merely an element, it was a climate; and in that climate a slave would not grow."

You do not prove your case merely by stating that your case is "admitted everywhere."

Primitive Christianity, like every other revolution,

appealed to the oppressed, and derived its power partly from the unique spiritual message which it gave to the world, but also partly from its promise to exalt the humble and meek, and to put down the mighty from their seats. Like other revolutions it was more successful in fulfilling the second part of this programme, leaving the humble and meek very much as they were. Again, Christianity in power proved very different from Christianity in the catacombs, just as Communism in office is not identical with Communism in Siberia. If the Church had retained the ideals of primitive Christianity, slavery could not have survived the triumph of the new faith. But many of those inconvenient ideals were forgotten when the Church allied itself to the civil power. The mediaeval Church, as such, did even less to abolish serfdom than the Anglican Church, as such, did to abolish negro slavery. All the great steps for emancipation were taken by lay rulers. The following extract from the decrees of the Cluniac Order has been unearthed by Mr. Coulton, and provides a significant commentary on Chesterton's rosy picture of the relations of the Church to slavery.

"In 1310 it was decreed by the Cluniac General Chapter for their whole Order: 'By this present statute we excommunicate all and several of the abbots, vicars, and other members of our Order who alienate any of the movable or immovable possessions of the said Order for time or for life, or who being possessed of serfs and bondsmen, or women belonging to our Order, do grant to such folk letters or privileges of manumission or liberty."

As a pendant to the decree just quoted, Cardinal Manning's remarks on the inefficiency of Catholics as social reformers seems apposite.

"And further, all the great works of charity in England have had their beginning out of the Church; for instance, the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, and the persevering protest of the Anti-Slavery Society. Not a Catholic name, so far as I know, shared in this. France, Portugal, and Brazil have been secretly or openly slave-trading or, till now, even slave holding."

From which it would appear that the Catholic climate of Portugal and Brazil was scarcely a climate "in which," to quote Chesterton, "a slave would not grow."

The Church, according to Chesterton, not only abolished slavery, but provided the world with the ideal relationship between the landlord and the tenant.

"It is admitted, for instance, that things like eviction or the harsh treatment of tenants were practically unknown wherever the Church was landlord."

"It is admitted . . ." Yes, by Belloc, but not by the mediaeval court rolls, which prove, of course, that monks evicted like other people. Monastic landlords were, perhaps, rather better than other landlords, but there is plenty of evidence to show that they were often quite as bad. Bishop Longland of Lincoln, for instance, writing to Abbot Oseny on 21st July, 1526, remarks:

"Abbots are intent only upon money and not upon the increase of religious life, and outside their monasteries they flay their tenants worse than the secular clergy or laity do."

It is also rather amusing to find that the serfs of the Meaux Cistercians were responsible for a prolonged law-suit in their heroic attempt to free themselves from monasteries and to hold from the king, a quaint commentary on Chesterton's belief that monastic Orders were responsible for the abolition of serfdom.

Chesterton does not lack courage, so we are not surprised to find that he attempts to clear the monasteries from the charge of immorality. Unfortunately, monastic immorality is one of those historic facts which are established beyond all possible doubt. The issue is settled. There is no appeal from the verdict, for the monasteries are condemned not on the evidence of Protestant Reformers, or of men who hated the monastic ideal, but on the evidence of men who believed in this ideal, the great reformers within the

Religious Brotherhoods, great Churchmen such as Roger Bacon, St. Bonaventura, Langland, and St. Catherine of Siena. Gerson, one of the reputed authors of the *Imitation of Christ*, the greatest Churchman of his age, remarks in one place:

"I actually doubt whether boys and girls do not sometimes learn worse morals at schools and among nuns and monks than they would in brothels."

Chesterton's contribution to the controversy is characteristic.

"It is wildly unfair," he writes, "to quote the letters of bishops and such authorities denouncing the sins of monastic life, violent as they often are. They cannot possibly be more violent than the letters of St. Paul to the purest and most primitive churches; the Apostle was writing there to those Early Christians whom all Churches idealize; and he talks to them as to cut-throats and thieves. The explanation for those concerned with such subtleties may possibly be found in the fact that Christianity is not a creed for good men but for men. Such letters had been written in all centuries, and even in the sixteenth century they do not prove so much that there were bad abbots as that there were good bishops."

Even if we concede that St. Paul's more pungent remarks were, as Chesterton suggests, directed against the Early Christians and not, as a brief study of Pauline epistles will show, directed against the heathen world, Chesterton would still have missed the whole point of the case. For it is not the ratio of bad abbots to good bishops which concerns us, but the ineffectiveness of good bishops in getting rid of bad abbots. Cardinal Morton's failure to punish the abbot of the monastery at St. Alban's is a case in point. The Cardinal had been granted a commission by the Pope to inquire into the terrible reports of immorality in the English monasteries. To the abbot of the monastery at St. Alban's, the Cardinal wrote as follows:

"You yourself, moreover, among other grave enormities and abominable crimes whereof you are guilty, and for which you are noted and defamed, have, in the first place, admitted

a certain married woman, named Elena Germyn, who has separated herself without just cause from her husband, and for some time past has lived in adultery with another man, to be a nun or a sister in the house or priory of Bray, lying, as you pretend, within your jurisdiction. You have next appointed the same woman to be prioress of the same house, notwithstanding that her said husband was living at the time, and is still alive. And finally, Father Thomas Sudbury, one of your brother monks, publicly, notoriously, and without interference or punishment from you, has associated, and still associates, with this woman as an adulterer with his harlot."

I will spare the reader the remainder of this terrible inditement. He proceeds for several pages to a most lame and impotent conclusion, for the abbot was merely invited to reconsider his doings and, if possible, to amend them. He was not removed or degraded, but merely urged to repent. The abbot must have been much amused.

That is where the parallel with primitive or with modern Christianity breaks down. A modern abbot of a Roman Catholic Order in Great Britain against whom such crimes could be substantiated would, of course, be invited to repent, but his repentance would take place after he had retired from office. He would have every reason to regret the harsh contrast with the Ages of Faith.

XII

Chesterton has recently denied that he regards the Middle Ages as a Golden Age.

"I can only claim," he wrote in the *Illustrated London News*, "that the age was as human as our own, and in some points happier, though possibly in other points less happy."

His real claims are less modest, as anybody can discover who reads his history of England. He grossly over-estimates mediaeval happiness and greatly

under-estimates mediaeval gloom. He pretends to show that the average man, such as a member of a mediaeval guild,[1] was materially and spiritually better off than his descendant of to-day. He was certainly not so well fed in spite of attempts to prove the contrary in the following passage:

"The surplus is self-evident upon any just study of the prices of the period, when all deductions have been made, of course, of the different value of the coinage. When a man could get a goose or a gallon of ale for one or two of the smallest and commonest coins the matter is in no way effected by the names of those coins."

The conclusion at which Chesterton has arrived does not tally with the views of one of the greatest authorities on this very question. Viscomte Georges d'Avenel devoted thirty years to collecting documents which throw light on the subject of prices during the last seven centuries. He has sifted old bills, contracts, trade agreements, etc., and the documents which he has thus classified exceed 75,000. This book, *Découvertes d'Histoire*, is quite cheap and accessible. Writing in 1910, the author assures us that the proletariat of to-day are better fed, better housed and better clothed than at any period in history, and that many things which were once regarded as the luxuries of the rich are now considered essential to the existence of the poor, and are within the reach of all but the completely indigent.

Modern industrialism is, of course, an easy target for the destructive critic. Its faults are obvious, and its success in raising the standard of life among the proletariat is easily overlooked. The prevailing tendency to idealize the mediaeval guild, which is carried to absurd lengths, is due partly to the Guild Socialists and partly to the Catholics of the Chestertonian school. The Guild Socialist has discovered the propaganda value of the word "guild," which has a romantic flavour

[1] Of course the guildsman was far better off than the average man. As late as Chaucer's time one Englishman in two was a serf, a fact which the "Merry Englanders" have cheerfully ignored.

sadly lacking in "syndicalism" or "soviet." The modern guildsman wins converts from those who vaguely hope that the Guild Socialist State would be a renaissance of Merry England rather than of melancholy Russia. But I do not think that the mediaeval guildsman would feel very much at home in that Guild Socialist State which my friend, Mr. Cole, so eloquently depicts.

The Chestertonian Catholic, on the other hand, idealized the Guild simply because the Guild was one of the leading institutions of Catholic Europe in the Middle Ages.

The Guild was useful in small and self-contained communities. In the anarchy of the Middle Ages the Guild enabled traders to band together for defence, and to exercise a useful influence on legislation. But a system of protection and monopoly, of which the Guild was the supreme expression, is only of value in an age of universal insecurity, and is mischievous once trade becomes intricate and international. The Guilds soon lost their old virtues, and developed into privileged corporations in which membership tended to become hereditary. Taxes, says a contemporary chronicle, were levied on apprentices "out of sinister mind and purpose." The Guilds had outlived their usefulness, and the facts which can be verified from any contemporary record make nonsense of Chesterton's ingenious suggestion that the landowners adopted Protestantism as a short cut towards the destruction of the Guilds, and the acquisition not only of monastic but also of Guild property.

Belloc seems anxious to prove that Luther is the founder of capitalism, and both Belloc and Chesterton seem convinced that capitalism and Catholicism are sworn enemies, and that "the possession of the means of production by the few, and the exploitation by the many" is one of many evil consequences of the Reformation.

Mr. Chesterton, for instance, recently remarked:

"It is not a fancy but a fact that the mediaeval world tried to establish a just price, whereas the modern world is at the mercy of a merciless anarchy of prices."

Mediaeval trade was certainly hampered by the interference of theologians, but the Roman Court was the first to assist the trader in his legitimate desire to evade the impracticable restrictions laid down by cloistered monks. The Church, then as now, was one of the most powerful capitalistic organizations in the world, and could be relied on to supply benevolent interpretations of scholastic maxims. The casuistry whereby the mediaeval trader was encouraged by the Church to evade the laws against usury, merely proved that the Middle Ages wasted a great deal of mental energy, and practised a corresponding amount of mental dishonesty before reaching the solution which the Modern World accepts as axiomatic. The quaintest sidelight on the Church's attitude towards usury is the fact that the Papal Usurers were far more ruthless than the Jews. This fact is pointed out by Matthew Paris in one of those contemporary documents which Chesterton is so wise in neglecting.

The Church not only encouraged Capitalism and Trade, but gave to the religious Brotherhoods an unfair advantage against lay traders. Customs, taxes and tithes had originally been remitted to the Societies of poverty-stricken saints who professed no ambition other than to live by the work of their own hands. And so when the monks went into business they enjoyed the same advantage as would be enjoyed to-day by an American firm trading in England under a special charter which dispensed them from paying English income tax.

The great monastic reformers, notably those of the Cistercian Order, were always appealing, and always appealing in vain, against the growing tendency of the monks to concentrate on money-making concerns.

The fact is, of course, that the Catholic Church has been consistently on the side of the rich and powerful,

and like every other Church has had to effect a compromise between Christ's criticism of riches and the refusal of the world to regard poverty as an ideal.

I do not deny that industry was in some ways more human in the Middle Ages than it is to-day. The craftsman had more scope for his personality in the days when machinery had not yet condemned most workers to the soulless repetition of mechanical movements. But it is a pity that Chesterton only points his contrast at the expense of the capitalist, for he might do worse than remind the modern Trade Unions of the contrast between the Guild ideal of good workmanship and the modern ideal of ca' canny.

The displacement of handicraft by machinery has nothing to do with Catholicism. The fact that A and B both occur in the same period does not mean that A is due to B. The industrial revolution is not due to Protestantism, nor has the Catholic Church, as far as I know, opposed the introduction of machinery. It would be as absurd to praise the Catholic Church for such advantages as the guildsman may have enjoyed over the Trade Unionist of to-day, as to blame the Catholic Church because the modern workman is more powerful, better protected, better housed and better fed than his ancestor who lived in the Ages of Faith. That this is the case can be proved beyond all possibility of doubt.

And if Belloc and Chesterton fail, as they certainly do fail, in their attempts to prove that the guildsman was materially better off than the modern Trade Unionist, they are equally unsuccessful when they attempt to show the superiority in spiritual values of the Ages of Faith.

In so far as the Middle Ages were happy, they were happy in spite of rather than because of their religion, for there was nothing very cheerful about a religion which preached Hell fire as the fate which awaited the great majority of the human race.

The Middle Ages accepted with alarming literalness the text "Many are called and few are chosen." It was

believed that most bishops would be damned, a doctrine whose disappearance many Anglo-Catholics might view with regret, and the intriguing problem as to whether an Archdeacon could be saved gave rise to a famous disputation. The reader should contrast the chapter on Hell in Mr. Coulton's *Five Centuries of Religion* with Father Martindale's views on the same topic.

Contrast, for instance, the tone of a decree formally enshrined in Canon Law and frequently quoted by great mediaeval preachers, which runs as follows:

" Hold fast to this truth that not only men of rational age, but even babes, who having begun to live in the mother's womb, either die there, or die after birth unbaptized, pass from this world to be punished in eternal fire "

with Father Martindale on the same theme:

" A child dying unbaptized passes into natural happiness surpassing as we may well believe all that earth offers of delight "

or with Father Martindale's mild remark:

" Most Catholics " (note the " most ") " would say that we know that Judas is damned."

Those who have even a superficial acquaintance with mediaeval theology will not need to be convinced that a Church which taught their disgusting doctrines did not make for the happiness of mankind, and that Belloc is very wide of the mark when he pretends to find in the centuries following the Reformation " a universal mark, the progressive extension of despair." Those centuries, on the contrary, witnessed the gradual disappearance of that despair into which the Catholic Church by her teaching had plunged so many men whose humane instincts shrunk from the implications of a doctrine which Rationalism had not yet taught the world to reject. Chesterton evades this issue in his attempt to dispute the theory that " priests darken and embitter the world."

" I look at the world," he writes, " and simply discover that they don't. Those countries in Europe which are still

influenced by priests are exactly the countries where there is still singing and dancing and coloured dresses and art in the open air. Catholic doctrine and discipline may be walled; but they are the walls of a playground. Christianity is the only frame which has preserved the pleasures of paganism."

The fact that Catholics dance proves one of two things, either that Catholicism encourages dancing, or that Catholicism is not strong enough to suppress dancing. Dancing, like the habit of making love to other men's wives, may be one of those pagan amusements which Christianity has never succeeded in uprooting.

Catholicism must be judged not by the standard which it has been forced to tolerate, but by the standard which its saints and doctors have preached; it must be judged by the conduct which it officially prescribes not by the conduct it unofficially condones.

The severe ascetics have called the Catholic tune, but as the average bishop or priest was not a severe ascetic the puritan tune was seldom played. But it is absurd to praise Catholicism for failing to maintain the Catholic standards.

The mediaeval moralists condemned dancing with striking unanimity; even the modern Catholic Encyclopedia is very half-hearted in its concessions to human nature.

" Undoubtedly," writes the Catholic Encyclopedia, " old national dances in which the performers stand apart, hardly, if at all, holding the partner's hand, fall under ethical censure scarcely more than any other kind of social intercourse."

This quotation is hardly encouraging for those who wish to substantiate the imaginary antithesis between Catholicism and Puritanism.

The Puritanism of Mediaeval Catholicism finds its expression not only in the condemnation of dancing, but also in the attitude of the mediaeval moralist to Church music, to Church ornaments, even to laughter and poetry. The typical thirteenth century Church was bare of ornament compared to the most moderate of High Anglican Churches. Kensit's campaign against exhibit-

ing the pictures of saints in Church has an excellent Catholic precedent in St. Bernard's strong views on this very subject. St. Francis, who is often represented as the embodiment of holy gaiety, strongly objected to laughter. "He desired," so his chronicler tells us, "that the servant of God should not only forbear from laughing himself, but should also be careful not to provoke laughter in others."

Mr. Belloc makes some scornful remarks about the modern puritan who "does not understand poetry, he has a vague suspicion that it is immoral. He associates gloom with truth. There are many of him about." There are less of him about than in the days when St. Bernard ordered that monks who made verses should be banished, and when all that makes for beauty and happiness was condemned by the great mediaeval moralists.

Chesterton suggests that puritan iconoclasm came from the east.

> "Take a walk to all the Parish Churches in England within a radius of thirty miles and ask why this stone virgin is headless, or that coloured glass is gone. He will soon learn that it was lately, and in his own lane and homestead, that the ecstasy of the desert returned, and his bleak northern island was filled with the fury of the Iconoclasts."

A European needed no lesson from the east in the art of smashing images. Iconoclasm is a human instinct which finds expression in all wars, more especially in civil wars. It is a common result of religious rivalry, and the jealousies between different religious orders have often found expression in Iconoclasm as brutal as that which disgraced the Cromwellian Revolution.

The Bishop of Piacenza, to quote one of many instances, disliked the Franciscans, and in order that there might be no doubt about his sentiments, he gave orders that a Franciscan wayside crucifix should be torn up by his clergy and flung into a cesspool. Again the destruction of churches and beautiful architecture was never more wholesale than in the fourteenth century, a

fact which Chesterton can easily verify by consulting *La Desolation des Eglises*, by Father Denitle, the sub-librarian to the Vatican.

Puritanism is not the name of a sect. Puritanism is not the monopoly of Protestantism. Puritanism is a permanent tendency which finds expression in most religious revivals. The puritan's hatred of beauty, his contempt for ritual and ornament and stately music, are as characteristic of mediaeval Catholicism as of Calvinism. Mr. Coulton has proved that

> " the Puritanism of the Reformation was the simplest, the strictest and most logical attempt yet made to realize certain thoroughly mediaeval ideas."

Even the faults generally looked upon as specially characteristic of modern Puritanism,

> " the complacent assurance that one's own clique is in the way of salvation, and that all others are on the broad way to damnation—is not only thoroughly mediaeval, but specially characteristic of those who had taken religious vows. Pious men in the Middle Ages contemplated with most Calvinistic complacency the hopeless damnation of the whole non-Christian world, including millions of unbaptized infants for whom Christian parents had shed bitter human tears. Jonathan Edwards' sermon on the doom of unbaptized infants, which is often quoted as a typical specimen of Puritanism, is simply a survival of the Middle Ages."

I have sometimes wondered why those who wish to prove the Divinity of Christ by differentiating between him and all other great revivalists have never pointed out the striking fact that Christ, unlike many of his great followers, was no Puritan. He had sympathy not only with sorrow, but with joy, and shared in the happiness as well as in the hardships of his followers. St. Jerome, as one can guess from his published utterances on the subject of marriage, would have added little to the gaiety of a wedding feast, whereas Christ would always have been a welcome guest, for he was not obsessed by that Puritan horror of sex which so many of his followers preached in his name. Peter was the rock upon which

his Church was founded, and Peter, whom Catholics claim as the first of the Popes, was a married man.

Christ turned water into wine, which explains perhaps why the age of miracles ended with the apostles, for if miraculous power had been bestowed upon later revivalists, we may be sure that by this time all the wine in the world would have been turned into water.

XIII

Chesterton once urged his readers to give up reading historians and to start reading history. My advice is less drastic. Let the reader turn to our historians, Belloc and Chesterton, for entertainment, but to history, especially the history recorded in contemporary documents, for the facts. And I think when he has contrasted the facts of mediaeval life with those fancies which have inspired Chesterton's presentment of the Ages of Faith, he will agree that Chesterton's temperamental sympathy for Catholicism has enabled him to evade all evidence which tells against his thesis, and to manufacture the only evidence which appears to support it. The history of Chesterton's conversion is indeed the most striking illustration of the small part which reason and impartial inquiry plays in the formation of a man's philosophy and creed.

For the purpose of this book it was necessary to criticize Chesterton purely on his merits as a controversialist and as an historian. If we are asked whether we are bound to reconsider the case for Rome, because a gifted convert has decided that this case is proved, we must obviously try to discover whether his conversion is due to a reasonable and considered review of all the merits of the case. But this issue will not interest most of Chesterton's readers. His public is composed, in the main, of readers who are as likely to become Buddhists as Catholics. And they will continue to read him, though

they disagree with all his views, because they enjoy his inimitable style, and because none but a fool will quarrel with genius for expressing opinions unsupported by evidence.

For such readers matter would be of less importance than manner. Who would read a dull statement of the religion of all reasonable men if he could read a brilliant presentment of the religion of the unreasonable Belloc? There are enough judicious historians and open-minded controversialists. Let us cherish our Chestertons in spite of their unfairness in controversy and their inaccuracy as historians, so long as they can delight us by their wit. We can go to the scientific historians for the facts, and to Belloc and Chesterton for something rarer than facts, entertainment.

For humour receives less than its due. The man who can make a new joke deserves recognition no less than the man who discovers a new microbe or a new fact in mediaeval history. Belloc and Chesterton have the supreme merit that they have invented a new type of humour. It is far easier to be serious in a new way than to be funny in a new way. Belloc struck out a new vein of humour in his *Modern Traveller* and his *Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. Chesterton's Ode to F. E. Smith and some of his inimitable shorter poems are a new departure in humour which has provoked too many imitators. These things are perfect of their kind just as the Parthenon or Heine's poems are perfect of their kind.

Chesterton's curt dogmatism, his crude simplifications of complex problems, his contempt for controversy, may be irritating, yet it is strange how mild is the irritation he provokes even among readers who disagree flatly with almost all his views. Why is this? My answer must take the form of a quotation from Mr. Arnold Bennett.

"I merely voice," writes Arnold Bennett, "the opinion of the intelligent minority (or majority) of Mr. Chesterton's readers when I say that his championship of Christian dogma sticks in my throat. In my opinion, at this time of day it is absolutely impossible for a young man with a first-class

intellectual apparatus to accept any form of dogma, and I am therefore forced to the conclusion that Mr. Chesterton has not got a first-class intellectual apparatus. . . . I will go further and say it is impossible, in one's private thoughts, to think of the accepter of dogma as an intellectual equal."

The genial dogmatism of these remarks will annoy the orthodox, much more than Chesterton's orthodoxy could ever annoy the heretics, and for this good reason. The Bellocian and Chestertonian cocksureness is vicarious, untainted by personal conceit. They believe in an infallible Church, a belief for which thousands have died in the past, and for which thousands would die to-morrow. They stake their reputation on the infallibility of their Church, not on their personal infallibility. Bennett's cocksureness is purely personal, and so in spite of his undoubted genius, there remains something provincial in his outlook. His utterances on religion echo the self-satisfied assurance of the Five Towns "Card" proclaiming that Christianity is a "dud." It is easier to accept the infallibility of the Pope than the infallibility of the "Card."

Belloc and Chesterton do not particularly impress one with being concerned for their reputation. I am sure that Chesterton does not mind very much what you or I may think of him, though he minds very much what we think of his Church (or his Belloc). They both seem unconcerned to take up personal challenges, or to reply to personal criticism, but when the Catholic Church is attacked she has no more vehement champion than our friends. So Chesterton is more modest than Arnold Bennett even when Chesterton is announcing his unshaken certitude concerning dogmas which are unprovable, humbler when he claims to know, than Bennett when he asserts that the things which are hidden from the wisdom of the Five Towns must remain for ever unknown.

A belief in the supernatural may or may not be based on evidence, but at least it lends significance to life and to the literature which is inspired by this belief. One is

grateful to Arnold Bennett for the "Card" and for "Clayhanger." His characterization is so perfect that the reader knows his characters just as if he had lived with them. We know all there is to be known about Clayhanger and the Card. It is otherwise with Chesterton. You feel that you would never really have known the Napoleon of Nottinghill even if you and he had shared a convict's cell for a lifetime. To borrow a mathematical analogy, his heroes are sections in three dimensions of four dimensional figures. And it is this belief in the fourth dimension which seems to give an atmosphere of space and far horizons to Chesterton's novels, an atmosphere which one misses in the more compact, more rational and more plausible presentment of life which Mr. Bennett offers for our entertainment.

Mr. Bennett visits Europe in a yacht, and the log of the *Veda* is the entertaining sequel to his journey, Entertaining, and nothing more. Belloc tramps across Europe, the mediaeval pilgrim born again. He starts the day with Mass and finishes with wine, as his forbears did before him. Even his inimitable humour is influenced by his faith, by that "gross cousinship with the most high," which he claims for himself and his fellow-laughers. He makes you realize that Europe is not a mere haphazard collection of human anthills, that the soul of Europe persists through all changes, and that every step on the road to Rome is haunted by the memory "of old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago." This is what Belloc saw from the crest of the Jura.

"I saw between the branches of the trees in front of me a sight in the sky that made me stop breathing, just as great danger at sea, or great surprise in love, or a great deliverance will make a man stop breathing. I saw something I had known in the west as a boy, something I had never seen so grandly discovered as this. In between the branches of the trees was a great promise of unexpected lights beyond. . . .

"These, the great Alps seen thus, link one in some way to one's immortality. Nor is it possible to convey, or even to suggest, those few fifty miles, and those few thousand feet; there is something more. Let me put it thus: that from the

height of Weissenstein I saw, as it were, my religion. I mean humility, the fear of death, the terror of height and distance, the glory of God, the infinite potentiality of reception whence springs that divine thirst of soul; my aspiration also towards completion, and my confidence in the dual destiny. For I know that we laughers have a gross cousinship with the most high, and it is this contrast and perpetual quarrel which feeds a spring of merriment in the soul of a sane man."

One need not be a Catholic to feel that Belloc has expressed in this fine passage the religion, not of all reasonable men, but of all men who hope, however unreasonably, that beauty is imperishable and that from the heights of the Weissenstein a man may see something more than can be recorded on the most sensitive of photographic plates. But what this " something more " may be, is a riddle more difficult to solve than the riddle of the Catholic convert.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A COMPLETE bibliography of the subjects treated in this book would fill several volumes. My object is merely to indicate those books which I have personally found useful and interesting and to provide the reader who is interested in the subject with a few suggestions.

CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM STATED

God and the Supernatural. A Catholic statement of the Christian Faith. Edited by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.

This book was published in 1920, and is the joint work of writers familiar with modern lines of attack on Catholicism. Among the contributors are Father C. C. Martindale, S.J.; Ronald Knox; M. C. D'Arcy, S.J.; L. I. Watkin; Christopher Dawson and Father Cuthbert. Nobody who is interested in the Catholic controversy should fail to get this book.

Natural Theology. By Bernard Boedder, S.J.

Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome. By Dr. Littledale.

Catholic Controversy. By Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder.

These two books should be read together. Father Ryder's book is a detailed reply to *Plain Reasons*, a book which is an object lesson to the controversialist in showing him what to avoid. Dr. Littledale, like many other controversialists, spoils a good case by overstatement and misquotations. The reader, whatever his persuasion, will probably agree that Father Ryder wins on points.

Lectures on the Catholic Church. By Nicholas Wiseman.

A plain and unpretentious statement of the Catholic Faith which had a great effect on Newman among others.

Roman Catholic Claims. By Bishop Gore.

Mornings Among the Jesuits. By the Rev. M. Hobart Seymour.

This forgotten book (1850) is out of print. It is well worth reading.

The Antidote. (Three volumes.)

Published by the Catholic Truth Society, and consisting of a series of notes "exposing historical blunders, and dealing in other ways with anti-Catholic prejudice and credulity."

Publications of the Catholic Truth Society.

All these can be obtained from 69 Southwark Road, S.E.1. The curious in such matters should walk into any Roman Catholic Church, where they will be able to collect scores of pamphlets on a modest payment. Many of these pamphlets are extremely interesting and well written.

Infallibility of the Church. By George Salmon, D.D.

One of the best and wittiest books that the Roman controversy has produced.

Petri Privilegium. By Cardinal Manning.

States the case for the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Other arguments will be found in Father Ryder's book mentioned above. Various aspects of the Infallibility controversy will be found in the following pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society.

Papal Supremacy and Infallibility. By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

The Alleged "Failures" of Infallibility. By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S.J.

Reunion Essays. By the Rev. W. R. Carson.

A liberal statement by a Roman Catholic which is well worth reading.

Letters from Rome. By the Rev. T. Mozley.

Mr. Mozley was *The Times* correspondent in Rome during the Vatican Council of 1870. He gives an entertaining contemporary account of the Council.

Declarations on the Vatican Decrees. By Dr. Döllinger.

Conversations of Dr. Döllinger. By L. von Kobell.

The Roman Mischief-Maker. By Hugh Stutfield.

Priestcraft. By Hugh Stutfield.

The Roman Catholics have good reason for disliking these books. Though violently partisan they contain much of value.

The Roman controversy is so closely bound up with questions arising out of the history of the Roman Catholic Church and its relations to the temporal rulers of the day that the following books are almost essential to a careful student of the controversy:

History of Latin Christianity. By Dean Milman.

History of the Papacy. By Bishop Creighton.

History of the Popes. By Ranke.

The origins of Catholic Christianity may be studied in Father Ryder's book quoted above, and in

The Church and the Churches. By Dr. Döllinger.

The Evolution of the Christian Ministry. By the Rev. J. R. Cohu.

A most useful book which raises many points that are not satisfactorily answered in any of the Roman or Anglo-Catholic accounts of the development of Episcopacy.

The student who is anxious to discover whether Europe during the Ages of Faith was all that Mr. Belloc would have us believe should read first the case for the defence as argued in:

The Path to Rome. By Hilaire Belloc.

Europe and the Faith. By Hilaire Belloc.

A Short History of England. By G. K. Chesterton.

Henry VIII and the English Monasteries. By Cardinal Gasquet.

English Monastic Life. By Cardinal Gasquet.

Eve of the Reformation. By Cardinal Gasquet.

The Return of Christendom. By a Group of Churchmen.

The contentions advanced by these various writers are criticized in the following publications:

The Review of the Churches, April, 1924, contains a very interesting symposium on *The Return of Christendom* by various writers.

The Fallacy of Latinism. By N. E. Egerton Swann. (*The Pilgrim*, July, 1924.)

This valuable criticism of Mr. Belloc's *Europe and the Faith* came to my attention unfortunately after my book had been set up in type.

Mediaeval Studies (First Series). By G. G. Coulton.

This book contains a very detailed criticism of Cardinal Gasquet's writings.

Mr. Coulton is probably the greatest authority on the religious history of mediaeval Europe. His books are not only a storehouse of facts invaluable to the controversialist, facts based on a life-long study of mediaeval documents, but should also prove intensely interesting to the general reader. The following are his principal works:

Five Centuries of Religion.

In three volumes, of which the first has been published, and of which the second volume will probably have appeared by the time these pages are in print.

Social Life in England from the Conquest to the Reformation.

A Mediaeval Garner.

Chaucer and his England.

From St. Francis to Dante.

A useful corrective to many false views of Puritanism and its imagined antithesis to Catholicism will be found in

Puritanism and Art. By Joseph Crouch.

The student who is anxious to discover the facts about the mediaeval guild and the relations of the Catholic Church to trade and usury should read

An Economic History of England. By Sir W. J. Ashley.

England and Rome.

A useful history of the relations between Rome and England before and since the Reformation.

England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth. By Arnold Oscar Meyer.

This book is written by a Protestant, translated by a Roman Catholic priest, and bears the imprint *Nihil obstat.* It may therefore be taken as a fair statement of the vexed

question as to the real motives behind the Elizabethan persecution of the missionary priests. It is a useful corrective to the interesting but partisan novels of Father R. H. Benson. This book is easy to read and intensely interesting, and may be recommended to Anglicans and Roman Catholics in the sure and certain hope that they will find little in this book with which they will not be forced to concur.

A Century of Persecution. By the Rev. St. George Hyland.

This is a frankly partisan but none the less useful account of the sufferings of the Roman Catholics under Tudor and Stuart sovereigns.

A History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. By W. E. H. Lecky.

A History of European Morals from Augustin to Charlemagne. By W. E. H. Lecky.

Both these books are well worth reading, especially the former.

History of Freedom of Thought. By J. B. Bury.

A useful and very entertaining summary of the progress of free thought published in the Home University Library.

Pascal. By Viscount St. Cyres.

Casuistry and Pascal's attack on the Jesuits forms the basis of so many Protestant attacks on Rome that this witty and brilliant study of the great enemy of the Jesuits is indispensable to all who wish to understand the real facts of an historic controversy.

Pascal's "Provincial Letters." By Hilaire Belloc.

A clever attempt to prove that Pascal's attack fails. Published by the Catholic Truth Society.

CHAPTER II

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. By Wilfrid Ward.

The standard "Life" and one of the best ecclesiastical biographies ever written.

Newman. By Abbé Bremond.

An admirable study translated into English under the title *The Mystery of Newman.*

Newman. By Wilfrid Meynell.

Cardinal Newman. By Richard H. Hutton.

Newman. By William Barry.

The Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman. By Dr. Abbott.

Philomythus. By Dr. Abbott.

These two books present the case against Newman.

The Early History of Newman. By F. W. Newman.

Valuable essays on Newman will be found in Leslie Stephen's *Agnostic's Apology,* Dean Inge's *Outspoken Essays,* Dean Church's *Occasional Papers,* Carson's *Reunion Essays,* and Tyrrell's *Christianity at the Cross Roads.*

Of Newman's own works the following are the most interesting:

Apologia pro vita sua.

The Grammar of Assent.

The Development of Christian Doctrine.

Anglican Difficulties.

Parochial and Plain Sermons.

Oxford University Sermons.

His *Letters and Correspondence,* edited by Anne Mozley, should also be consulted. His poems are less read than they should be.

The following books deal with various aspects of the Oxford Movement of which Newman was once the leader:

The Oxford Movement. By Dean Church.

A classic which deserves to be read for its matchless English even by those who are uninterested in ecclesiastical history.

The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman. By Wilfrid Ward.

W. G. Ward and the Oxford Movement. By Wilfrid Ward.

W. G. Ward and the Catholic Revival. By Wilfrid Ward.

Life of E. B. Pusey. By Dean Liddon.

Spiritual Letters of Pusey. Edited by Johnstone and Newbolt.

Reminiscences. Chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement. By T. Mozley.

Memoirs of Mark Pattison.

Life and Letters of T. J. Anthony Hort. By Sir Arthur Hort, Bart.

The Nemesis of Faith. By J. A. Froude.

The Secret History of the Oxford Movement. By Walter Walsh.

CHAPTER III

CARDINAL MANNING

Life of Cardinal Manning. By E. S. Purcell.

A much abused but most interesting work.

Cardinal Manning. By A. W. Hutton.

Henry Edward Manning. His Life and Labours. By Shane Leslie.

A very valuable biography which contains a great deal of information which escaped Purcell.

Eminent Victorians. By Lytton Strachey.

The following works by Cardinal Manning scarcely repay careful study. The Cardinal was a man of action rather than a man of letters.

The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost.

Chapter VI, on the interpretation of Scripture, is interesting for its plucky defiance of common sense.

The Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost.

Petri Privilegium.

A defence of the Vatican Decrees on Infallibility.

England and Christendom.

Many books mentioned in the Bibliography to Chapter I are of interest in connection with Manning's activities. The

following books by and about Lord Acton are also of interest in view of Acton's violent opposition to Cardinal Manning and the Ultramontanes:

Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone. Edited by Herbert Paul.

Lord Acton and his Circle. By Cardinal Gasquet.

History of Freedom (Essays). By Lord Acton.

CHAPTER IV

GEORGE TYRRELL

Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell. By Miss M. D. Petre.

Letters of George Tyrrell. Edited by Miss M. D. Petre.

The following are the more important works of George Tyrrell:

Lex Orandi.

Lex Credendi.

A Much Abused Letter.

Through Scylla and Charybdis.

Hard Sayings.

Mediaevalism.

Christianity at the Cross-Roads.

External Religion.

The following books on Modernism are sufficient to give the reader a general idea of the movement. Dean Inge's Essay (*Outspoken Essays,* First Series) is the best summary of the movement.

Modernism. By Paul Sabatier.

What We Want. By A. Leslie Lilley.

The Gospel and the Church. By A. F. Loisy.

Les Évangiles Synoptiques. By A. F. Loisy.

Simples Réflexions. By A. F. Loisy.

Autour d'un petit Livre. By A. F. Loisy.

Quelques Lettres. By A. F. Loisy.

CHAPTER V

RONALD KNOX

The following are the principal books by Father Ronald Knox:

A Spiritual Æneid.

Some Loose Stones.

Memories of the Future.

Sanctions.

Father Knox has also contributed an excellent introduction to *God and the Supernatural,* has written some excellent skits such as *Absolute and Abitofhell* and *Reunion All Round,* and a number of sermons which have been published by the Society of St. Peter and St. Paul, and occasional pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society.

CHAPTER VI

G. K. CHESTERTON

The principal works by G. K. Chesterton which have been consulted in connection with his religious views are:

Orthodoxy

Heretics

A Short History of England

and his essays, most of which have been republished in various collections such as:

All Things Considered

Tremendous Trifles, etc., etc.

BX 4668 .A1 L8 1966

Lunn, Arnold Henry Moore,
1888-1974.

Roman converts

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